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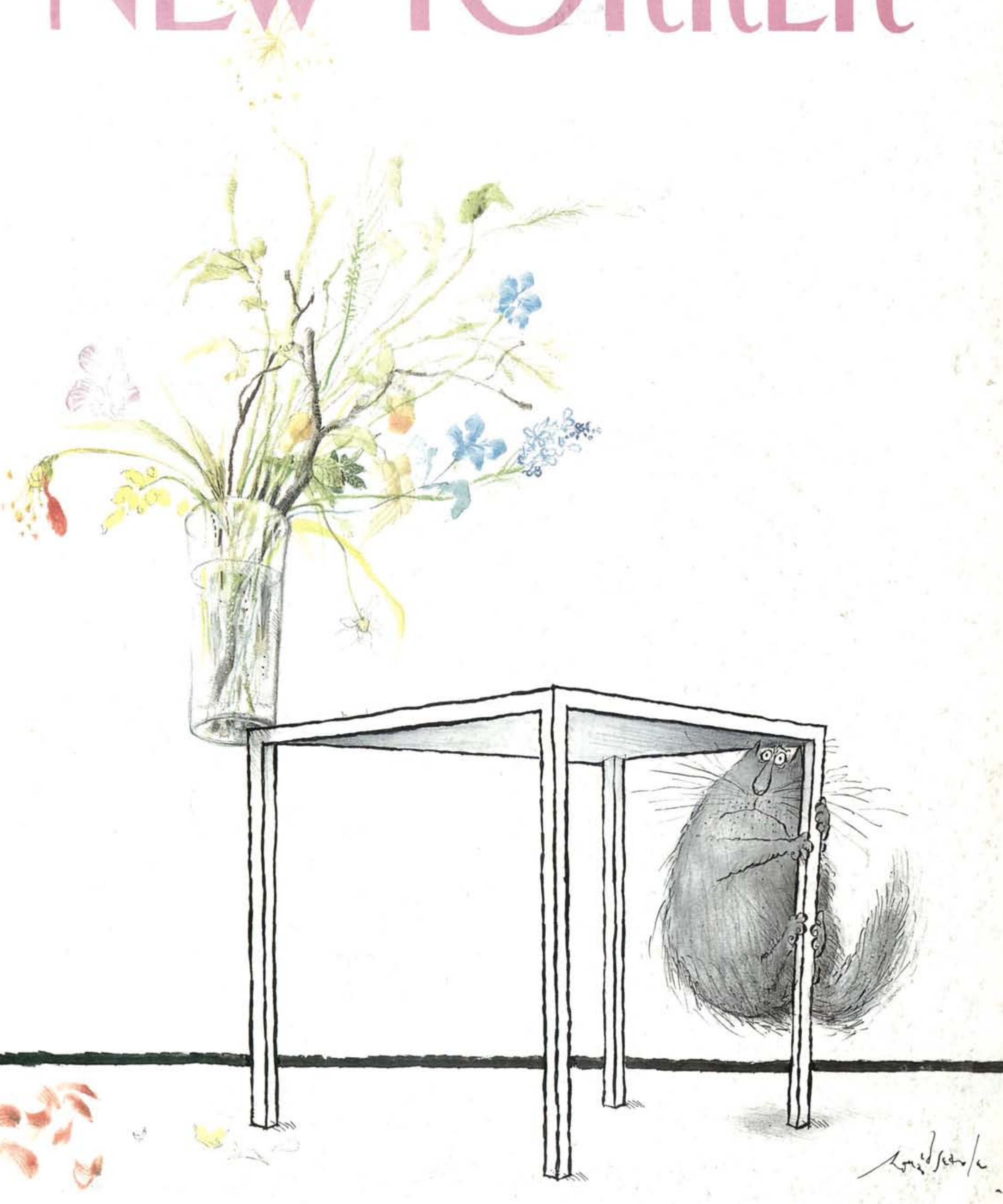

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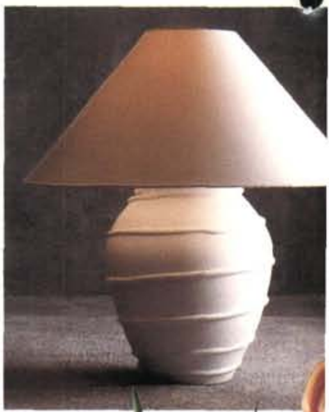

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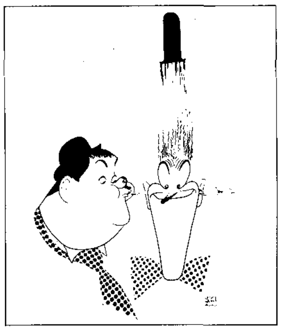

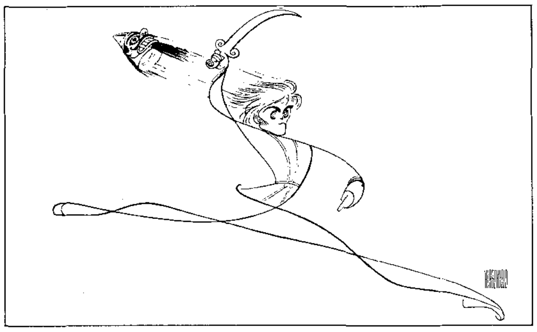

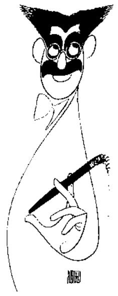

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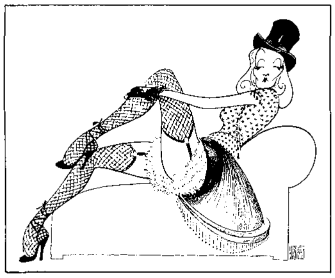

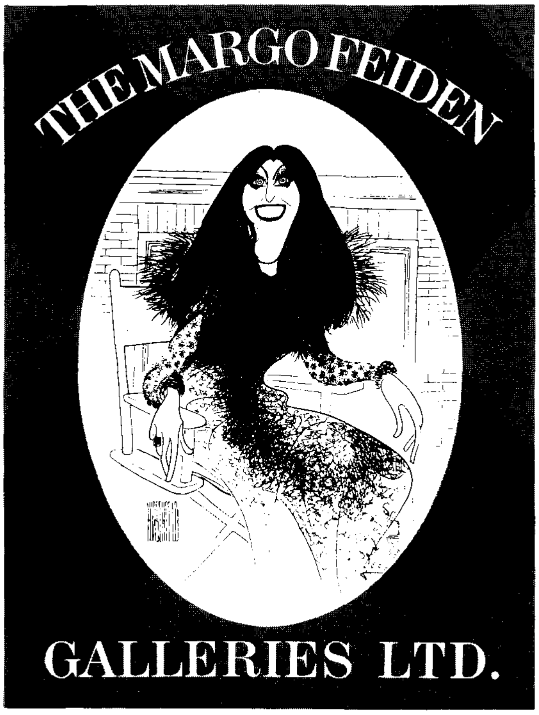

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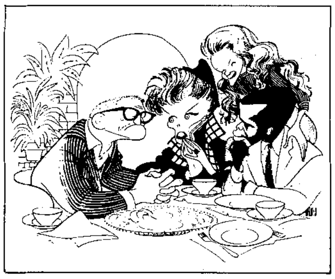

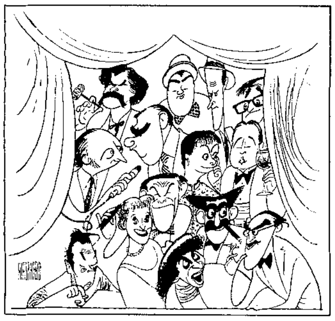

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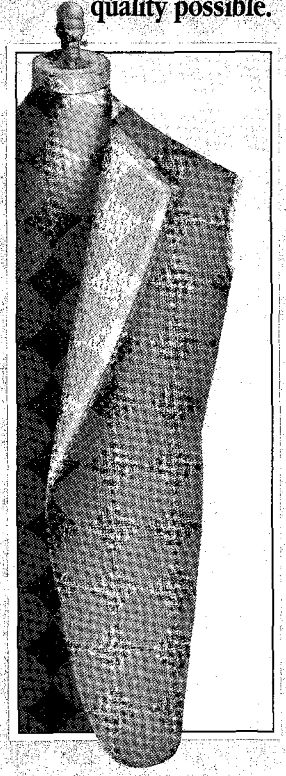

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### JUNE 5, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 27

"THE RIGHT THING" . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Stephen Stark* 32

"SHIRT" (POEM) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Robert Pinsky* 34

"ONE OF THE GREAT SEDUCTRESSES OF IRISH HISTORY" . . . . . . *Ethna Carroll* 37

"A WALL IN THE WOODS: CUMMINGTON" (POEM) . . . . . . . . *Richard Wilbur* 40

A REPORTER AT LARGE (TURKEY) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Milton Viorst* 43

LETTER FROM BEIJING . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Fred C. Shapiro* 73

ANNALS OF INTRIGUE (THE PALIO) . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Lis Harris* 83

BOOKS . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . *Anna Shapiro* 105

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Peter Steiner, Peter Porges, Danny Shanahan, Ed Fisher, William Steig, Gahan Wilson, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, Tom Cheney, John O'Brien, William Hamilton, Bernard Schoenbaum, Warren Miller, Charles Barsotti, H. Dinnerstein, David Pascal, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin*

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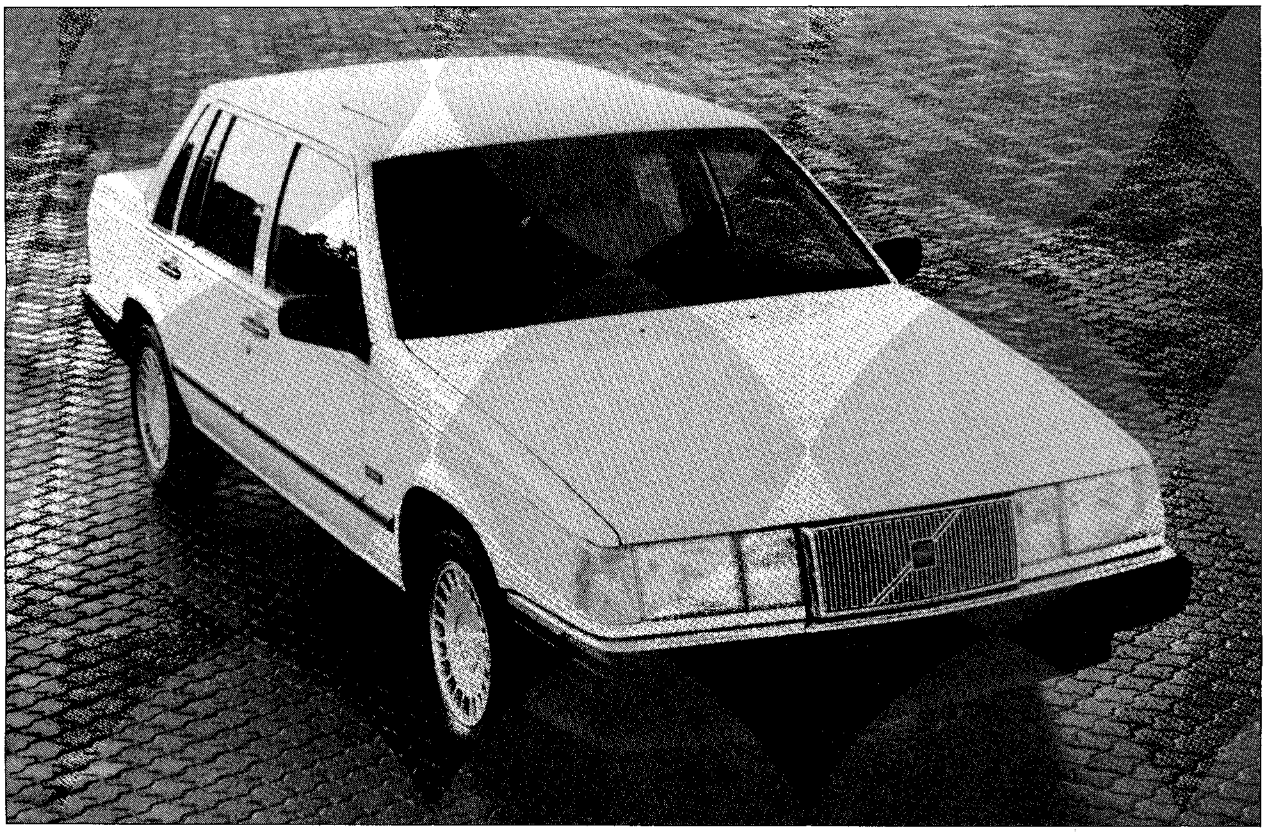

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

RUSSELL PARKMAN'S set for David Mercer's "No Limits to Love" (which closed May 21 at The New Theatre of Brooklyn) was a brilliant realization of text and subtext. Written shortly before the author's death, in 1980, this comedy of manners about a contemporary ménage à trois works its way predictably toward the revelation that practically everyone onstage has had everyone else. What makes it such a tour de force is the way your perspective on the characters keeps changing.

Mercer himself suggested that his characters were "grotesques," creatures drawn at least one remove from art. Accordingly, the set Parkman designed for The New Theatre's production made it impossible to watch the play without thinking about questions of realism and perspective. Framing the stage was a large rectangular structure: this was the picture window through which Edward, Marna, and Hugh—the ménage—were continually peering out at their neighbor Otto's house and the rest of the world beyond their living room. The window also served as a sort of picture frame through which we viewed everything happening in the play. The stage, meanwhile, was full of shapes that echoed the frame visually—a door, a settee, and, most prominent, a picture on the back wall that seemed to represent the very room we were looking at: same shape, same caricatured evocation of living-room furniture, and with the same rectangular form (seen from another angle) on one of *its* walls.

Parkman, who received his M.F.A. from Yale last year, has also designed the set for The Acting Company's version of "The Phantom Tollbooth," which will be performed on June 4th at Marymount Manhattan Theatre, at 1 and 3:30 P.M.

### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

**ARMS AND THE MAN**—Shaw's comedy, with Daniel Gerroll, Roma Downey, and Christopher Noth. Previews through June 3. Opens June 4 at 2. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

**BABES IN ARMS**—A benefit concert version of the 1937 Rodgers and Hart musical, conducted by Evans Haile and featuring singers Judy Blazer, Donna Kane, Judy Kaye, Gregg Edelman, and Jason Graae. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. June 5 at 8.)

**CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY**—The final play of the season is **FLORIDA CRACKERS**, a drama by Wm. S. Leavengood about three brothers and their involvement in the drug trade. John Bishop is the director. Previews through May 31. Opens June 1 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

**CYMBELINE**—The ninth production in the Shakespeare Marathon stars Joan Cusack as Imogen. JoAnne Akalaitis is the director. With an original score by Philip Glass. Preview on May 30. Opens May 31 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

**FRIENDS**—Richard Lenz and David Spielberg in a revised version of a 1984 play by Lee Kalcheim. Previews through May 31. Opens June 1 at 8. (Judith Anderson, 410 W. 42nd St. 239-0827.)

**THE GOOD COACH**—A psychological thriller by Ben Siegler, with Tom Mardirosian. In previews. (W.P.A. Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

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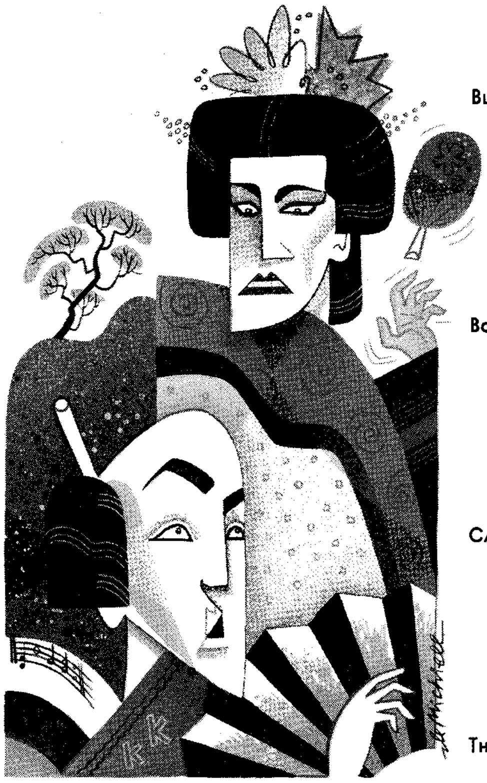

*"The Mikado"*

**THE LISBON TRAVIATA**—A play by Terrence McNally, with Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery. John Tillinger is the director. Previews through June 4. Opens June 6 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

**THE MYTH PROJECT: A FESTIVAL OF COMPETENCY**—A play conceived by Michael Almareyda and Adrienne Weiss (who also directed), and inspired by Joseph Campbell's "The Power of Myth." Lili Taylor has the leading role, and the cast includes Lisa Beth Miller and the busy Joan Cusack. With original music by Radiante. Performances begin June 1 at midnight, and will run through June 11. (Mann Theatre, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0020.)

**UBU**—Larry Sloan and Doug Wright's adaptation of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," based on a translation of the play by Jacqueline de la Chaume. With Oliver Platt as Père Ubu, Jodie Markell as Mère Ubu, and Christopher Durang as Ubu's Conscience. Directed by Mr. Sloan. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**UP 'N' UNDER**—A comedy by John Godber about England's worst amateur rugby team. Previews through June 3. Opens June 4 at 7. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

**THE VALUE OF NAMES**—A play by Jeffrey Sweet, set in the eighties, about a comedian who was blacklisted during the fifties. With John Seitz; directed by Gloria Muzio. Previews May 30-31. Opens June 1 at 8. (Gertrude & Irving Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

### NEW THIS SEASON

**THE ACTING COMPANY**—A brief engagement by the group that John Houseman founded. Bella and Samuel Spewack's 1935 comedy **BOY MEETS GIRL**, directed by Brian Murray: May 30-June 3. . . . **THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH**, an adaptation by Susan Nanus of Norton Juster's classic children's book, directed by Jennifer McCray: June 4. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 279-4200.)

**ARISTOCRATS**—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor, who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher Jones, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. Distinguished setting, lighting, and costumes by John Lee Beatty, Dennis Parichy, and Jane Greenwood. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

**BLACK AND BLUE**—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

**BORN YESTERDAY**—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

**CANTORIAL**—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are as cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

**THE COCKTAIL HOUR**—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

**CONVERSATION AMONG THE RUINS**—A play by Emilio Carballido, presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre and starring Elizabeth Ruiz Clemens and Mark Morant. Some performances are in English; most are in Spanish. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

**ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE**—The 1989 marathon of one-act plays. Through June 4: "The Essence of Margrovia," by Jenny Lombard; "Self Torture and Strenuous Exercise," by Harry Kondoleon; and "Wink-Dah," by William Yellow Robe, Jr. . . . ¶ Starting June 7: "Pathological Venus," by Brighde Mullins; "Woman Floating Out a Window," by Jacklyn Maddux; and "The Open Boat," by Neal Bell. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. The marathon continues through July 2.)

**EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE**—The final production of the season is a revival of **GIGI**, Lerner and Loewe's 1973 musical that was based on the movie of the same name. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. 663-2028. Closes June 4.)

**THE FORBIDDEN CITY**—This domestic drama about a black family living prosperously on the edge of suburban Philadelphia in 1936 was written by Bill Gunn, who died the day before it opened. It's essentially an unfinished play, as full of interest as it is of excess and inconsistency. The writing ranges from the embarrassingly overwrought to the inspired, as does the acting, under Joseph Papp's direction. With Gloria Foster and Akili Prince. (4/17/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes June 4.)

**THE HEIDI CHRONICLES**—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen.

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(12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**I Could Go On Lip-Synching!**—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

**The Investigation of the Murder in El Salvador**—A play by Charles Mee, Jr., with music composed and performed by Peter Gordon. Presented by the New York Theatre Workshop. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Closes June 18.)

**Jerome Robbins' Broadway**—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives**—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

**Largely New York**—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a send-up of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art. Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom. (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

**Laughing Matters**—This comedy revue by the team Wallem & Tolan is so consistently unfunny that it borders on the offensive. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 564-8038.)

**Lend Me a Tenor**—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **mikado**. With John Bonk as Ko-Ko, Ken Ward as Nanki-Poo, Bill Partlow as Pooh-Bah, Gregory Bossler as Pish-Tush, Martha E. Arnold as Yum-Yum, Donna Slawsky as Katisha, and Alexander Barton as the Mikado. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

**Love Letters**—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. May 29 at 8, Elaine Stritch and Jason Robards; June 4, Frances Sternhagen and Remak Ramsay; and June 5, Patricia Elliott and Josef Sommer. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

**Only Kidding!**—Jim Geoghan's comedy about stand-up comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

**Other People's Money**—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

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**Rumors**—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**Shirley Valentine**—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**S. J. Perelman . . . In Person**—Lewis J. Stadlen plays the American author and humorist in this one-man show written by Bob Shanks. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

**Starmites**—This musical about a girl who enters the world of her favorite comic-book characters is pretty much what you'd expect. The style of the main plot—visually and otherwise—leans toward Michael Jackson, aerobic dancing, and Andrew Lloyd Webber; the style of the subplot is more in the direction of leather. We lasted almost to intermission. (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

**A Tale of Two Cities**—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

**Yankee Dawg You Die**—Philip Kan Gotanda's comedy about a couple of Asian-American actors trying to make their way in the film industry in the face of Hollywood stereotyping probably should have been a one-act play. Still, Sab Shimono and Stan Egi bring a certain amount of complexity and appeal to their roles, and the playwright treats his subject with aplomb. (5/29/89) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

**York Theatre Company**—The final production of the season is a revival of **the lark**, Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's "L'Alouette." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Closes June 3. For information about tickets, call 534-5366.)

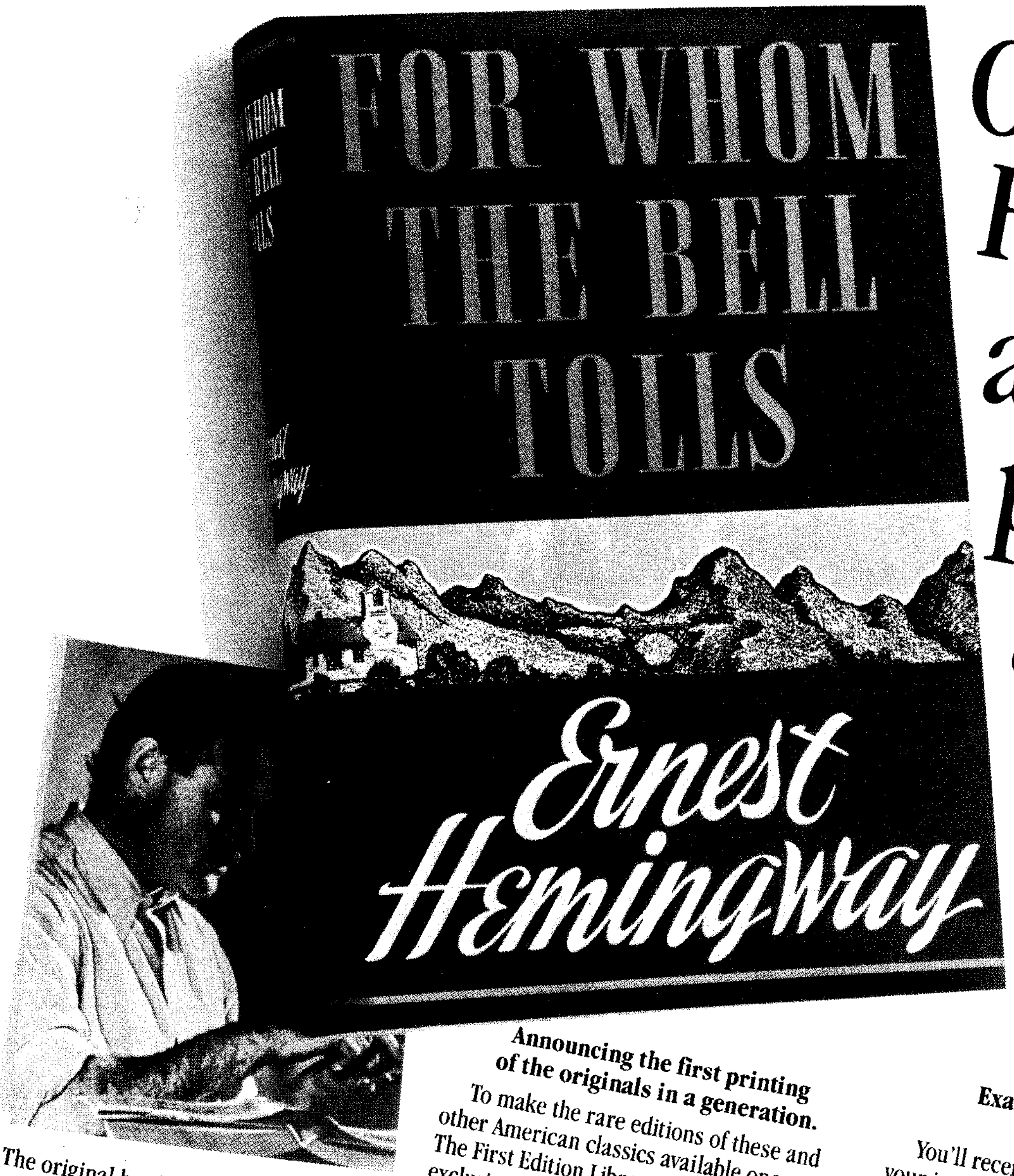
## LONG RUNS

**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Gregg Edelman, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run recently turned twenty-nine. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **forbidden broadway 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **m. butterfly:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **me and my girl:** An *infelicitously rehabilitated* British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

## HATS OFF

*If England is a nation of shopkeepers, then New York is a city of them. And windows are the faces that merchants present to entice passersby inside. For example, if you walk along Madison Avenue, the window that the display artist Harry Bader has designed for Worth & Worth, Ltd., The Complete Hatter, may catch your eye. The window, entitled "The Metropolitan Museum of Hats," has "MMH" buttons strewn about the showcase, and features an array of bowlers, each painted to resemble the work of one of five modern artists. One bowler, adorned with a blue-and-yellow landscape, is impaled on a twig, with the face of a watch drooping nearby, and recalls Salvador Dali's "Persistence of Memory." Andy Warhol is represented by three tomato-red chapeaus, mounted vertically on a column, with Campbell's soup cans. The paint-spattered headtire and pedestal are—you guessed it—Bader's salute to Jackson Pollock.*

*It generally takes Bader forty-five to fifty hours to do one display. "Things have to be cut out, cast, painted," he told us. With so much work involved, it's no wonder he does not like to be called a window dresser.*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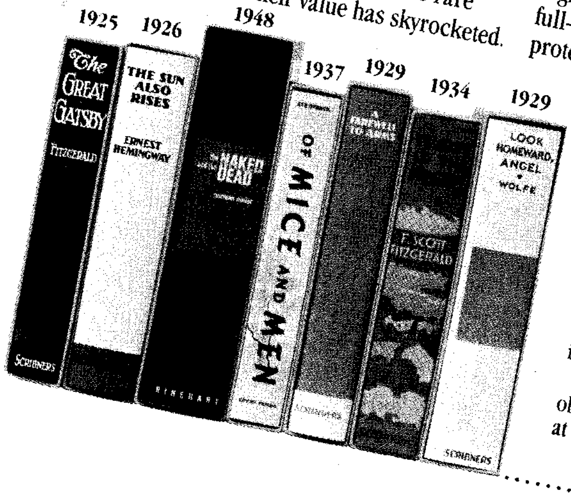
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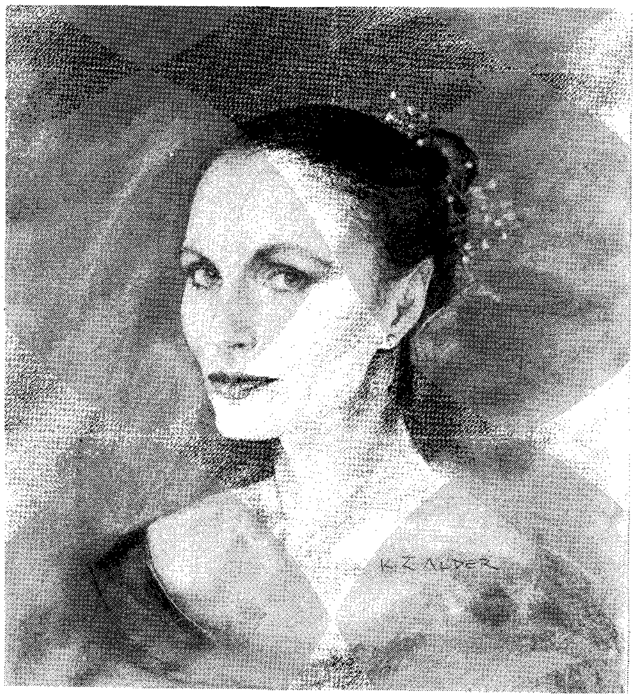


*Patricia McBride*

## DANCE

PATRICIA MCBRIDE was born to dance. Her large, radiant face registers to the upper reaches of an opera house. Her small, quicksilver body animates the slightest choreography. Her distinctively arched feet seem almost creaturely and her long points as sensitive as antennae. She has been a great Novice in Jerome Robbins' "The Cage," and a great Sugar Plum Fairy, Sleepwalker, Liberty Bell ballerina, and Scotch sylph in Balanchine. During her thirty years with New York City Ballet, McBride, five feet three in tights, has given small figures a star projection and made them central. Balanchine created a score of roles on her, most of them touching on her sweetness, her consistency, and her indomitable spirit. He could showcase her passions in the Intermezzo of the "Brahms/Schoenberg Quartet," or darken her fidelity in "The Man I Love" section of "Who Cares?," but her freshness and resilience resisted tragedy. She originated Hermia, not Helena, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Columbine in "Harlequinade"; the ballerina lead in "Rubies"; and the girl in the "Tarantella" pas de deux—the last three with Edward Villella. With Helgi Tomasson, she helped mold "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée,'" "Coppélia," and the "Voices of Spring" section of "Vienna Waltzes."

Robbins has also made major portraits of her: in the furious third duet of "In the Night," and in "Opus 19/The Dreamer" (where her visionary was Mikhail Baryshnikov). Robbins' intention to make a duet for McBride and Villella to some Chopin led to "Dances at a Gathering." This Sunday, June 4th, in a gala tribute to her at the New York State Theatre, Patricia McBride retires from the repertory that her dancing permeates.

**New York City Ballet**—May 30 at 8: "Western Symphony," "Moves," "Other Dances," and "The Unanswered Question." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ June 1 at 8: "Valse Triste," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "The Unanswered Question," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ June 2 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ June 3 at 2: "Interplay," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ June 3 at 8: "Valse Triste," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ June 4 at 1: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements *for Piano and Orchestra*," "Other Dances," "Moves," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ June 4 at 6:30: A tribute to Patricia McBride. . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Serenade." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—May 29 at 8: "Rigaudon," "Duets," "The Garden of Villandry," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "Everlast," "Quartet," "Bum's Rush," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 31 at 2: "Rigaudon," "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ May 31 at 8: "Rigaudon," "Pillar of Fire," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ June 1 at 8: A benefit program, with guest artists from the Martha Graham Dance Company. "Night Journey," "Appalachian Spring," and excerpts from "Acts of Light" and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ June 2 at 8; June 3 at 2 and 8; and June 5 at 8: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Pillar of Fire," and "Everlast." . . . ¶ June 7 at 2: "Ballet Imperial," "Airs," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Everlast," "Quartet," "Bum's Rush," and "In the Upper Room." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 1.)

**Annabelle Gamson/Dance Solos**—A company of solo performers in works by Ms. Gamson: May 31-June 3 at 8 and June 4 at 5. . . . ¶ In works by Isadora Duncan and Eleanor King: June 7 at 8. (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Through June 11. For reservations, call 877-3399.)

**Sally Silvers**—Presenting "Pollsters for Pronouns." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. June 1-4 at 9.)

**"Dancers Dancing"**—Christopher Gillis, Laura Glenn, Robert Small, and others in solos and duets. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-5278. June 2-3 at 8.)

**David Dorfman Dance**—In the première of "Elemental Hunch," and in works from the repertory. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. June 2-4 and June 7 at 8. Through June 11.)

**DanceAfrica**—The twelfth annual extravaganza at BAM, with Les Guirivoires, from the Ivory Coast, the Muntu Dance Theatre of Chicago, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. June 3 at 2 and 8, and June 4 at 2.)

**Leela Raja**—A *nineteen-year-old* protegée of the Indian classical dancer Indrani. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. June 4 at 4.)

**"Dancing All Over the World"**—Charles (Cookie) Cook, Pat Cannon's Foot & Fiddle Dance Company, and Norma Miller's Lindy Hoppers. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. June 7 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

## NIGHT LIFE

YOU could walk into the Cat Club on a Sunday night, park yourself at a table, and sit back and listen to the band play "Chattanooga Choo Choo" or "Stompin' at the Savoy," but if you did you'd be missing the point. The point is to dance. Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by devotees of such bands as Exiter and Sweet Cheetah, is ceded to the New York Swing Dance Society, an organization dedicated to "the promotion, revival, and preservation of swing dancing," especially the Lindy Hop, a kind of manic, ad-lib variation on ballroom steps which got its name after Lindbergh landed safely in France, in 1927. The Swing Dance Society was founded in 1985, by a small group of Lindy enthusiasts, and currently numbers some five hundred Hoppers.

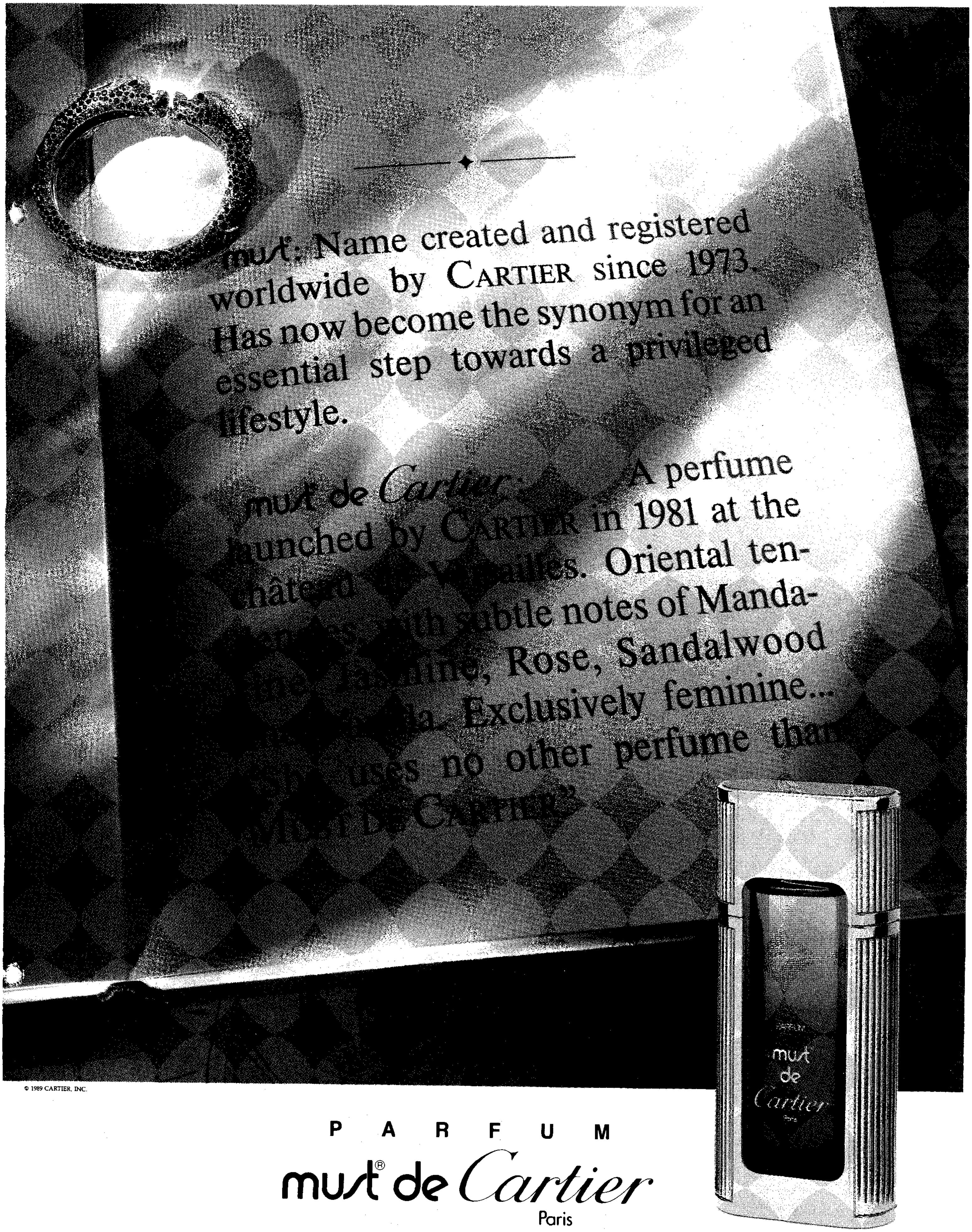
On a recent Sunday night, the Cat Club bandstand was occupied by Vince Giordano's Nighthawks, a thirteen-piece ensemble that looks every inch a thirties swing outfit. The music stands were draped with blue-and-gold felt banners, and Giordano, who plays stand-up bass, called out the songs into an old-time crooner's mike. As the band ran through "Pigeon Walk" and "Tuxedo Junction," the couples on the floor kicked and twirled like the cast of "Fame." Some were smooth and elegant; others, who must have missed the group's regular Friday-night practice sessions, showed more energy than grace. We noticed that a lot of the younger dancers had several partners, but we were later assured by Rebecca Reitz, a member of the society's board of directors, that this was not really a singles scene. "You meet people in an organic way—you meet them through dancing," she told us. "If you don't like someone, three minutes later you're off with someone else."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ballroom,** 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent *tapas* restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you're hungry, you may never make it to the show. **EARTHA KITT** is the main attraction through June 3. She sings of *men and money*, does limber, slithery dances, and occasionally stretches out on a chaise longue. Her vocal style includes every sound a cat makes. The comedy team Monteith & Rand start a run on June 6.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **LOREN SCHOENBERG,** an alto saxophonist with Lester Young on his mind, brings in a big band on May 29. May 30-June 4 belongs to bassist **(RED HOT) RAY BROWN'S** *trio*, and **JOE ROCCISANO'S** band takes the stage on June 5. Music from nine. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including followers of **SUN RA**—a cosmically inclined pianist who leads the **DISNEY ODYSSEY ARKESTRA** and sometimes wears a headdress. Forty years ago, Sun Ra was the relief pianist in Fletcher Henderson's big band, but he and



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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## NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

his Arkestra will be in charge on May 30. June 1 is the property of gospel singer Dianne Davidson. Rockabilly devotee **ROBERT GORDON'S** band, which includes guitarist **CHRIS SPEDDING,** will be here on June 3. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **NORMAN SIMMONS,** once pianist in residence at Chicago's buzzing Bee Hive, will perform with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** through June 3. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—A couple of years ago, after one of his performances at Alice Tully Hall, somebody asked **BOBBY SHORT** why the crowd seemed a little cold, and he replied, "Sober, honey." Visitors to the Carlyle are once again under the pianist's influence. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you'll find **BARBARA CARROLL,** a pianist who made it known in the fifties that she didn't want to be referred to as bebop and who's been called it ever since. Shows at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era (notably Max's Kansas City) have fizzled, CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. The schedule, in part: **TIREZ TIREZ** on June 1; **ELLIOTT SHARP'S** Carbon on June 2; the Reverb Mofos and the Honeymoon Killers on June 3; and **LOUP GAROU** and Rude Buddha on June 7. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

**DELTA 88,** 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the bar-and-restaurant also features a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

**EAGLE TAVERN,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds and native string-band music on the weekends. Tom Coffey, an Irish uilleann piper who just got off the boat, shows up here on June 2, with a guitarist and a fiddler in tow. Sets at nine and eleven.

**FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION,** 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—The kind of classy place where no sooner do they give you a plate than they take it away. Fortune Garden is decorated for a greenhouse effect, and the priorities here are Chinese food, hanging plants, and jazz, in that order. Pianist **KUNI MIKAMI** works with bassist Herman Wright on May 29; trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** chairs a trio May 30-June 4; pianist **PETER MALINVERNI** claims June 5; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** get going on June 6. There's piano-bass action in the downstairs lounge every Friday and Saturday, with **DARYL SHERMAN** and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON.** Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

**INDIGO BLUES,** 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A modernist night spot in the basement of the Hotel Edison. There's a glass-brick reception area, an oval blond-wood bar, and other interior-design novelties. The lighting—blue neon, in laser-like strips and wide halos—works on the eyes like a long day in front of the PC. Hard-blowing alto-sax man **PHIL WOODS** and his quintet bebop till they drop May 30-June 4. The trios of pianists **AHMAD JAMAL** and **RANDY WESTON** trade sets beginning June 6. Music after nine.

**KNITTING FACTORY,** 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music and performance space opened its doors in 1986 and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown avant-garde music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) In the rear there's a mini-bar stocked with herbal tea and imported beer; up front is a small stage, occupied on Mondays by the **ORDINAIRES,** a nine-piece, category-bending ensemble with electrified violins and screaming guitars. June 1-4, **HENRY THREADGILL,** a skittery saxophonist from the school of hard bop, will be here with his septet. June 7 is the property of **NED ROTHENBERG,** a woodwind virtuoso who can do things other people can't, like play more than one note at a time and go on and on without stopping for air. He'll be here with his band, which includes **JEROME HARRIS** and **BOBBY PREVITE.** Music after nine.

**LONE STAR ROADHOUSE,** 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO,** an outfit headed by Bayou accordionist **STANLEY DURAL,** sets up shop June 1-2. **TERRANCE SIMIEN** (another La. accordion man) and his **MALLET PLAYBOYS** rock hard on June 3; **ZACHARY RICHARD'S** Cajun band opens. Music after nine. Dining.

**MAXWELL'S,** 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory may give them a boost.

**RAINBOW & STARS,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A new, shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights, you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. Actress-singer **LORNA LUFT** offers a "salute to great music from the movies" through June 3. Singer **JANIS SIEGEL,** a member of Manhattan Transfer and a forthright soloist, gets under way June 6. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**RITZ,** 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. **TONI CHILDS** will perform on May 31 with Matthew Sweet, a sort of one-man Psychedelic Furs. June 3 belongs to the **PROCLAIMERS,** whose springy Scottish folk music will have you doing deep knee bends deep into the night. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

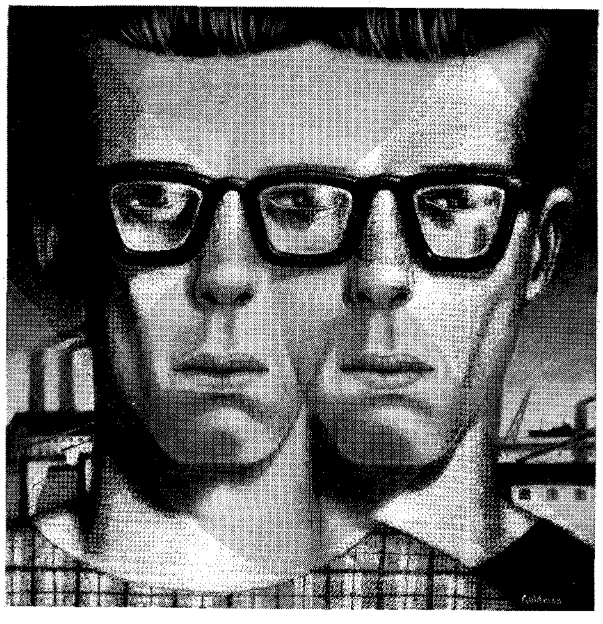
**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and perhaps the city's most international booking policy: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the territories explored. May 30-June 1 belongs to **GATO BARBIERI,** an Argentinian tenor-sax player conversant in the samba, the tango, and jazz. There's African reggae on June 3, with Lucky Dube. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **ART BLAKEY,** the C.E.O. of hard-bop drumming, is here May 30-June 4. As the leader of the Jazz Messengers since the late fifties, when he inherited the scepter from Horace Silver, Blakey has helped scores of younger musicians. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now directed by his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A thirty-three-year-old three-ring circus. The ringmaster, a bearded gentleman named Art D'Lugoff, sometimes employs a barker to steer traffic to his multiple entertainments. In the basement, on Mondays after nine, salsa bands play for dancing and listening. Chicago-blues guitarist **SON SEALS** and his troupe descend the stairs June 2-3. Back upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and a bassist brave the gabbing Tuesdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus once K.O.'d while trying to reason with the late Max Gordon. Tenor saxophonist **TEDDY EDWARDS,** who's worked with everyone from Benny Goodman to Tom Waits, will be here with his quartet May 30-June 4. **RICHIE COLE'S ALTO MADNESS** starts up June 6. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

**ZINNO,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Cappellini finanziera, sepia-toned photos of old Firenze, and jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **HILTON RUIZ** presides at the piano May 30-June 3, with **JIMMY ROWSER** on the doghouse. **JANE JARVIS** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** get started on June 5. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.



*The Proclaimers*

### EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

PARTNERS Brian McNally, Sylvia Martins, and Nessia Pope had tentatively scheduled to open their new Brazilian *boîte* on Thursday night, May 11th, but they weren't ready by then, nor did they have a name, so they decided to wait until the following Monday. Sometime over the weekend, they nixed the idea of Brazilian food. McNally admitted he doubted feijoada would ever be as popular as free-range chicken. Therefore, on the first night, which was emphatically declared not to be the opening night, the waitress was very specific about this "not being a Brazilian restaurant." However, the dining-room floor called to mind the mosaic along Copacabana Beach in Rio. The singer heard overhead was reminiscent of Astrud Gilberto. A huge palm tree will be installed soon.

Many remarked how handsome the space was, only to be told that this is a room in flux. All but two of the stylishly curved red couches have since been replaced by gray-blue counterparts. There is a big blank wall that will shortly be framing inset panels with murolettes; the small bevelled mirrors on the opposite wall will be replaced by bigger ones, and the striking brown of the bar, which McNally labelled Rust-Oleum, has been repainted a dark-turquoise color he describes as Petroleum. The food was good. The menu is not set. Since the official opening hasn't been decided upon, there has been no press, no mailings, no publicity. Yet on the "unofficial" first night the place, which is on Wooster Street, was full of the kind of people most restaurateurs would sell their sous-chefs to white slavers for. Who says there is no formula for success?

The restaurant still has no name, but its owners' corporation is called Garrincha, after the great Brazilian soccer player. The name that appears on the American Express bill is Balada. But it will not be a Brazilian restaurant.

### IN ANOTHER CATEGORY

IF Kafka had done stand-up comedy, he might have talked and looked like Emo Philips. Both men—with their anorexic bodies and wet-noodle postures—are arrested cases, but they bravely dive into sexual terror and childhood humiliation, turning themselves into nerd avengers. Philips wears nursery remnants—a ragged long-johns top and short pants held together by safety pins. His trademark wheeze is half heavy breather, half patient on a respirator. He twirls a piece of hair, recalling life with father. "Dad liked to kid. Whenever I misbehaved, he'd bury me in the back yard." He leans forward, jabbing the air. "Only up to my waist, but you get *dizzy* with all the blood rushing to your head." Philips flashes prurience, joyously. When his mother catches him in bed with a chicken, he confesses that there is egg on his face. When a woman he picks up in a bar asks if he has cable, he retorts, "Oh, I believe the ropes I have will be strong enough to hold you."

If you've caught Philips on television, you've seen only his shadow. The tube tends to sharpen comedians, like Jay Leno, whose wit erupts in quick bites; on the other hand, TV blunts performers, like Philips, who need time to conjure an atmosphere and who feed on the surprises generated in clubs. Philips gives one of the most theatrically sustained performances in stand-up, and his outré oddness is placed in especially high relief against the soigné décor—faux-pony-skin seats and a sleek marble bar—of Caroline's, at 89 South Street, where he appears from May 30th to June 4th.

**"Bateaux des Rêves"**—A forty-five-minute work by the Cirque Grégoire which is based loosely on a 1581 court ballet by Balthazar de Beaujoyeulx. It begins on the lake in Central Park with a procession of seven gold lamé rowboats. They will be met on the shore by some thirty well-dressed performers (singers from the Lycée Français and dancers) and by musicians. Text in French and English. (Loeb Boathouse, Central Park. June 3 at 6:30; rain date, June 4 at 6:30. No tickets necessary and no seats either.)

**Lisa Kron**—P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. June 1-4, at 9:30.

## ART

THE New Museum is offering a little cure for those of you who have been lulled into complacency by the cozier aspects of the Bush era—by the prospect, for instance, of entertaining your many grandchildren in bed on a sunny summer Sunday morning in the country. Many of the women at Greenham Common—the site, near London, of a long-term anti-cruise-missile demonstration—have camped out with their babies, too, sometimes for several days. The site is the subject of Margaret Harrison's "Common Land/Greenham," one of the museum's current exhibitions. Using a chain-link fence strewn with infant clothes and assorted didactic materials, Harrison evokes a domestic ambience. The political effectiveness and the aesthetic appeal of her piece depend largely on the assumption that nappies bestow a moral superiority upon mothers—an obnoxious thought, and one oddly without humor.

Another of the museum's exhibitions, an installation by the Belgian artist Guillaume Bijl, relies exclusively on a certain familiar brand of hip irony. So deadpan as to seem without politics or invention of any kind, the work has the surprising effect of making almost any ideology or aesthetic seem preferable. Bijl's work is a recreation of an Arise futon shop. That's it. You walk in, are for a moment confused, and then are even more briefly amused. But, however Duchampian your laugh lines, this cold joke is warmed-over art.

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a major exhibition of paintings and works on paper by this intense and elusive giant (1746-1828), proposes the artist as philosopher and political theorist. The installation is a little low on visual magic, a little long on wall labels, and of particular interest for two self-portraits: a young Goya working by the light of a candle-holding hat; an old, sick Goya attended by his physician. Through July 16. . . . ¶ A survey of Italian majolica, with many Renaissance-era examples, such as a bowl depicting the papal arms and tiara of Julius II. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ "American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. . . . ¶ Fifty Ming and Ch'ing dynasty (fifteenth through seventeenth century) paintings from the museum's collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "Minor White: The Eye That Shapes." Through June 18. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Austrian artist and teacher Arnulf Rainer is a sympathetic and influential figure. Best known for his ongoing series of "Face Farces"—photographic self-portraits altered with paint—he exemplifies both a sixties-style liberated Expressionism and the sensuous flamboyance associated with the Viennese school. Seen in small doses, Rainer's work has considerable verve. But there just isn't enough variety or sweep in it to sustain interest in three simultaneous shows, including the museum retrospective here. Through July 9. (The other shows are at the Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St.—ending May 31—and at the Ulysses Gallery, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ Hannelore Baron (1926-87). This small show features modest abstract collages, from 1975 to 1984, composed of threadlike ink lines and frayed bits of discarded canvas and paper. They offer a glimpse of a child's world marked more by trauma and darkness—the artist was a Jew who came to New York from Germany in 1941—than by dreams. There are several fine boxed collages, which, thankfully, manage to escape the Cornell reference. Through July 9. (A companion show of collages is at Gallery Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of sixty-six lacquerware dishes, boxes, and bottles from China, Japan, Korea, Burma, Thailand, and Iran. Through June 14. . . . ¶ The museum's Georgia O'Keeffe holdings (twelve pieces), including five paintings and one pastel drawing that all came through a recent bequest. Through June 19. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from the island of Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members (Jasper Johns, Jane Freilicher, John Cage, Mary McCarthy, and others) and by recipients of Academy-Institute awards, among them Isaac Bashevis Singer, Richard

Rogers, Rackstraw Downes, and Anne Arnold. Manuscripts, paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**American Craft Museum,** 40 W. 53rd St.—"George Nakashima: Full Circle" is a show of furniture by a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eighteen Israeli artists, responding to their country's political and social conflicts of the past decade. Through Aug. 6. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," another tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the day of his execution; and letters, more speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating the new exhibition space is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Through July 16. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

**Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes (with photographs and drawings) the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway—The first installment of a two-part retrospective of work by Nancy Spero, that most politicized of aesthetes, including a few of her long-overlooked and now legendary erotic paintings from the late fifties and early sixties, when she lived in Paris, and several segments of the "Codex Artaud" (1971-72), the most famous of her scrolls. Spero's more recent style characteristically involves collages with passages of typescript (feminist treatises, literary quotes, Amnesty International bulletins) that seem to float among lyrical sequences of block-printed, archetypal female figures from many different periods and cultures, ranging from Greek goddesses on the warpath to bereft Vietnamese mothers. Part one through June 11; part two opens June 14. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, among them Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloifolia," a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées," and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays and Memorial Day, 10 to 6.)

**New York Public Library at Lincoln Center**—A fine overview of the evolution of Baroque string instruments, represented by members of the violin family from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries; X-rays showing the intricate construction of some of the instruments; and a video with an elaborate sound system, featuring performances on viola da gamba, viola d'amore, and English violet. Through June 10. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Fridays, noon to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—"Art as a Verb: The Evolving Continuum" is a show of installations (using sculptures, drawings, and videos) by eight contemporary African-American artists, among them Faith Ringgold, Adrian Piper, and Howardena Pindell. Through June 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Memorial Day.)

**Odd Nerdrum**—Lush yet rigid new drawings in charcoal on lamb's-wool paper. As in the artist's paintings, Norse folkloric figures are realized in a dramatic neoclassical style that recalls David and Ingres. Through June 9. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Paul Rotterdam**—In the seventies, this artist made masterly post-minimalist drawings in deeply rubbed graphite. His new graphite works, on view here, are mostly abstractions from nature, and his characteristic intensity is now diffused over large areas of white paper. Through June 10. (Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Center for African Art**—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." A provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask. Through Aug. 20. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

**"Faces of China"**—Recent realist portraits of pretty Chinese women, by three artists from the People's Republic. Some of the works look urban and Westernized, others rural and sentimentalized. Through June 30. (Hefner, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**"Visions of Flight"**—A disappointing retrospective from the NASA art collection which consists mostly of Ken dolls and big airplanes in homogenized, textbook styles. Robert Rauschenberg is the only avant-garde artist represented (by an unexceptional color lithograph). Kent R. Sullivan's two 1984 Florida landscapes have some Spielbergian atmosphere—they allow for the possibility of a close encounter. Through June 16. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: A twentieth-century blue-chip mishmash, including some standard minor paintings by Matisse, Seurat, and Bonnard. The most awake-looking work here is a 1915 Feininger, "Locomotive with a Big Wheel." Through June 9. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **beadleston,** 60 E. 91st St.: "Affinities" is the title of this essentially themeless drawing show that spans the sixteenth century to the twentieth. Highlights include a scene by Tiepolo of a Punch-and-Judy show held in a convent, and a small, vivid landscape with figures by the little-known symbolist Ker-Xavier Roussel. Plush viewing conditions. Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **lafayette parke,** 58 E. 79th St.: This hodgepodge of still-lifes includes work ranging from Martin Johnson Heade's simple floral arrangements in a champagne glass to an odd pre-Pop abstraction in Sumi ink by Jim Dine. The show is worthwhile for its hidden marvels, like Jean Metzinger's Cubist oil and Gabriele Münter's two Expressionist paintings. Through June 24. . . . **mathes,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St: Included in "Bohemian Night Life: 1910-1935" are an early Stuart Davis painting of a buxom dance-hall singer depicted in Ashcan style; a racist drawing of black tap dancers by Miguel Covarrubias; and a fine Reginald Marsh watercolor of some hip-shaking women, which drips with sex. Through June 1. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of 1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir, and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. Through June 30.

**Short List**—**hannelore baron,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (through June 30); **giorgio cavallon,** McCoy, 19 E. 71st St. (through June 1); **nick ghiz,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through June 3); **dimitri hadzi,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through June 3).

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## ART—Cont'd

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Romare Bearden** (1911-88)—A memorial exhibition for the influential African-American artist, mostly of richly colored collages (many with watercolor), which display a delight in artmaking and owe much to Matisse's cutouts, Rousseau's idyllic jungle paintings, and jazz. Through June 10. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Alexander Calder** (1898-1976)—Calder's signature metal sculptures and generally cheerful flying shapes have survived their well-known official uses, and, coming on the heels of similar work by Neo-Geo artists and a revived interest in biomorphic abstraction, they look refreshed. Through June 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Cottingham**—Gravelly realistic paintings of details from old freight cars, and many small canvases of railroad-company logos. The work attempts to evoke the sturdy values of rural America, but it adds nothing to a tradition already well explored by the Precisionists in the days when industry was king. Through June 3. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jean Dubuffet** (1901-85)—Paintings and works on paper from 1955 to 1962 (called "assemblages," "texturologies," and "matériologies") that look like closeups of soil. With these sere and gritty surfaces, Dubuffet seems to anticipate the work of artists as disparate as Milton Resnick and Anselm Kiefer. Through July 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Lucio Fontana** (1899-1968)—While Jackson Pollock was busy liberating paint over here, Fontana was in Italy slashing his monochrome canvases. The results were often surprisingly poetic (and about as accidental as Arp's "chance" compositions), and here are some prime examples, gathered under the auspices of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, of Venice. Through June 16. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Paolo Icaro**—Unpretentious plaster sketches by a lesser-known Arte Povera artist. Some have objects embedded in them, like a sheet of wrinkled lead or a piece of scratched colored glass. Others stand on metal poles. The artist obviously took great pleasure in their creation; for the viewer, the pleasure is less. Through June 3. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Ron Janowich**—A dynamic show of tondos. A vertical bar is cut from the center of each, dropped down a foot or so, and usually painted to contrast with the two sections next to it. Through June 2. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

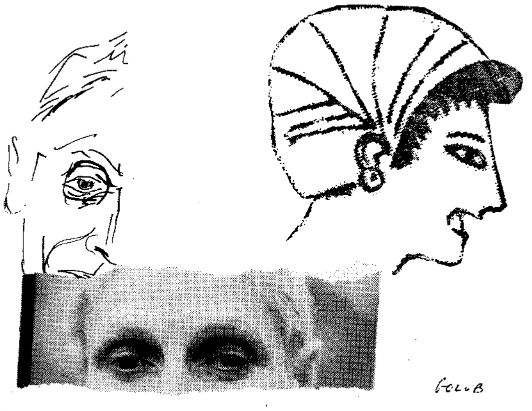
**Gustav Klimt** (1862-1918)—A lot of pale pencil drawings; a few major paintings, including several pointillistic park scenes; and some fascinating extras, like Klimt's caftan. Through June 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Marisol**—New sculptures. The generic subjects—"Poor Family," "Working Women"—fall squarely into the realm of cliché, however well made they are. But the portraits—of Archbishop Desmond Tutu, and of Emperor Hirohito with Empress Nagako—are both revealing and great to look at. Through June 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

**Izhar Patkin**—Two life-size tinsel-tinted statues of a mounted Don Quixote are the centerpiece of this exhibition. Through June 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Francis Picabia** (1879-1953)—A fantastic and utterly disingenuous show of paintings from the twenties and early thirties: the long-spurned and now famous "Transparences." The filmy layers of superimposed imagery in these works—as well as the images themselves—may be the most widely and successfully imitated compositional device in art of the past decade. Seductive, sophisticated, sentimental, deranged—these paintings are altogether transcendent. Through June 3. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Pablo Picasso** (1881-1973)—"Petits Formats"—small works from the Marina Picasso collection (most are for sale), including thirty paintings and more than twenty drawings, plus sculptures and graphics. There are choice tidbits from many decades, presented in a slightly stuffy way. Through June 30. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)



*Nancy Spero*

**Harry Roseman**—Meticulous ink drawings of a variety of weaves, from fishnet to basket, which display a technique in need of a subject. Through June 3. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

**John Torreano**—Galactic storm paintings with wooden balls of various sizes embedded in grainy plywood, by a solid abstract painter in the all-over compositional tradition of Pollock. (Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Large painted shaped-wood jewels, displayed on a shelf and on a wall. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.) Both shows through June 3.

**Group Shows**—At **langer,** 41 E. 57th St.: A small sampling of impeccably selected works by German artists: a Polke, two Richters, a Kiefer, and some Beuyses, including his famous felt suit. Through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30; Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by six artists, most of them very cartoonish. Grisha Bruskin, a Soviet artist, is represented by white, delicately modelled "toys" of small creatures and people—some in military gear, one with bunny ears—holding objects like a map of the U.S.S.R. or a red tennis racket. Red Grooms displays carved comic-book updates of Reginald Marsh's muscle beach. Fernando Botero is the only artist who makes the lampooning enjoyable. Through June 17. (Open Mondays.)

### CLASS ACTION

*The annual year-end show of student work at Cooper Union's Irwin S. Chanin School of Architecture is always something special. Architecture may seem an art of wealth and power, but at Cooper Union what counts is the wealth of the imagination and the power to render it visually. Under the direction of John Hejduk since 1975, the school has built a reputation for emphasizing poetry over pragmatism (which tends to bother those who confuse architecture with real estate). And during the dry years of postmodernism Cooper Union has served as an oasis where invention thrives among students and faculty alike (one can see some of their ideas in the book "Education of an Architect," recently published by Rizzoli). Studio instructors for the projects in this year's show, which opens on May 30th, include many of today's brightest architects: Elizabeth Diller, Ricardo Scofidio, Tod Williams, Diane Lewis, Lebbeus Woods, Diana Agrest, Peter Eisenman, and Raimund Abraham.*

**Short List**—**anthony caro,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 30); **roberto juarez** and **robert graham,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 30); **william kienbusch,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through June 9).

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**John M. Armleder**—Elegant new design-savvy objects by a popular Swiss artist, including four meticulous piles of folded wool blankets under two tacky chandeliers; three trombones of different metals on a well-padded high-style chaise; and some "paintings" (shiny fake-snakeskin fabrics on stretchers). Through June 3. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

**Scott Burton**—Burton's furniture sculptures may be among the most decadent objects being made today, but they surpass most geometric post-minimalist sculpture in beauty and presence and in the questions they raise about function. His new sandstone table and chairs are a lesson in architecture. Through June 10. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

**Nancy Chunn**—Dark paintings that map out cultures with strong liberation movements, overlaid with and bound by patterns derived from the cultures themselves. A map of Kurdistan is covered with the warp and woof of indigenous rug-knotting techniques, which look like prison bars with meat hooks attached to them. Many of the paintings seem to be mere illustrations of political correctness. Through June 3. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**Heide Fasnacht**—Large painted sculptures, made of laminated-wood layers whose edges have been left unrounded. The works have a gyrating dynamism that captures the eye without holding the mind. Through June 6. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

**Robert Freeman**—At first, these paintings of the Garden of Eden look like second-rate Expressionism. But they are an intelligent attempt by an African-American artist to find a place within a Western modernist tradition that owes much to sub-Saharan Africa. They depict, among other things, an assertive black proto-Cubist Eve who has already taken a big bite out of the apple. Through June 3. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

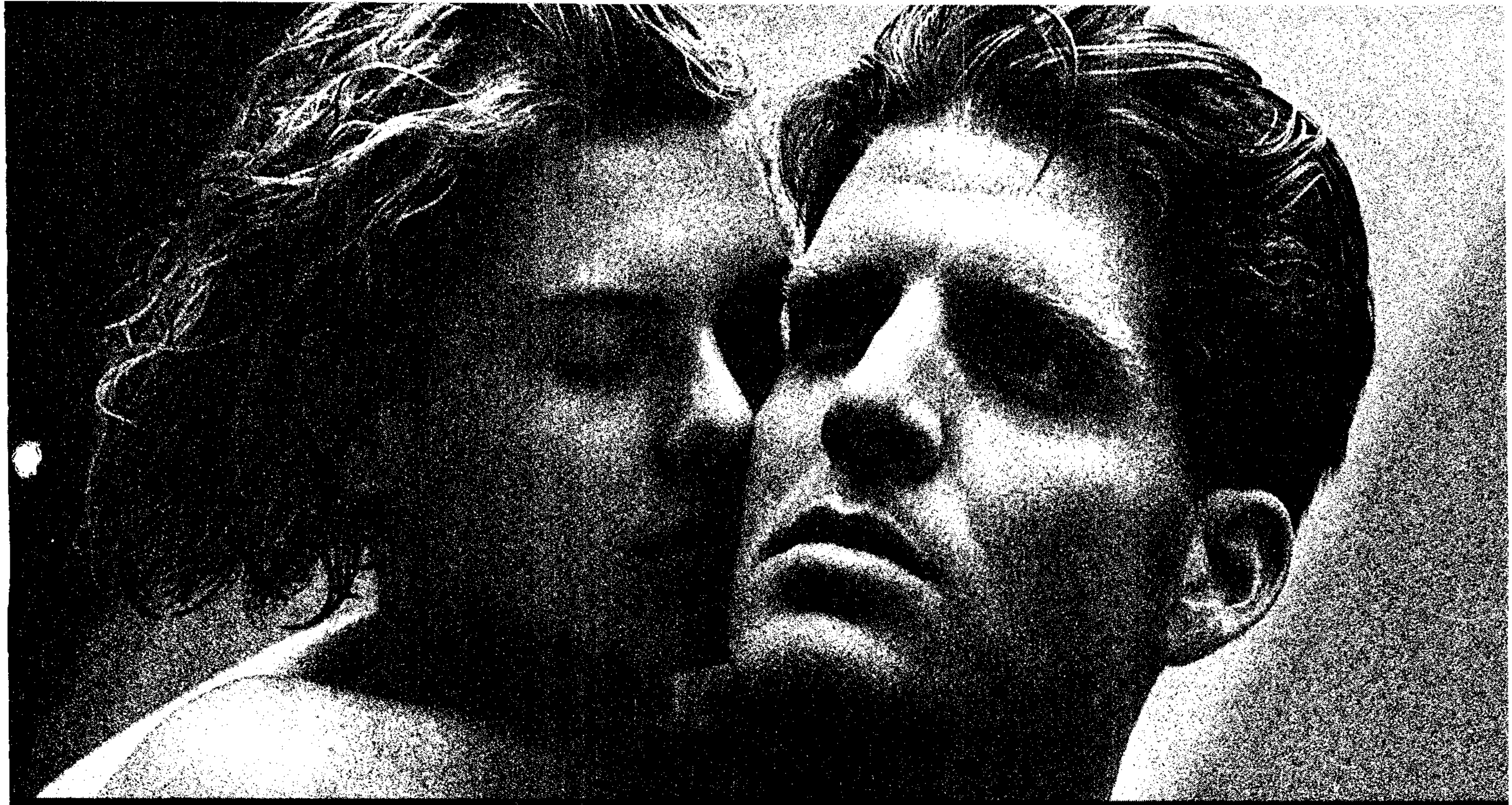
**David Hammons**—A vast, loose installation made up of a pile of coal, a loop of toy-train tracks, a John Coltrane soundtrack, some bottles of Night Train, and an assortment of piano lids arranged to suggest depots, stopping points, the ghosts of live musicians, or just scenery along the way. The poetry of this piece surges at you in a direct but existentially unsettling way: it's a spiritual that isn't addressed to God. Through June 10. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

**Inigo Jones** (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

**Mary Kelly**—This feminist has updated the presentational style of her work. It was pointedly ephemeral during the seventies—her best-known work, "Post-Partum Document," consisted of notebook pages with various tabulations, scribbles, and bodily stains. The new work consists of book pages, cast in oxidized metal, whose narrative has to do with relations between the sexes and with real estate. But Kelly's aggrieved message remains essentially unchanged. Through June 23. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

**Erik Levine**—Large plywood sculptures that look like huge gyroscopes or stylized cubic snowflakes, partially covered in wood putty and streaked with glue. They link up to the American tradition of organic abstraction, and, though somewhat academic, are a physical tour de force. Through June 3. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

**Roy Lichtenstein**—This invigorating exhibition brings together virtually all of the Pop master's bronzes (1976-89), an underappreciated aspect of his oeuvre. Such classic Lichtenstein images as mirrors, brushstrokes, and drinking glasses are flat pictorial reliefs that have to do more with Cubist painting than with three-dimensionality. The bronzes have



# Tuscany

Body and soul

A fragrance for men.
Created in Italy for Aramis.

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SUCCESS/SLAD

Many people buy crystal, a lucky few own Daum.

Ferrari 250 GTO, car in crystal. L:12.5" l:5 1/4".

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all the charm and wit of the artist's best paintings and are marvels of abstract composition. Through July 1. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

**Laura Newman**—Brushy, old-fashioned abstract paintings of wobbly shapes which are mildly engaging. Through June 1. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

**Eric Orr**—Two mesmerizing columns with water cascading down them, by a California artist not well known in New York. In one work, light flickers over the water as it brushes past horizontal ridges of bronze. In the other, water pours down in clusters, like liquid mercury. There are also monochrome paintings of intense colored light, like neon Rothkos. Through June 3. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

**Mimmo Paladino**—Big, bland recent paintings, mostly abstract, with some construction and with small figurative elements, such as the artist's signature masks. Through June 10. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

**Chris Pfister**—Romantic dark-green-and-brown landscapes with brushy fauna, some à la Claude. Many have an animal or putto frolicking about, and in one a soldier stands at attention. Through June 17. (Cutler, 593 Broadway.)

**Tom Radloff**—Graphically appealing, colorful paintings, on wrinkled surfaces, of diagrams that suggest electronic circuitry and pictographic maps. More post-East Village child's play. Through June 7. (Loughelton, 67 Prince St.)

**Tim Rollins + K.O.S.**—Rollins and his kid collaborators once again perform their tasteful graphic alterations, this time on collaged comic-book pages and on the pages of Kafka's "Metamorphosis" and Schubert's "Winterreise." With the exception of a big caricature of P. W. Botha—a frequent but still potent subject for this group—the show looks a bit formulaic. Through June 3. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

**Joel Shapiro**—Four recent bronze sculptures in this artist's characteristically geometric, implicitly figurative style. There's an especially good piece, in the back of the first gallery, that defies ideas about balance: it's cantilevered on all sides. Through June 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Donald Sultan**—Crayon drawings—some dense and scumbly, others faint—by a prolific maker of overly elegant paintings and prints. These are poker hands, few of which—say, the one showing a pair of nines—are likely to win any jackpots. Through June 3. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

**Karen Sylvester**—These new paintings in photo-emulsion and oil on canvas are efficiently executed. They may claim a number of interesting sources, including Cindy Sherman, Laurie Simmons, and Gerhard Richter, but they're D.O.A. Through June 3. (303 Gallery, 127 Spring St.)

**Günter Umberg**—These rich black paintings may be familiar monochromy, but their slightly skewed angles lend them a unique character. Through June 3. (Lorence-Monk, in a second gallery, at 578 Broadway.)

**Merrill Wagner**—Post-minimalist paintings and assemblages on found sheets of slate and metal. The face-size works are the most satisfying, for their concision. Through June 10. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

**Steve Wood**—Large, mostly black sculptures of flattened geometric shapes—generic post-minimalism with little staying power. Through June 17. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

**Joseph Zito**—Triangular and circular steel cannisters filled with wax; some have a light bulb that melts the wax into sludgy puddles. The work is derivative of Kounellis—without the metaphors. Through June 10. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

**Short List**—**HERMAN CHERRY,** Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. (through June 10), Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through June 23), and Baruch College Gallery, 135 E. 22nd St. (through June 2); **LUCIAN FREUD,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through June 24); **JAMES HENNESSEY,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through June 3); **TOM WESSELMANN,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through June 10).

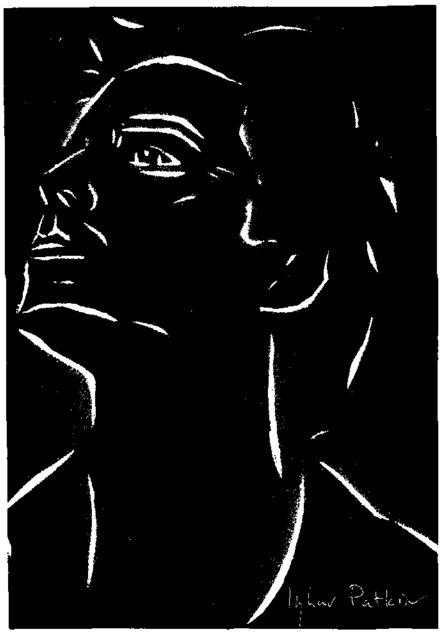
### OTHER GALLERIES

**David Hatchett**—Large, accomplished sculptures of zippy assembled structures bound by grommeted metal, much of which is yellow or white or from old advertising signs. The work perhaps owes too much to John Chamberlain. Through June 17. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

**Jenny Holzer**—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

**"Reagan: American Icon"**—This show includes Reagan as a centaur (Komar & Melamid), as a bronze TV (Robert Arneson), as a missile-wielding whirligig (Edward Larson), as a prison (Anton van Dalen), and as a massive amalgamation of corporate logos (Leon McFadden). Through June 11. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**P.S. 1**—Two major sculpture shows. On the main exhibition floor is "The Drowned World," a suite of ten scherzi on the theme of the fountain. Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel are responsible for "Charybdis," the spectacular first sight of the show—an extraterrestrial tableau of fire, water, and sand, with dramatic elements, such as a slow-moving spiral and a whirring spindle, and a spotlight playing over all. (Someone really should get hold of this for the next "Ring" cycle.) Also quite grand are the lightly perspiring sculptures of Eric Orr. Not so grand but more poignant are Robin Winters' circular waterway and Rebecca Howland's "It's a Sick World." And there's more. . . . ¶ One floor up is a roomy, relaxed retrospective of work made since 1977 by Franz West, a liberated, puckish Austrian sculptor given to wordplay and subversive authority games (you're allowed to touch certain of his sculptures only if you're naked), with a very engaging sense of beauty which has to do with "giving form to neurotic symptoms." Through June 11. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)



*Self-portrait by Izhar Patkin*

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Tina Barney's color photographs, at Janet Borden, may appear casual, but they're as "natural" as silk flowers. Her pictures are bigger than most TV screens and smaller than movie screens, and although they look like snapshots they're not. Each photograph is composed to look uncomposed, and the results are images that have a theatrical energy. This puts them in a different realm from that of the pictures that have been coming out of the snapshot school, many of which are as boring as an after-dinner holiday slide show. Barney's subjects are her nearest and dearest, and when her tableaux work you feel as if you were peeking in on the neighbors. When the photos are not as good, it's as though the people inside them knew we were out there watching, and they started acting a bit too self-consciously "real."

**Emmet Gowin / Joel-Peter Witkin**—Delicate and exquisitely toned, these rich photographs find the abstract in the real. Aerial views, they show photography as drawing, photography as painting, and photography as beauty. / Evidence of photography's interrelations with other mediums is ample in Witkin's work, but his previously successful—even astonishing—combination of wit and the macabre is becoming heavy-handed; one can't help thinking that he's started to play to an audience. These works have less of his earlier suspense, invention, and risks and none of that challenge to the tyranny of what's "normal." Through June 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Georges Hugnet** (1906-74)—The lighter side of Surrealism, by a fairly unknown, witty collagist, who was also a poet, critic, and publisher. Hugnet wouldn't look out of place among the media appropriationists working today, just a bit less subtle. Through June 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Burr McIntosh** (1862-1942)—A small, mildly interesting show titled "Polite Society 1900-1910." McIntosh was clearly an ingenious character who got around, with and without his camera. His pictures of turn-of-the-century social life are more fun than revealing. Through June 10. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**"A Photo Show"**—A standout exhibition of contemporary perspectives. Practically every piece in this intelligent, well-chosen group show is evidence of photography's continuing vitality as a medium rich with possibility. Some of the pictures are by artists who are better known as painters—Sigmar Polke and Gerhard Richter, for example—and these works are particularly fresh and inventive. Through June 10. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Short List**—**HARRY CALLAHAN** and **BARBARA MORGAN,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., open Sundays (through July 16); **PETER CAMPUS,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through June 30); **ROBERT CAPA,** Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **ELLEN CAREY,** Good, 532 Broadway (through June 10); **DAN WEINER,** Museum of Modern Art (through July 11); **MINOR WHITE,** Museum of Modern Art (through June 18).

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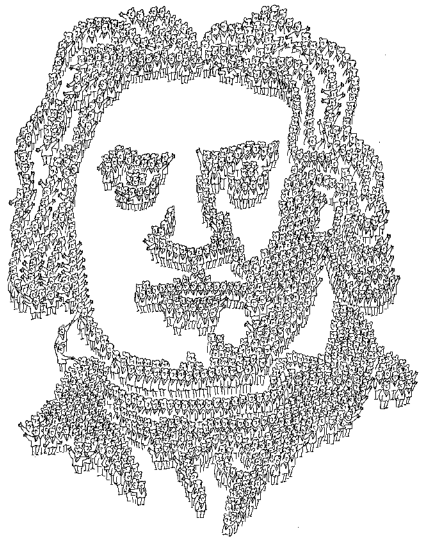
### PASTORALE

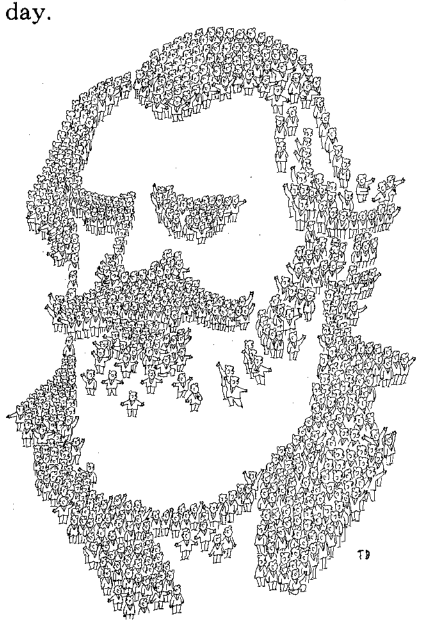
*Now that the galleries are filling up again with landscape painting, it may be the moment to take a fresh look at some earth that's been in SoHo far longer than most of the galleries. "The New York Earth Room," Walter De Maria's minimalist installation made of two hundred and fifty cubic yards of dark, loamy dirt, has been on display for twelve years now. The work is hardly a happening for those who rely on art mainly as a pretext for openings; but its calm (and calming) indifference to the changing scene is one of the most moving things about it. Like the earth, it abides; a look-in park for the overloaded urbanite. And it reminds us, through its sweet smell—and its faint breath of moisture on the skin—as well as through the eye, that nature and culture are not separate entities but two ways of experiencing the same world.* (141 Wooster Street, Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)



## MUSIC

WHILE you wait for the summer music festivals to start luring you to greener climes, you might want to catch up with some of those seventy-minute-plus compact disks you've bought recently. Another thing you can catch up with, if you've been reading about minimalism for years and not yet taken the soporific plunge: Steve Reich and Musicians. The group, along with the increasingly celebrated Kronos Quartet, play new and old Reich at Alice Tully Hall on Friday, June 2nd. We know someone who swears he sleeps more peacefully at minimalist concerts than at home.

Or try a harbinger of festivals to come. The Sea Cliff Chamber Players annually offer Mozart as a pretext for spending time on the lovely grounds of the Planting Fields Arboretum, at Oyster Bay, on Long Island. One weekend Mozart-fest is just getting over; another will be held June 3rd and 4th. Several estimable artists are advertised, as are garden tours and Viennese cuisine. Concerts will be held at two and seven-thirty each day.



*Beethoven and Brahms Open Sing*

**Quintetto a Fiati Italiano**—A wind ensemble, in its début here. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. May 30 at 8. . . . Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. June 1 at 8. For information about either concert, call 879-4242.)

**Nina Beilina**—Violin. With Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; and others, performing works by Bach, and Sephardic music. (Metropolitan Synagogue, 40 E. 35th St. June 1 at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

**Steve Reich**—An evening of works by this composer-percussionist. With the Kronos Quartet in the New York première of "Different Trains," which Mr. Reich wrote for them; guitarist David Tanenbaum in "Electric Counterpoint"; and Steve Reich and Musicians in "Sextet" and "Drumming, Part I." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 2 at 8.) . . . **Note:** On June 1 at 7, Mr. Reich will bring his musicians to the World Financial Center's Winter Garden Plaza to perform parts of the same program (a free concert).

**"Epitaph"**—A two-hour orchestral work by Charles Mingus, performed by a thirty-member jazz ensemble and conducted by Gunther Schuller. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 3 at 7.)

**Bel Canto Opera**—Hugh Kronrot conducting the New York première of Udo Zimmermann's "White Rose," a one-act opera, set in 1942, about the German resistance. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. June 3 and June 10 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

**Galina Heifetz**—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 4 at 3.)

**Open Sing**—Beethoven's "Choral Fantasy" and Brahms' German Requiem, conducted by Yaacov Bergman. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 4 at 3.)

**New York Virtuoso Singers**—Harold Rosenbaum directing a varied vocal program, with Walter Hilse, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 4 at 7.)

**Beth Levin**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 6 at 8.)

**North / South Consonance**—Performing works by five contemporary composers. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**S.E.M. Ensemble**—Performing works composed in the sixties. With the Soldier String Quartet and Tom Kora, cello. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Newband**—In compositions by New Yorkers Linda Bouchard, Dean Drummond, Leroy Jenkins, and James Pugliese, among others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 6 at 8.)

**Concert Royal**—With the New York Baroque Dance Company, in staged performances of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village." James Richman will conduct. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6105. June 7-10 at 8.)

### JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

**Barry Manilow**—It's been over a decade since he sang "I write the songs that make the whole world sing" (actually, he didn't write that one—Bruce Johnston did), and in the eighties Manilow has seen his status slip from superstar to Las Vegas entertainer. His luxurious orchestrations, combined with his dramatic tendencies as a performer, result in a night that could put a listener into sugar shock. But to anyone whose taste in music runs to the bombastic and sentimental, he sounds nice and sweet. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through June 10.)

**Aaron Neville**—This delicate-voiced tenor will surely "Tell It Like It Is" (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St. Brooklyn. 1-718-834-8794. May 30 at 8.)

**Kenny G**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. June 2 at 7:30 and 11:30.

**Electric Guitar Concert**—With Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Pete Haycock, Steve Hunter, Robbie Krieger, Wishbone Ash, and others. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. June 3 at 7.)

**Flamenco Guitar Concert**—With Sabicas, Paco de Lucía, and Jerónimo. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 3 at 8.)

**Cherish the Ladies**—An Irish music and dance ensemble. (Julia Richman High School, 317 E. 67th St. June 4 at 7. For information about tickets, call 691-9510.)

**Neil Young**—With Indigo Girls. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 4 at 8.)

**Poison**—With Tesla. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 6 at 7:30.)

**"Elvis: A Rockin' Remembrance"**—With three actors portraying Elvis at various stages of his career, film footage, and twenty-four backup people. Opens June 6 at 8, and will run through June 30. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.)

**Henry Street Jazz Series**—June 2: Mongo Santamaria and his group. . . . ¶ June 3: The Max Roach quartet. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Evenings at 7. Through June 17.)

**Improvisations Festival**—Sponsored by the World Music Institute. At **symphony space:** Shivkumar Sharma and Zakir Hussain, June 2 at 8. . . . Don Cherry, Mr. Hussain, Foday Musa Suso, and others, June 3 at 8. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ At **greenwich house:** The Jeffrey Schanzer Ensemble, June 6 at 8. . . . Gamelan Son of Lion, June 7 at 8. (27 Barrow St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

**Benefit Concert**—With Elly Stone, the Herbie Mann septet, the Five Blind Boys of Alabama, Blackie Schackner, and the Harmonie Wind Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 2 at 7:30.)

## SPORTS

### HOME TEAMS

**Yankees**—Vs. the Seattle Mariners, May 29 at 1:30, and May 30-31 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, June 5-7 at 7:30.

**Mets**—Absent Hernandez. Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, June 2 at 7:35, June 3 at 7:05, and June 4 at 1:35.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

### RACING

**Horses**—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Starting June 2, weekdays at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: May 29 at 1:15 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**"Imagining Stonewall"**—A show of site-specific installations (of paintings, photographs, and sculptures) commissioned by the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the riots at the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village. Among the many artists are Keith Haring, Jane Dickson, David LaChapelle, Martin Wong, and Arch Connelly. (208 W. 13th St. Beginning June 1, the exhibition will be on view from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

**"Central Park by Design"**—The Parks Department and the Museum of the City of New York will collaborate on a Tuesday walking tour in Central Park, to be held weekly from June 6 through August 15. This free program, which begins with a 1 P.M. bus ride from Grand Army Plaza (Fifth Ave. at 59th St.), will focus on the architectural legacy of Calvert Vaux. Currently the subject of a show at the museum, Vaux designed Central Park's Dairy and several of its cast-iron bridges, all of which will be covered by the tour. For more information, call 534-1672.

**Washington Square Outdoor Art Show**—The second half of this Greenwich Village sidewalk show will take place June 3-4. This year's exhibit/sale/contest is the fifty-eighth and includes work by more than three hundred artists and artisans. Browsers and buyers are welcome from noon to sundown.

**Benefit Readings**—On June 6, Tom Wolfe will host a night of readings by Elmore Leonard, Robert B. Parker, and Tony Hillerman—the first of three evenings to raise funds for the American Foundation for AIDS Research. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 6 at 8.)

**Eskimo Life**—The Earth Circle Foundation, an environmental/human-rights group, will celebrate Eskimo culture with a concert of Inuit dancers, drummers, and singers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 7 at 8.)

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

### EAST SIDE

**Public Theatre,** 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Through June 2: At 5:45, "The Sacrifice" (1986, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson; and "Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky" (1987, Michal Leszczylowski), a documentary; at 10, "Pattes Blanches" (1949, Jean Gremillon; in French), with Paul Bernard.

June 3-4: At 4, "Pattes Blanches"; at 5:45, "The Sacrifice" and "Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky"; at 10, "Pattes Blanches."

From June 6: At 6, "Cane Toads" (1988, Mark Lewis) and "The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On" (1987, Kazuo Hara), both documentaries; at 10, "Pattes Blanches."

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (†).

Theatre 2: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 3: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through June 1: "Scandal" (†).

From June 2: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

"Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

Theatre 3: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Miss Firecracker" (†).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Say Anything" (†).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through June 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

From June 2: To be announced.

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through June 1: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris. From June 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "Miracle Mile" (†). From June 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

**Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: Through June 1: "Scandal" (†). From June 2: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†). From June 2: "Scandal" (†).

Theatre 3: Through June 1: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington. From June 2: To be announced.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Sean Connery.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through June 1: "How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker.

From June 2: "Vampire's Kiss" (Robert Bierman), with Nicolas Cage, Maria Conchita Alonso, and Jennifer Beals.

**Loews New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

Theatre 2: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Cold Feet" (Robert Dornhelm), with Keith Carradine, Sally Kirkland, and Tom Waits.

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze.

**Loews Orpheum I and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "Miracle Mile" (†). From June 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum I,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Through May 30: "The Suitors" (directed by Ghasem Ebrahimian; in English and Farsi).

From May 31: "The Brave Little Toaster" (1987, Jerry Rees), an animated film.

**Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through June 1: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis. From June 2: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (1987, Paul Cox).

Theatre 2: Through June 1: (Separate admissions) "A Night in Havana: Dizzy Gillespie in Cuba" (John Holland), a documentary; and "Rain Man" (†). From June 2: "The Courier" (Joe Lee and Frank Deasy), with Padraig O'Loingsigh, Gabriel Byrne, and Cait O'Riordan.

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi. From June 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "Miracle Mile" (†). From June 2: To be announced.

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Theatre 2: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington.

Theatre 3: Through June 1: "La Lectrice" (†). From June 2: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Theatre 4: Through June 1: "New York Stories" (†). From June 2: "Scandal" (†).

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Miracle Mile" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon. From June 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Theatre 3: Through June 1: "Heathers" (†). From June 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through June 1: "New York Stories" (†).

From June 2: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through June 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

From June 2: "New York Stories" (†).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

**Carnegie Screening Room,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Let's Get Lost" (†).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Rainbow" (†).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Rain Man" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze.

**Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

**Cinema Studio I and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Sean Connery.

Theatre 3: Through June 1: "Scandal" (†). From June 2: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 4: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

Theatre 5: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

Theatre 6: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

**Metro Cinema I and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through June 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon. From June 2: "Vampire's Kiss" (Robert Bierman), with Nicolas Cage, Maria Conchita Alonso, and Jennifer Beals.

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†). From June 2: "Scandal" (†).

**Olympia I and II,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Miracle Mile" (†).

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "Rain Man" (†). From June 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Cyborg" (directed by Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: Through June 1: "How I Got Into College" (Savage Steve Holland), with Anthony Edwards and Corey Parker. From June 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 5: "Fistfighter" (Frank Zuñiga).

Theatre 6: "Miracle Mile" (†).

**Embassy I,** B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

May 29: "For Queen & Country" (Martin Stellman), with Denzel Washington.

From May 30: Theatre temporarily closed.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Rain Man" (†).

Theatre 3: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

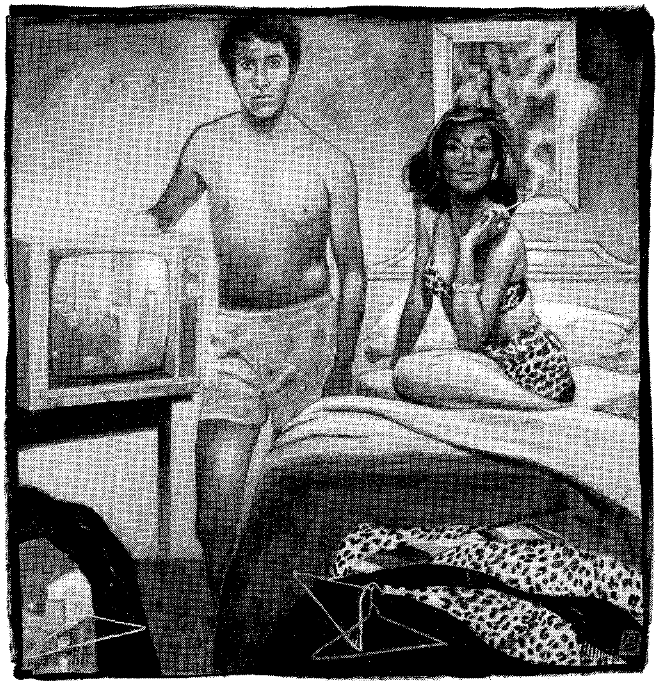
## MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 4: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger.

**Loews Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford and Sean Connery.

**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Scandal" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 1: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi. From June 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

**Warner,** 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through June 1: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.
From June 2: "Vampire's Kiss" (Robert Bierman), with Nicolas Cage, Maria Conchita Alonso, and Jennifer Beals.



*"The Graduate"*

**West Side Cinema I and 2,** 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.
Theatre 2: "Pink Cadillac."

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Biograph Cinema,** 225 W. 57th (582-4582)
May 29: "Silk Stockings" (1957, directed by Rouben Mamoulian), with Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse; and "White Nights" (1985, Taylor Hackford), with Mikhail Baryshnikov, Gregory Hines, and Isabella Rossellini.
May 30: "Siberiade" (1979, Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).
May 31: "We Live Again" (1934, Rouben Mamoulian), with Fredric March and Anna Sten; and "Tovarich" (1937, Anatole Litvak), with Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, and Basil Rathbone.
June 1: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (1944, Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Don Quixote" (1957, Grigori Kozintsev), with Cherkassov.
June 2-3: "Nicholas and Alexandra" (1971, Franklin J. Schaffner), with Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman.
June 4-5: "Comrade X" (1940, King Vidor), with Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr; and "Song of Russia" (1944, Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Taylor and Susan Peters.
June 6: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981, Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
From June 7: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Films.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 30: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The Voyage" (1974, De Sica), with Sophia Loren, Richard Burton, and Ian Bannen.
May 31-June 1: "Castaway" (1987; Nicolas Roeg), with Oliver Reed and Amanda Donohoe; and "Walkabout" (1971, Roeg).
June 2-3: "Working Girl" (1988, Mike Nichols), with Harrison Ford, Sigourney Weaver, and Melanie Griffith; and "The Graduate" (†).
June 4: "Bahia" (1978, Marcel Camus); and "Lady on the Bus" (1978, Neville D'Almedia).
June 5-6: "Mondo New York" (1988, Harvey Keith); and "Salvation!" (1987, Beth B).
From June 7: "36 Fillette" (1989, Catherine Breillat; in French); and "Meduses" (1987, Christopher Frank).

**Film Forum 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
May 29: "The Iron Horse" (1924, John Ford; silent); and "Three Badman" (1926, Ford; silent).
May 30-31: "Major Dundee" (1965, Sam Peckinpah), with Charlton Heston, Richard Harris, and Senta Berger; and "The Professionals" (1966, Richard Brooks), with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, and Claudia Cardinale.
June 1-2: "The Gunfighter" (1950, Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell, and Helen Westcott; and "Broken Arrow" (†).
June 3-4: "Johnny Guitar" (1954, Nicholas Ray), with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Scott Brady; and "The Lusty Men" (1952, Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.
June 5: "Law and Order" (1932, Edward L. Cahn), with Walter Huston; "Hell's Hinges" (1916, Reginald Barker; silent), with William S. Hart; and "Wild Horse Mesa" (1925, George B. Seitz; silent), with Jack Holt and Billie Dove.
June 6-7: "The Naked Spur" (1953, Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, and Ralph Meeker; and "The Man from Laramie" (1955, Mann), with Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Donald Crisp, and Cathy O'Donnell.

**Seaport Cinema,** 210 Front St. (608-7889)
June 2-5: "3 Men and a Cradle" (1986, Coline Serreau; in French); and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976, Jean-Claude Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.
From June 6: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925, Rupert Julian; silent), with Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, and Snitz Edwards; and "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924, Victor Seastrom; silent), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert.

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
May 29: "Dante's Inferno" (1967, Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Oliver Reed; and a program of Russell short films.
May 30: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1950, Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Monsieur Vincent" (1947, Maurice Cloche; in French), with Pierre Fresnay.
May 31: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939, Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936, Capra), with Arthur, and Gary Cooper.
June 1: "Casque d'Or" (†); and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (1966, Costa-Gavras; in French), with Simone Signoret and Yves Montand.
June 2-3: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987, Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Lee Ermey; and "The Shining" (1980, Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
June 4: "L'Avventura" (1959, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "The Eclipse" (†).
June 5: "Best Foot Forward" (†); and "Du Barry Was a Lady" (1943, Roy Del Ruth), with Red Skelton, Lucille Ball, and Gene Kelly.
June 6: "Mouchette" (1966, Robert Bresson; in French); and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966, Bresson; in French).
June 7: "Phantom Lady" (†); and "The Chase" (1946, Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings, Michèle Morgan, and Peter Lorre.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 29: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967, Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Doctor Faustus" (1968, Neville Coghill and Burton), with Burton and Taylor.
May 30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
May 31: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.
June 1: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932, Leontine Sagan; in German); and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†).
June 2-3: "The Trial" (1962, Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.
June 4: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 5: "General della Rovere" (1959, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945, Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
June 6: "Bus Stop" (1956, Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953, Henry Hathaway), with Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.
June 7: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (†); and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941, Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Argentine films from the fifties and sixties, all in Spanish. May 29 at 3: "The Boss" (1958, directed by Fernando Ayala). . . . May 29 at 6: "Troubled Waters" (1952, Hugh del Carril). . . . May 30 at 3: "Three Times Ana" (1964, David Kohon). . . . May 30 at 6: "Chronicle of a Boy Alone" (1964, Leonard Favio). . . . June 2 at 3: "The Odd Number" (1962, Manuel Antín). . . . June 2 at 6: "Rosaura at Ten O'Clock" (1942, Mario Soffici). . . . June 3 at 2:30: "Hand in the Trap" (1961, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson). . . . June 3 at 5: "Little-Bird Gomez" (1965, Rodolfo Kuhn). . . . June 4 at 2:30: "Summer Skin" (1961, Torres Nilsson). . . . June 4 at 5: "Toss Me a Dime" (1958, Fernando Birri) and "Flooded Out" (1961, Birri). . . . June 5 at 3: "Rosaura at Ten O'Clock." . . . ¶ June 1 at 3 and 6: "Legacy of the Hollywood Blacklist" (1987, Judy Chaikin), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6:30: Films by Chick Strand, who will be present.

**American Museum of the Moving Image,** 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)
**RIKLIS THEATRE:** "Last of the Love Goddesses," a retrospective of twelve Kim Novak films. May 31 at 2:30: "Pal Joey" (1957, George Sidney), with Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth. . . . June 1 at 2:30: "The Notorious Landlady" (1962, Richard Quine), with Jack Lemmon. . . . June 2 at 2:30: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Dean Martin and Ray Walston. . . . ¶ A three week program of silent Japanese and American films. June 3 at 2: A lecture by Joseph L. Anderson about Japanese silent films and the art of *katsuben*, in which a *benshi* (a live narrator-storyteller) speaks all the parts. . . . June 3 at 3:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919,

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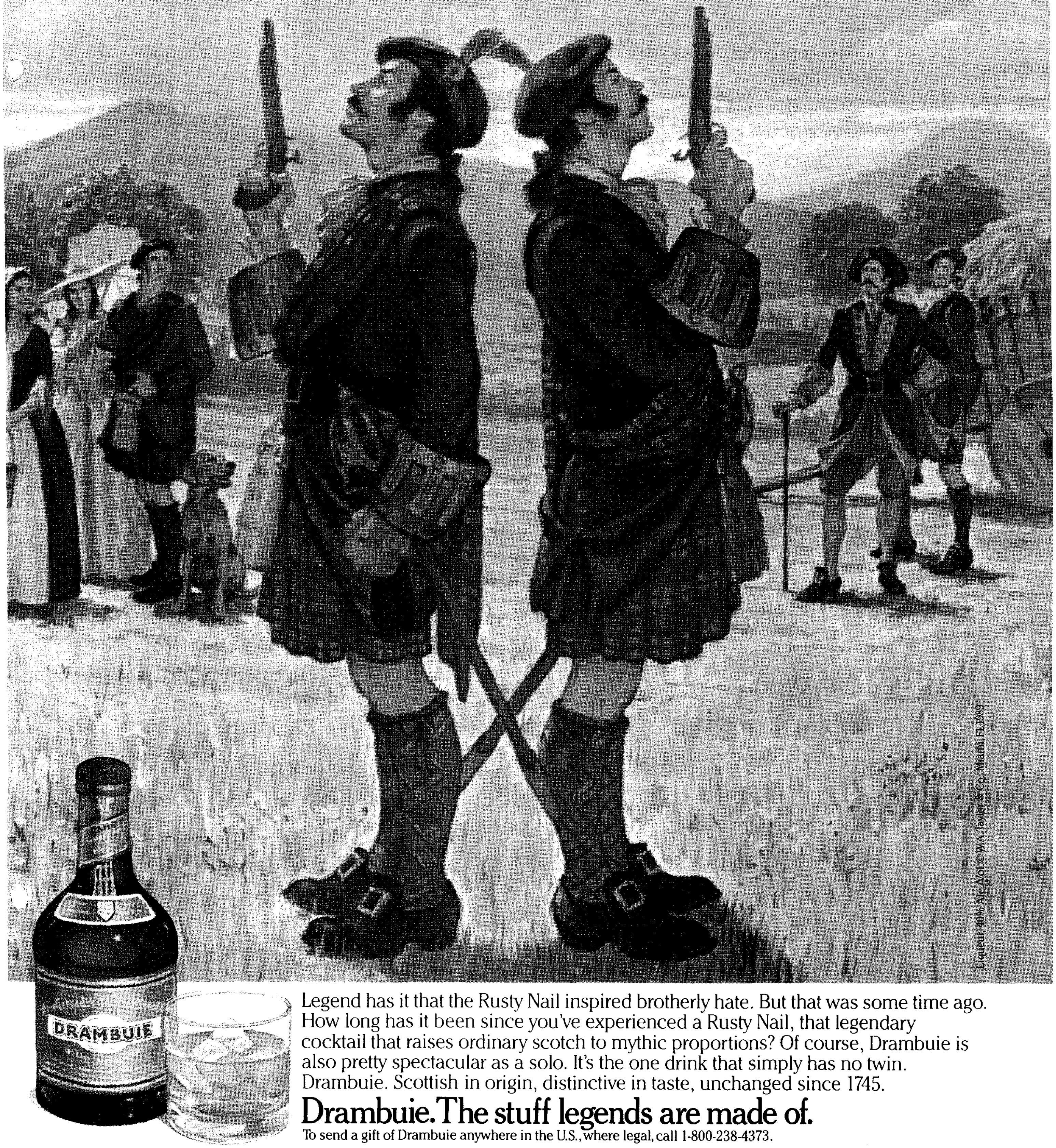

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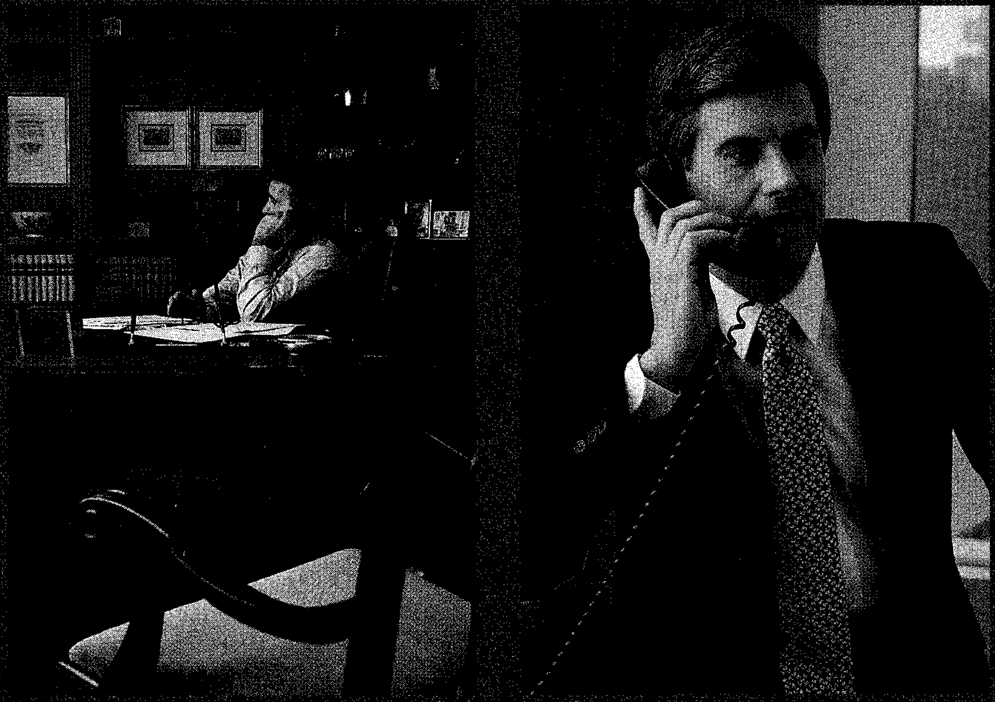

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D. W. Griffith), with Midori Sawato as the *benshi*. . . . June 4 at 2: "The Water Magician" (1933, Kenji Mizoguchi), with Ms. Sawato as the *benshi*. . . . June 4 at 4: A panel discussion of the cross-cultural aspects of Japanese and American silent cinema, moderated by Richard Koszarski, with Charles Musser, Hiroshi Komatsu, Yutaka Matsudo, Mr. Anderson, and Ms. Sawato. . . . June 7 at 2:30: "The Water Magician," with no live narration.

**WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM:** May 31-June 1: The last showings of the 1988 Peabody Award-winning television programs. Call the museum for schedules.

**JAPAN SOCIETY,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 2 at 6:30: "The Water Magician" (1933, Kenji Mizoguchi), a silent film, with a *benshi* performance by Midori Sawato. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6:30: "Kid Commotion" (1935, Torajiro Saito) and "Blood Splattered at Takadanobaba" (1928, Daisuke Ito), both silent films, with *benshi* performances by Ms. Sawato; and "Jirokichi the Ratkid" (1931, Ito), a silent film, with recorded *benshi* narration by Shunsui Matsuda.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—May 31 at 7 and 9: "The Cocoanuts" (1929, Robert Florey and Joseph Santley), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ June 1 at 7 and 9: "Francesco, Guillare di Dio" (1949, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian). . . . ¶ June 2 at 7: "Roman Numeral Series: I-X" (1979-80, Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ June 2 at 9: "Landlord Blues" (1988, Jacob Burckhardt). . . . ¶ June 3 at 5: "Arabic Numeral Series: 0-10" (1980-81, Brakhage). . . . ¶ June 3 at 7: "Berlin, Die Symfonie Einer Grosstadt" (1927, Walther Ruttmann), and short films by Ron Rice and Hans Richter. . . . ¶ June 3 at 9: "Landlord Blues." . . . ¶ June 4 at 3: "Arabic Numeral Series: 11-19" (1981, Brakhage). . . . ¶ June 4 at 5: "Alibi" (1929, Roland West). . . . ¶ June 4 at 7 and 9: "Landlord Blues." . . . ¶ June 7 at 7: "They Had to See Paris" (1929, Frank Borzage). . . . ¶ June 7 at 9: "Landlord Blues."

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial. May 30 at 1:30 and May 31 at 11:30: "Inside Life Outside" (1988, Sachiko Hamada and Scott Sinkler), "Blues for Piggy" (1987, John Arvanites), "India Time" (1987, Ken Feingold), and "Out of the Mouth of Babes" (1987, Sherry Millner and Ernest Larsen), all videotapes. . . . ¶ May 30 at 4 and May 31 at 2: "Art of Memory" (1987, Woody Vasulka), "Belchite-South Bronx: A Trans-Historical, Trans-Cultural Landscape" (1987, Francesc Torres), "Born to Be Sold: Martha Rosler Reads the Strange Case of Baby M" (1988, Rosler, with Paper Tiger Television), and "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought" (1987, Jason Simon), all videotapes. . . . ¶ May 30 at 6:30: "Born to Be Sold: Martha Rosler Reads the Strange Case of Baby M" and "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought." . . . ¶ June 1-7: "This Time Around" (1989, Jane Aaron) and "The Lighted Field" (1987, Andrew Noren). Showings Tuesday at 1:30 and 6, Wednesday through Saturday at noon, and Sunday at 1. . . . ¶ June 1-7: "Reverse Transcriptase" (1989, Sandy Moore), "The Red Thread" (1987, Larry Gottheim), "Alaya" (1987, Nathaniel Dorsky), and "Bosque del Apache" (1988, Linda Klosky). Showings Tuesday at 4, Wednesday through Saturday at 3, and Sunday at 4.

**MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING,** 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. May 30-June 3: Quentin Crisp's "The Naked Civil Servant" (1975; Thames Television), with John Hurt. . . . From June 6: Ken Russell and Sewell Stokes' "Isadora Duncan, the Biggest Dancer in the World" (1966, BBC), with Vivien Pickles. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from comedy series. May 30-June 3: "Yes, Minister" (1980), with Paul Eddington; and "The New Statesman" (1987), with Rik Mayall. . . . From June 6: "The Joe Piscopo Special" (1985). Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Programs incorporating the music of Richard Rodgers. May 30-June 3: Three episodes from "Victory at Sea" (1952, M. Clay Adams; NBC). . . . From June 6: "Music with Mary Martin" (1959, NBC). Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.

**FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE,** 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—May 31 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Buffet Froid" (1980, Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Bernard Blier, Jean Carmet, and Geneviève Page. . . . ¶ New films from Europe. June 7 at 2: "The Band of Four" (1988, Jacques Rivette; in French). . . . June 7 at 6: "Paperback Woman" (1989, Suzanne Schiffman; in French). . . . June 7 at 8:30: "The Abyss" (1988, André Delvaux; in French).

**92ND STREET Y,** Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—June 1 at 8: "The Three Faces of Eve" (1957, Nunnally Johnson), with Joanne Woodward. Following the film, a discussion with Dr. Sybil Del Gaudio and Chris Costner Sizemore, who was the Eve of the story on which the film was based.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

**THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN**—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, Sting, Valentina Cortese, Bill Paterson, Winston Dennis, Jack Purvis, Alison Steadman, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/3/89.) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Plaza, and Metro Cinema; through June 1.)

**BEST FOOT FORWARD** (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsocki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, William Gaxton, and Harry James and his orchestra. Eddie Buzzell directed.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 5.)

**BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE** (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.)—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

*Robin Williams in "Dead Poets Society"*

**BROKEN ARROW** (1950)—Everybody seems to enjoy this movie. It's full of legend and romance and action. The setting is Arizona in those confused days after the Civil War when renegades from both armies were causing trouble among the Indians. James Stewart plays the ex-Union officer who befriends the Apache Cochise (Jeff Chandler) and marries an Apache princess (Debra Paget). Delmer Daves directed this adaptation by Michael Blankfort of the novel "Blood Brother," by Elliott Arnold, and though the picture never won any Academy Awards or brotherhood awards, it has probably done more to soften the hearts of racists than most movies designed to instruct, indict, and inspire. Part of the pleasure of the film is that its treatment of the Indians-v.-settlers theme doesn't violate the conventions of the genre.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 1-2.)

**CASQUE D'OR** (1952)—Simone Signoret had her finest role (until "Room at the Top") as a *gigolette* with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld in 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality: faintly smiling, she is so intensely, ripely physical that she takes command of the screen. Her love scenes with Serge Reggiani are unusually simple and tender; perhaps because of this, the grim conclusion is almost insupportably painful. The movie is beautifully made, yet there's something touristy about its view of low life—"Look, *they* have feelings, too." With Claude Dauphin as the gang leader, Raymond Bussières, and Gaston Modot. Written by Becker and Jacques Companeez. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 1.)

**CHOCOLAT**—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. Also with François

Cluzet, Cécile Ducasse, Mireille Perrier, and Emmanuelle Chaulet. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

**Dangerous Liaisons**—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Festival.)

**The Eclipse** (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. Even she looks as if she has given up in this one. In Italian.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 4.)

**Field of Dreams**—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel, "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown as the father, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bay Cinema, 59th Street East Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Carnegie Hall Cinema, and Regency.)

**The Graduate** (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is sincere, serious-minded Benjamin Braddock, who returns to his swank L.A. home after graduating from an Eastern college, and feels alienated from his insensitive, self-indulgent parents and their whole set of lewd, money-making friends. Entertaining in a slick way, the movie is satirical and sophisticated, yet it treats innocence romantically; it panders to youthful narcissism, and it clicked at the box office. It entered the national bloodstream. Audiences treated the movie as psychodrama: the young identified with pure-at-heart Benjamin, and there were affluent, anxious parents who beat their chests in guilt. As Mrs. Robinson (whose name was used for the title of one of the Simon and Garfunkel songs on the soundtrack), Anne Bancroft is tremendous fun, at first. She's the amusingly voracious middle-aged woman who seduces Benjamin; but then he falls in love with her fresh, wide-eyed daughter (Katharine Ross), and the mother is turned into a crazed villainess. (And the comedy turns into melodrama.) Mike Nichols directed, from a script by Calder Willingham and Buck Henry, based on the novel by Charles Webb. With William Daniels and Elizabeth Wilson as Benjamin's parents, and Murray Hamilton as Mr. Robinson. Buck Henry is the hotel clerk.—P.K. (Cinema Village; June 2-3.)

**Heathers**—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (23rd St. West Triplex; through June 1.)

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*In Jean-Luc Godard's "Pierrot le Fou," the hero allows his maid to go to the movies three times in one week, because Nicholas Ray's "Johnny Guitar" is playing: "It's good she's getting the right education," the hero tells his wife. For the rest of us, Ray's baroque, haywire "adult" Western (at the Film Forum 2 on June 3rd and 4th) is good for a laugh. Erotic tension and angst, circa 1954, invade the Old Arizona landscapes, and the mixture makes the movie spectacularly incongruous and funny.*

*Joan Crawford stars as Vienna, the owner of a frontier casino bar. She wants the railroad to cut through the territory of the bad guys—the range-riding plutocrats. But the real reason for all the movie's rampaging is that Emma (Mercedes McCambridge), the local Ms. Big, is jealous of Vienna's animal magnetism.*

*Ray sets up the rivalries in minutes. His barrelling pace—and his penchant for pulp words and Pop icons—must have been what impressed Godard. Even the leading men have gaudy monikers: Vienna's true lover is Johnny Guitar (Sterling Hayden); and Emma love-hates the Dancin' Kid (Scott Brady). One strums, the other two-steps. Throughout, the sexual symbolism is hilarious. Crawford's props and costumes (including holsters and neckband) could have been inspired by Krafft-Ebing.*

**High Hopes**—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who like to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**How to Get Ahead in Advertising**—The second film by the British writer-director Bruce Robinson ("Withnail and I") is a black comedy about an adman in crisis. Dennis Bagley (the resourceful and energetic Richard E. Grant), a young "creative" hot shot at a London agency, goes into a panic when he can't come up with any ideas for a pimple-cream campaign. Then he develops a huge, ugly boil on his shoulder—a boil that turns out to have a face and a voice and an extremely nasty disposition. It is, of course, a big metaphor, swollen and throbbing with significance; it stands for all the toxic stuff—greed, ruthless ambition, the manipulation of consciousness by the media—that, in Robinson's view, has been raging through our systems and is now coming to an unsightly head. The metaphor is original, but the ideas are mighty familiar. About halfway through, the movie runs out of inspiration, though Robinson carries on as if he were unaware of his own creative crisis: he just keeps squeezing the material harder and harder. Also with Rachel Ward, Richard Wilson, and Jacqueline Tong.—T.R. 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ (Cinema II; through June 1.)

**Lawrence of Arabia** (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

**La Lectrice**—Michel Deville's film has a gimmicky structure: a woman (Miou-Miou), in bed with her lover, reads aloud to him Raymond Jean's novel "La Lectrice," which is about a woman who makes her living by reading to people. The woman in bed naturally casts herself as the novel's heroine, and for most of the movie we watch Miou-Miou, as the professional reader, entertaining her various clients: a paralyzed teen-age boy, to whom she reads Maupassant and Baudelaire; a general's widow, to whom she reads Marx and other political literature; a nervous businessman, whom she treats to Marguerite Duras; and so on. "La Lectrice" fancies itself a celebration of the delights of reading and, in a backhanded way, it sort of is: it makes you feel like staying in bed and never, ever going to the movies again. Also with Patrick Chesnais, Régis Royer, and, as the widow, the radiant Maria Casarès. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through June 1.)

**Let's Get Lost**—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

**Miracle Mile**—Steve DeJarnatt's original script has a nice, morbidly funny premise: Harry, a young musician (Anthony Edwards), has finally met a girl he really likes (Mare Winningham)—and then he finds out that a nuclear war is going to start in about fifty minutes. (There's always something.) This is a doomed-love scenario so extreme that at first we can't believe that we're meant to take it seriously. The tone is awkward, uncertain—DeJarnatt doesn't write great dialogue—but the film is absorbing and unexpectedly moving. DeJarnatt's direction is much surer than his writing: he keeps his attention focussed on the action, doesn't linger to philosophize on the big issues, and allows the relationship between Edwards and Winningham to develop its own urgent momentum. And the movie, shot mostly at night on the particularly garish stretch of L.A.'s Wilshire Boulevard known as the Miracle Mile, has a bold, distinctive look. This is a B-movie treatment of a gigantic theme, and it draws strength from its essential modesty. "Miracle Mile" is like J. G. Ballard material without the imaginative richness—or the nastiness. Cinematography by Theo Van de Sande; the superb production design is by Christopher Horner.—T.R. (23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin, 86th Street East Twin, and Art Greenwich Twin; through June 1.)

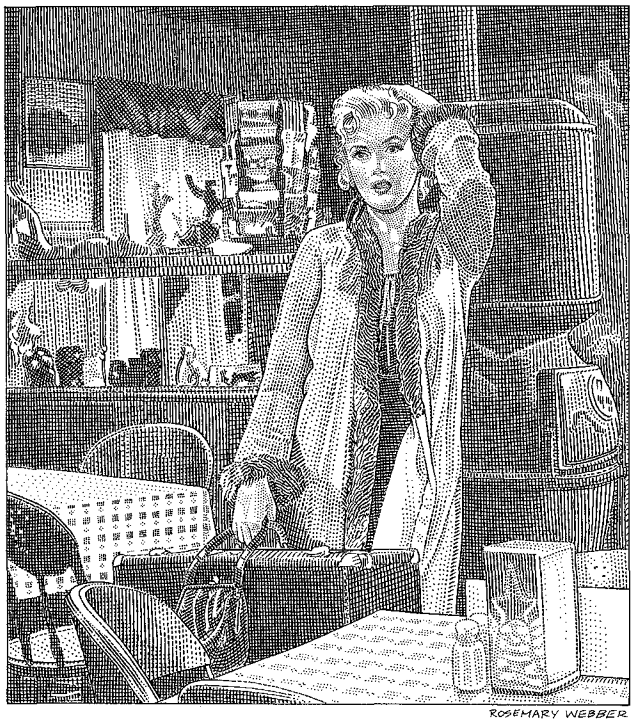
**Miss Firecracker**—Adapted by the fey, witty playwright Beth Henley from her 1984 play, "The Miss Firecracker Contest," it's a farce about Southern eccentrics that's at the same time (and here's the death knell) a loving tribute to the indomitability of screwed-up, lonely dreamers. Holly Hunter is the waif Carnelle (in Yazoo City, Mississippi), who thinks that if she can just win this year's Fourth of July beauty pageant—the Miss Firecracker Contest—she'll be respected. Thomas Schlamme, directing his first feature, has tried for vividness, and the movie is never plain boring, but its comic pathos and Southern-gothic cuteness can grate on you. He force-feeds the audience Carnelle's desperation, her courage, and her heartbreaking pint-size gallantry. (So it's just about impossible to laugh at her.) The only element that really makes the movie worth seeing is the wild sense of fun in Tim Robbins' performance as Carnelle's courtly, impulsive cousin. (The role is a baroque contraption, and that's what Henley is good at.) Robbins and Mary Steenburgen, who plays his patrician sister, have a tingling love-hate intimacy; they're marvellous together. And he and Alfre Woodard are nuttily harmonious as lovestruck clowns. Also with Ann Wedgeworth, the late Trey Wilson, Angela Turner, Amy Wright, and Scott Glenn.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Eastside Cinema.)

**Murmur of the Heart** (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 2.)

**New York Stories**—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Quad Cinema, and Guild; through June 1. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting June 2.)

**Phantom Lady** (1944)—The mood and pacing lift this low-budget thriller out of its class, but the ideas, the dialogue, and the ending that the studio insisted on prevent it from being a first-rate B picture. Ella Raines is the girl in danger, Franchot Tone is the psychopathic killer, Alan Curtis is the man wrongly convicted of murder, Thomas Gomez is the police inspector, and Elisha Cook, Jr., is the drummer in the jam session that is the film's high point of excitement. Robert Siodmak directed, and the producer was Joan Harrison, who had worked as an assistant to Hitchcock. From a William Irish novel, adapted by Bernard C. Schoenfeld. (The drumming was actually done by Dave Coleman.)—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 7.)

**The Rainbow**—The pastoral locations are grassy vistas that seem to melt before your eyes, and the images suggest that the material—the second half of the D. H. Lawrence novel about marriage—is being approached with humility and seriousness. This isn't one of the director Ken Russell's lurid, campy pictures. But his underlying attitudes haven't really changed; the campiness is simply more restrained, and the movie is amorphous and unsatisfying. As Ursula Brangwen, who (in the novel) yearns for sexual and spiritual union, Sammi Davis seems merely petulant. One of the pioneering feminist heroines—a woman who represents an advance on previous generations, a woman on a quest—has been turned into a snippy, closed-off brat. Glenda Jackson and Christopher Gable are surprisingly relaxed (and effective) as Ursula's parents, and David Hemmings is very smooth as her smiling, corrupt uncle. Also with Paul McGann as Ursula's conventional-minded fiancé, who hates her whenever she expresses her feelings, and Amanda Donohoe and Dudley Sutton.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Paris.)



*Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop"*

**Rain Man**—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Cinema 3, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Bleecker Street Cinema, and Olympia; through June 1.)

**The Saga of Gösta Berling** (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1.)

**Say Anything**—Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack) is a high-school senior who doesn't know what he wants to do yet. And he's so in awe of Diane (Ione Skye), the class valedictorian and prize student, that when he phones to ask her to the graduation party he's so nervous he can't keep up a sequential conversation. Yet when they're out together he makes Diane feel happier than she has ever been. As for Lloyd, he has found bliss. This first picture directed by Cameron Crowe (who wrote "Fast Times at Ridgemont High") is unabashedly romantic about Lloyd's capacity to make a commitment. Crowe is great here on oddity and fringe moments; the comedy helps to dry out the romanticism. And Cusack is a wonder: Lloyd's (nearly) blank look tells you that a lot of things are going on inside him—he has a buzz in his blank face. Crowe's script has some central flaws, and there's no special moviemaking excitement in the picture, but it's a lovely piece of work. Clearly, Crowe loves actors. There's a compelling performance by John Mahoney as Diane's father, and there are a couple of astonishingly fluid scenes between Cusack and his real-life sister Joan, playing Lloyd's sister.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Gotham Cinema.)

**Scandal**—Tepid. The director, Michael Caton-Jones, and the writer, Michael Thomas, who dig up the Profumo affair, might have used it as the basis for a satirical slice of history; instead, they've made a sentimental docudrama—one more English film about the cruelty of the class system. What sustains a viewer is the narrative, with its evocative details of life in London from 1959 to 1963—how the teen-age showgirl Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), bored with the middle-aged dignitaries that the society osteopath Stephen Ward (John Hurt) introduced her to, took on a West Indian lover and then another West Indian, and how, as a result of a violent quarrel between the two, a newspaperman got on her trail. She then offered up the story of her earlier gentlemen callers, the Tory Secretary of State for War, John Profumo (Ian McKellen), and the assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy (Jeroen Krabbé). And bang! The tabloids whipped up indignation over the decadence of the "Establishment"—over sadomasochism and spies and naked bathing in Lord Astor's pool. Whalley-Kilmer's opaque, unreadable Christine comes to life a bit in her scenes with her showgirl pal, Mandy Rice-Davies, played by Bridget Fonda, who brings a gamine crispness to the role. She's the movie's only wild card. With Daniel Massey, Roland Gift, Britt Ekland, Leslie Phillips, and Trevor Eve.—P.K. (5/15/89) (National Twin. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Cinema I, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 1. . . . ¶ Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema; starting June 2.)

**Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown**—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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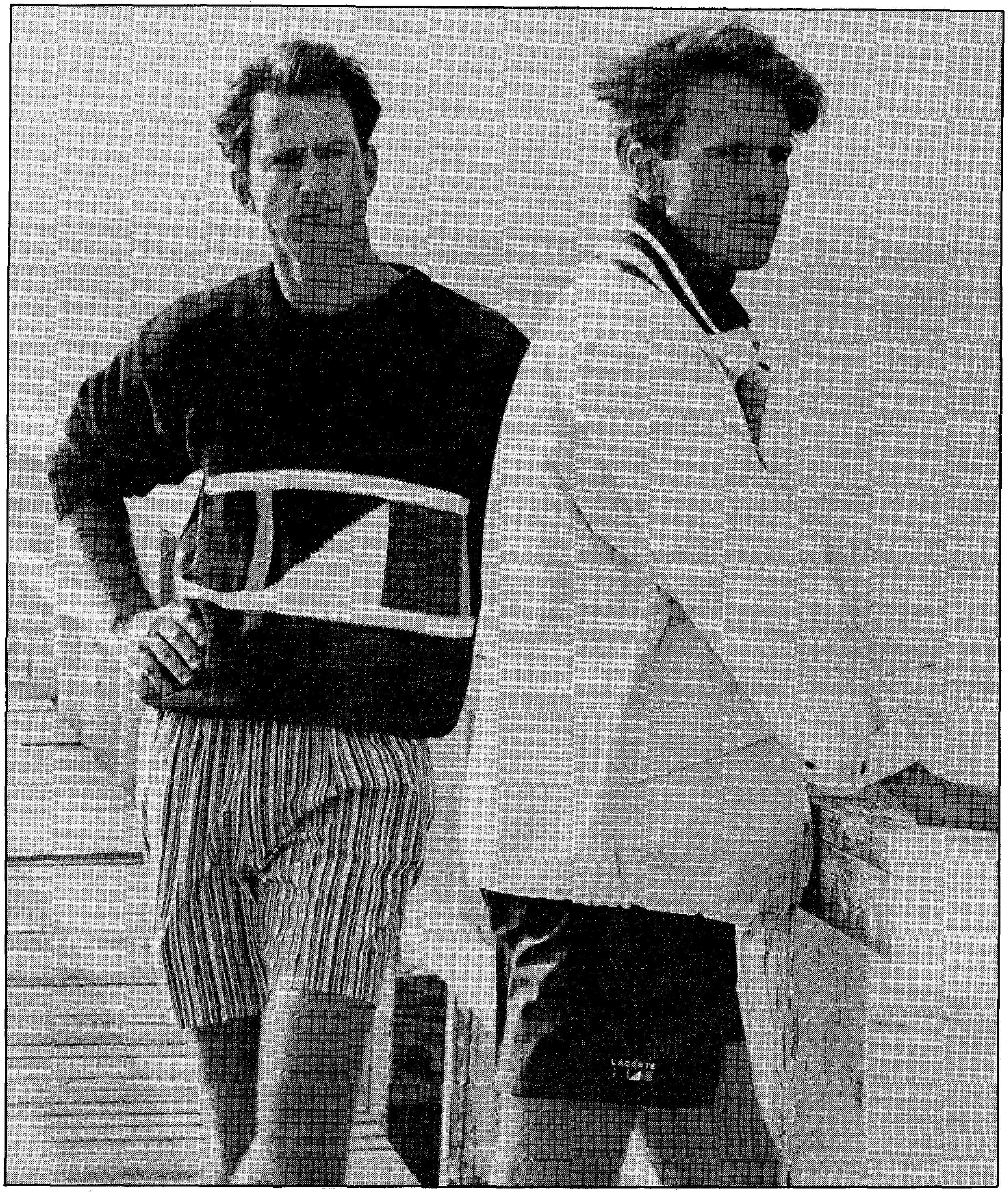

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

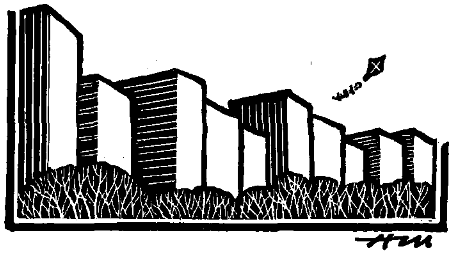
WE have received this letter from the niece of a Second World War veteran who died recently:

My uncle's life was obscure—by the end, obscure at a level just one notch above homelessness. In a way, he barely had a biography at all, because biography arises from interaction with other people, and my uncle was too troubled and too isolated to establish that kind of connection in an enduring way. His life was obscure, too, in the sense of being dark—so dark that at his funeral most of the people chose to sit ten or fifteen pews back from the plain pine coffin at the head of the aisle. At most funerals, it is the thought of death that is frightening, but at my uncle's funeral it was the thought of his life.

Since my uncle recoiled from discussing his inner life with anyone, the causes of his misery are unknown. He was always high-strung. He was the fifth child of eight, and was not particularly gifted artistically or intellectually, in a highly competitive family where those gifts were a measure of personal worth. He had an egalitarian streak: he left his prep school to pick potatoes—a wartime substitute for attending the local high school. He was spectacularly handsome. He drove cars fast. He rode horseback around the countryside at night with two or three horses galloping loose along with him.

At nineteen, he was drafted into the Navy and sent to the Pacific, and what happened to him there is uncertain, but it was bad, because his mind blocked the memory, and it was at least in part this experience that drove him out of the possibility of biography. After the war, he bounced from treatment to treatment, each more extreme, as his behavior became increasingly dangerous. He would wait on horseback in front of an oncoming locomotive, allowing the horse to bolt only at the last moment. He was frightening with guns. Eventually, he threatened to kill a child with his hands, and then he shot his horse. After that, he was given a frontal lobotomy. The lobotomy was supposed to reduce him to a state of docile quiescence, but most of my childhood memories of my uncle are of him after the lobotomy, and they are of a man who was vigorous and handsome in an almost superhuman way, and who was terrifying. He would be in the hospital, or away in Vermont, or on someone's farm, and then he'd be back again, bursting with good health, and there was the same latent violence. It could be that his entire life force went into containing that violence.

He married at one point and had a child, a girl. But my uncle could not be in a family of any kind. Sooner or later, he would render untenably difficult his relationship with anyone who tried to care for him on a regular basis. It was this quality that toward the end of his life left him just a notch above homelessness—moving from one halfway house to another, his health finally broken, his clothes hanging on him as if he were made of sticks. He was a person apart, a person outside, and when the news came that he had stepped in front of a train—whether on purpose or by accident no one knows—there was not the sense, which usually comes with news of death, that he had gone through a door to an outside where he hadn't been before.



From start to finish, my uncle's funeral was an attempt by those who had loved him to enclose him. Bach, the Mass itself, ancient Gregorian chants, and even more ancient verses from the Bible—all the connective devices of civilization, it seemed, were thrown out like nets in an attempt to draw him in to a home of shared experience. The devices failed. Family, family friends, childhood friends, and neighborhood people were there. His sisters, cousins, and nieces sang the Mass. Six tall nephews served as pallbearers. His wife and beautiful grown daughter sat in the front, by his coffin—probably one of the few times that they as a threesome had been peacefully assembled. But the stark contrast between his isolation and the presence at his funeral of so many who loved him only deepened awareness of the failure of kinship in his life.

Then something remarkable happened. Just after my uncle's coffin was carried out into the sunlight, it was covered with an American flag. The flag was dazzling, its colors as bright and fresh as paint straight out of the can, but it was just a flag, his due as a veteran—as a casualty, really—of the Second World War. There was nothing unusual about it. But it draped my uncle's life in honor and meaning. The flag gave my uncle a biography that linked him to us.

This did not happen because the flag had more significance than religion or culture, or because the idea of a nation was more potent than the idea of family and friends. The flag had power only because my uncle gave it power, and that happened because he had allowed himself to be included in what it represented. American citizenship was the only form of belonging that he had ever accepted, and his service in the military was the only act of participation in society that he had ever completed. He had never questioned that service, or its cost to him. He was neither proud of it nor sad about his bad luck. To him his military service was ordinary, and he seemed to almost savor the ordinariness. What his acceptance of citizenship and its obligations meant to the rest of us was that when the flag was draped on his coffin we were connected to him at last. Family and friends, we stood at his grave linked to him not through personal relationships but through sharing a nation. We could be with him in the one kind of human association that, for some reason, he had allowed to enclose him.

It was an unexpected experience, and almost embarrassing, a nation being such a public entity, and those other relationships so personal. But because of the unexpectedness, and because there was so little to compete with it, the feeling of what a nation is was thrown into relief in a special way. At that moment, it seemed clear that a nation was something social, in which people gave each other biography through their connectedness. Then, too, a nation was an unspoken commitment of people to each other—a commitment so unquestioned that even though it might require sacrificing one's life it was ordinary and anonymous, and thus a commitment that existed on a level deeper than the level of biography. A nation was also a kind of house, an inside rather than an outside, although in the case of our nation—and it was perhaps my uncle's egalitarian streak that brought this out—an extremely simple and unadorned house, something more like the frame of a house than like a real shelter: a frame that is strong and well carpentered, but open to the sky and, in that sense, transparent and fragile-seeming, with the smell of sawdust still fresh.

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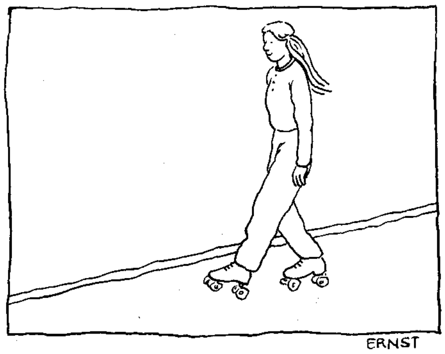
## *No Clocks*

THE most retro items of apparel we own are not very retro—a Palm Beach dinner jacket, an Elgin wristwatch—but we put together the oldest outfit we could to go to a party thrown for supporters of the Old Merchants House. Actually, only a frock coat would have done the trick. The Old Merchants House stands on East Fourth Street, half a block from the Bowery, next door to a tire shop, and around the corner from a twenty-four-hour parking lot. Architecturally, it's what the experts call Transitional—Federal, giving way to Greek Revival. (The front door is surmounted by a Federal fanlight but flanked by two Ionic columns.) The house was finished in 1832, when this was an up-and-coming neighborhood, and in 1835 it was bought by Seabury Tredwell, a successful hardware merchant. The last Tredwell to own the house was Seabury's daughter Gertrude: she died in 1933, at the age of ninety-three, in the same second-floor bed in which she was born. Gertrude Tredwell, legend had it, had kept the house "as Papa wanted it." That was not literally true—a few Empire and Victorian pieces of furniture had been added after Seabury died, in 1865—but the house was still an extraordinary slice of nineteenth-century life. Many buildings in Manhattan looked from the outside the way they had looked a century before. Only this building matched its former self within. George Chapman, a distant relative of Gertrude's, who visited the house for the first time after her death, grasped the uniqueness of it, and opened it to the public as a museum. Despite several financial and structural crises, it remains a museum today.

We entered, by the hybrid front door, went downstairs through the kitchen, and came out into the garden, where we met Janine Veto, the interim executive director of the Old Merchants House. She told us about some of the house's activities. (We found ourself thinking of it as an old and interesting, if somewhat peculiar, person.) The house is open to the public twice a week, and its supporters gather there twice a year, the other annual event being a Christmas party. The latest restoration work has to do with the eastern foundation, which was damaged when a next-door building was torn down, and with the western wall, where a sealant that was applied in the early seventies to keep moisture out has also kept excess moisture in, leaving spidery marks like marbleizing on the front-parlor wall.

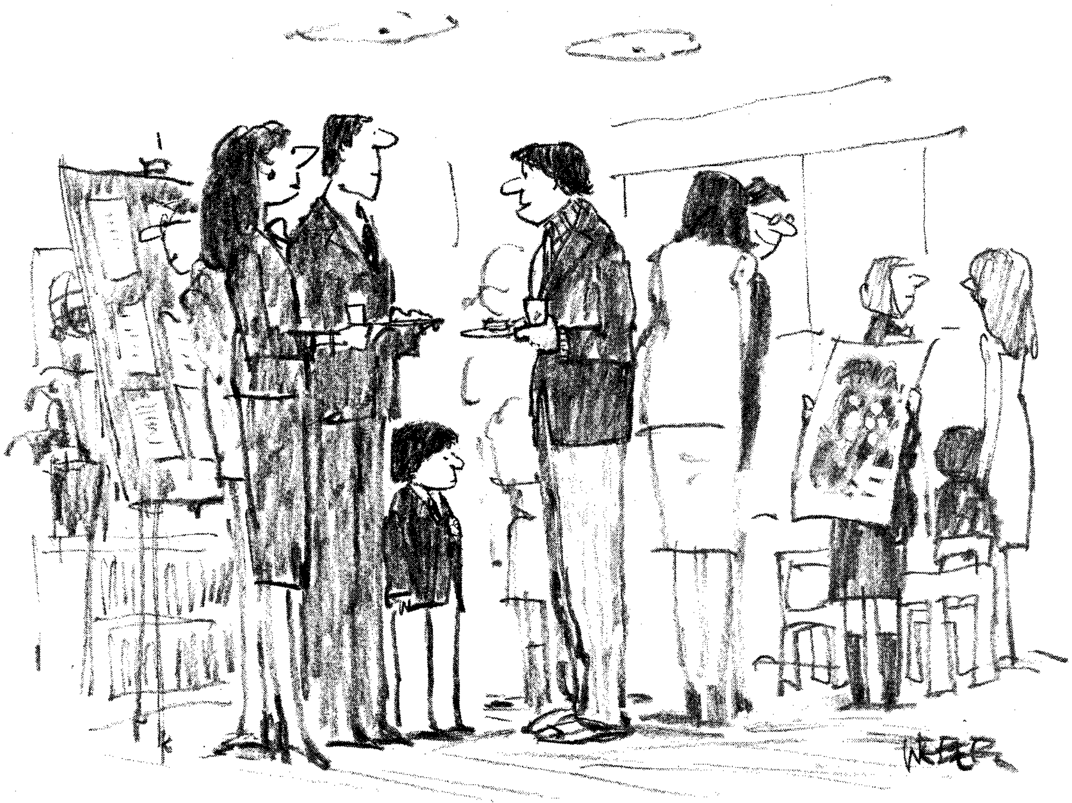


Miss Veto left us to greet arriving supporters, and we strolled around the garden, eavesdropping on preservationist conversations. ("Where did Dvořák live?" an elderly woman asked. A man answered briskly, "The house where Dvořák wrote the New World Symphony is on Seventeenth Street between First and Second Avenues. I live in a building that is on a site where Winslow Homer lived.") Wisteria dripped from the garden wall. There was a tree with flaky bark, and some tulips; an old loft building crisscrossed with fire escapes loomed against the bright evening sky.

We decided to tour the house from the top down. In the attic, where the servants had lived—four of them, according to the 1855 census—an earnest and well-informed young man was pouring cold water over legends. "There is a story that Gertrude died in childbirth. Now, since she was ninety-three years old, if that were the case she should be in 'Ripley's Believe It or Not.' " Other legends he scotched were that she had been the model for Catherine Sloper, the heroine of "Washington Square," and that a trapdoor in a bedroom closet had been used as an escape hatch for fugitive slaves. The true stories he had to tell were as interesting as the fictions he debunked. When Gertrude Tredwell died, the house contained no clocks. Since she was short of money—she had put a mortgage on the building—she may well have sold them off. "Although who would need clocks in a house where time had stopped?" the young man asked.

The house, we noticed as we worked our way down, was comfortably absorbing a large number of people. Looking at yesteryear's fixtures, we were struck by the incongruities—austerity side by side with lavishness. The staircases seemed narrow and incommodious. The bathtub, set out on a second-floor landing, was simply a big, shallow metal pan. The beds, on the other hand—canopied four-posters—looked like thrones. Like a Manhattanite of any century, we thought of real estate. Seabury Tredwell, the man in the attic had said, left about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars when he died. We tried to adjust this for inflation. How many 1989 dollars was an 1865 dollar worth? Five? Ten? Assuming the higher figure, we asked ourself: Where in Manhattan could one get five floors, with a garden, for less than one and a half million dollars?

The most splendid rooms, without question, were the double parlors on the main floor. A line of four columns marked the way from one to the other. The ceilings were a dance of molded plaster. In the front parlor, portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Tredwell hung on either side of the fireplace. Nearby, a violist and a violinist were supplying music. We listened awhile, and then asked a woman next to us what she liked best about the house. "That it's real," she said. "They still live here, you know? And they've just stepped out."



*"Benjamin, we've discovered, is quite gifted at third base."*

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## *Air*

MIECZYSLAW LITWINSKI is a young man with a past, a ponytail, a soft speaking voice threaded with Slavic vowels, and clear, dark, downward-turning eyes. He was born in Silesia, Poland, became a musician, and performed his own compositions in Europe and the Soviet Union. He now lives in Brooklyn, where he is associated with "new music"—work that isn't jazz or rock and isn't obviously intended for a philharmonic orchestra but hovers at the intersection of the three. New musicians are always on the cutting edge of something, but it's not always the same something, and that makes new music in general impossible to sum up. They also tend to perform all over the place. Litwinski's music shows up on programs at the Knitting Factory, in Little Italy; at movie houses (in "Raising Arizona" and other films); and at dance concerts (Ohad Naharin, the Pittsburgh Ballet). His solo songs, for which he is best known, sound New Age for a moment, but they don't send a listener into a New Age trance. The next moment, they sound like prayers from the Russian Orthodox Church, but they keep breaking out of any ceremonial framework. Then they sound the way Allen Ginsberg would sound singing Blake if Ginsberg were capable of producing rounded chest tones, but the phrase lengths are too uneven to maintain that resemblance. Mostly, they sound like music one imagines.

On a recent steamy Saturday afternoon, we caught up with Litwinski in performance at the American Museum of Natural History, where he was taking part in a wandering vaudeville show produced by the Brooklyn organization Dancing in the Streets ("designed specifically to bring performances out of the concert hall and into public life"). The show featured the work of two choreographers, Douglas Dunn and Stephan Koplowitz, and two composers, Litwinski and the saxophonist Dan Froot. The wandering was performed by the audience, which trooped to the Hall of Late Dinosaurs, on the fourth floor, for Dunn's duet with a dancer named Grazia Della-Terza, and to the dim Hall of Ocean Life, on the first floor, where a cast of twenty-four ran through the tableaux and choruses of Koplowitz's "Big Thirst," overseen by the museum's enormous blue whale. Litwinski, who sang, and played several instruments, and, later, Froot, who soloed on the sax, were in the Hall of Oceanic Birds, on the second floor, which is an elliptical room with exceptional acoustics and a lot of visual diversion: a ceiling painted to suggest the daytime sky and stocked with 3-D flying gulls; and, lining the walls, detailed dioramas of avian environments. The musicians performed on a portable stage, behind which was a mesmerizing exhibit of birds of paradise, arrayed on a branching tree and drenched in a Byzantine brilliance. The audience, flushed with walking the museum stairs in non-air-conditioned eighty-five-degree weather, spread itself out on the cool stone floor; some of its members lay down and closed their eyes. Everyone kept silent and still. During Litwinski's performance, the only thing moving in the room was the music.

We spoke to Litwinski for a few moments afterward. The title of his performance, "Aer," is Latin for "air," and he explained, "That's what the piece is about. Both the instruments I play, the harmonium and the Thai mouth organ, are activated by air. And I sing a whole litany of the names of air in various languages. The form of the song is a rhapsode—a Greek form, used by Homer and other singers. I was inspired by some dying animals I had seen, and was trying very carefully to get into this music what it is that makes them alive. Certainly air is necessary for breath, but we still don't know exactly what we breathe, even if we can describe the process on a biochemical level." In the course of his singing, Litwinski said, he also drew on a quotation from the ancient philosopher Anaximenes of Miletus. Because it is the only sentence by Anaximenes to have survived, he wanted to quote it for us exactly. As technicians packed up sound equipment and video recorders, Litwinski dug into his pocket for a tiny leather-bound diary, flipped through its pages, and showed us the Greek of Anaximenes, minutely copied out in pen, with the English below. "Just as our soul, being air, holds us together," he recited, "so do breath and air encompass the whole world." After a pause, he added, "My last pieces were darker. I have been singing about fire. I wanted to do something lighter."

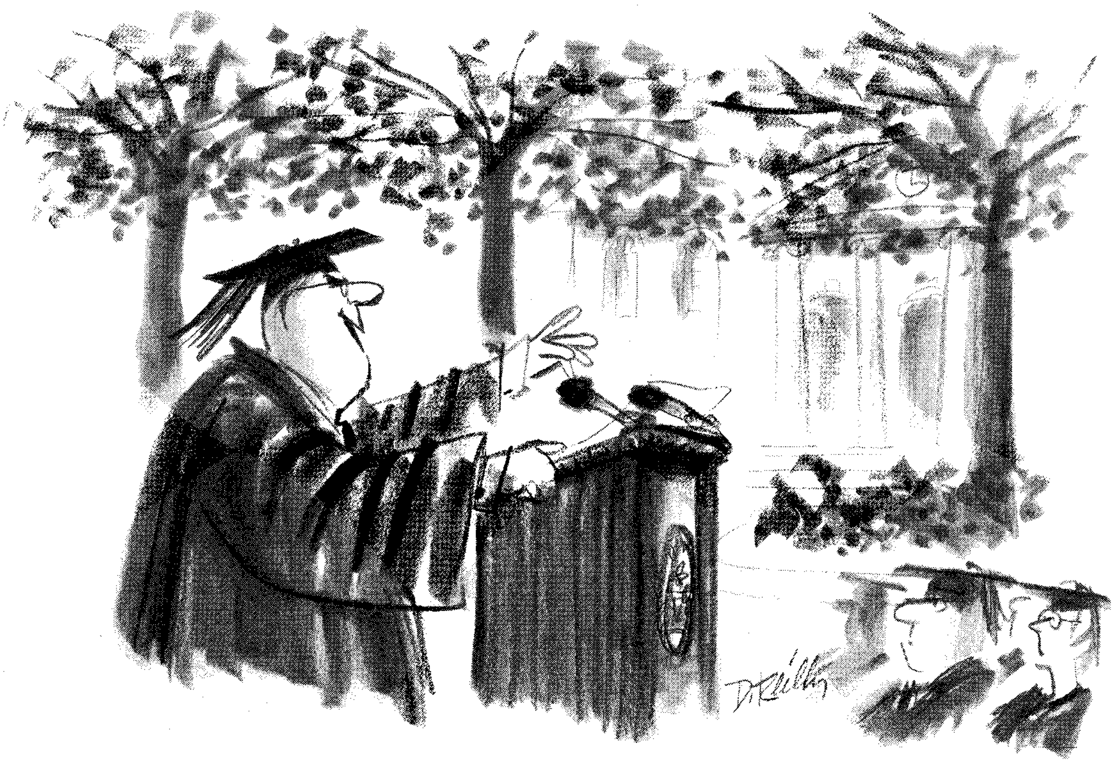
## *Another World*

A FRIEND writes:

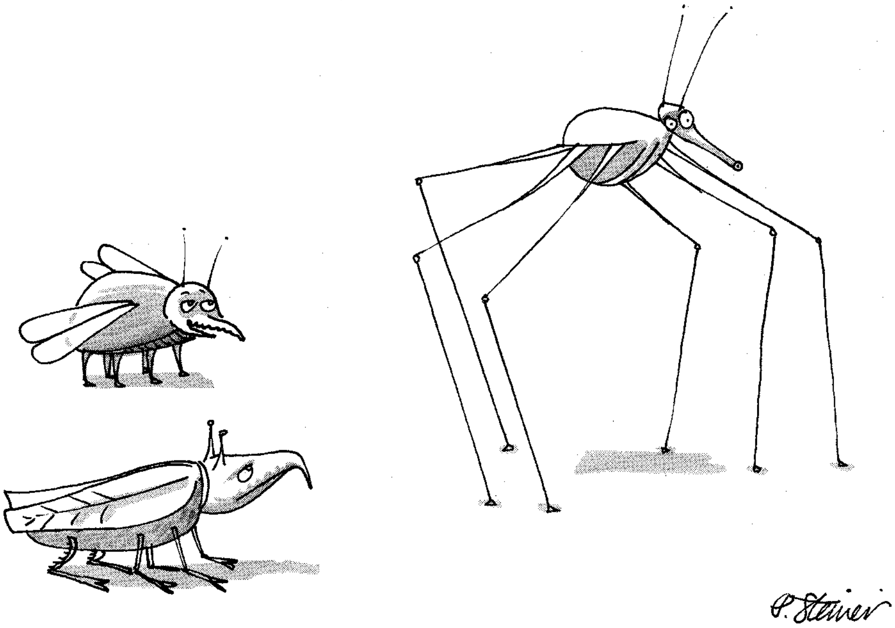
Wanderlust struck the other day (spring was definitely in the air, at last), so I took a train to Boston. No special reason, and no special hurry; I just felt like getting out of town. Train rides can be good for the soul, and they don't produce airport heebie-jeebies. There was gridlock, of course, all the way to Penn Station (trucks larger than the state of Delaware blocking every intersection), and the station itself, when finally gained, was scruffy and jerry-built.

I had treated myself to a seat in the club car (eats come with the ticket), and it was sleek, comfortable, welcoming, with soft red seats and large picture windows. Precisely at the scheduled moment (10:06 A.M.), we slid noiselessly out of the station. Another world. As we came out of the tunnel in Queens and headed north, Manhattan, whizzing past in the hazy distance, was suddenly transformed into a magical tableau of tall, silent, imposing, hassle-free buildings. The place looked positively peaceful. For the long haul to Boston (we weren't due to arrive until 2:40 P.M.), one always tries to sit on the scenic, right-hand side—the shore side. We sped past the suburbs—the Mamaronecks, the Harrisons, the Ryes, the jammed parking lots from which, soon after dawn, hubby and wife head for fame and fortune in Babylon. I spotted my first gull somewhere near Cos Cob, peacefully bobbing up and down on a barge. A soft-spoken Japanese gentleman in a seat ahead asked a man across the aisle if he would mind taking a few pictures of him and his wife. The man willingly obliged, and the Japanese couple struck a formal pose, on the order of those old pictures of people sailing for Europe on the Berengaria.

The steward introduced himself as Pete, asked if I wanted breakfast, lowered a tray from the back of the seat in front of me, and presented an overabundance of nourishment: Rice Krispies, milk, cheddar-cheese spread, sesame breadsticks, orange juice, coffee, a Danish, a baby bagel, and—hidden beneath napkins, silverware, cream cheese, and a copy of *USA Today*—some sliced peaches. I almost missed the peaches. I looked out the window and munched. The world had become green again. The leaves were out. The dogwood was out. When you're on a train, the countryside rushes up rapidly. The outskirts are closer than you think. Now we were flashing past the Sound, with its summerhouses, overturned boats, outdoor grills, small beaches, and, always, the world of water waiting for summer, just a whisper away. "Bridgeport!" cried out Pete. "We're coming into Bridgeport! Anyone for



*"First off, by way of establishing some credibility, I'd like to note that twenty years ago I was living in a fur-lined van."*



“*He moves like Baryshnikov.*”

Bridgeport? Is anyone asleep? It’s a long way back.” Pete told me that he had started out on this train at 6:20 A.M. in Washington—he had risen at four—and that he liked his work. Pete, it was evident, was a distinct presence on the train—perhaps even the dominant personality, except for the invisible engineer, far ahead in the locomotive cab, and an anonymous voice that suddenly announced through a public-address system, “Folks, this is only a test, folks. We’re testing in case of an actual occurrence, folks. But this is just a test.” I spotted a swan.

“New Haven!” cried Pete. “The old seventh-inning stretch. We shift from electric to diesel. You have time to get out and walk your dog. We lose our lights for several minutes, also our power.”

The Japanese couple quickly stepped out onto the New Haven platform, and, with the conductor taking the pictures, posed together and with Pete. Somewhere, in some far-off album at some far-off time, this particular journey will be memorialized. Back onto the train. More wonderful water scenes, more deserted beaches awaiting bright-colored umbrellas, children, splashing. We slid into New London. Pete didn’t have a chance here. “Folks,” the p.a. announcer said—and his voice now had a steely, official quality—“this is the submarine capital of the world. *Of the world!* On your right, look quick, is the Grayling, one of our fast attack submarines. *The Defense Department says no photos of the Grayling, please.* Now we’re crossing the Thames, and, quick, on your left is the Coast Guard’s three-masted bark, Eagle, a training ship that goes all over the world, and is heading next month to Russia. *To Russia!*” For a moment, I had the swollen feeling that I was at the very center of the world. A moment later, the New England coast, with its rocks and small beaches and tiny lapping waves, became the world of the paintings of Martin Johnson Heade, the great nineteenth-century Luminist.

“Lunch,” announced Pete, to my surprise, and down came the tray again, and onto it went a red pepper filled with tuna salad and surrounded by small shrimp on a bed of lettuce. Pampered, that was what I was being—pampered. I had legroom, I had a view, I had running commentary. The only thing I missed was the mournful, haunting whistle of the old locomotives, the sound that always made you feel like crying. These days, all that comes from the engine is occasional staccato honks. Kingston, Rhode Island, zipped by so fast that I barely had time to think of the stark, clean, *forever* photograph of the ticket window at its station taken years ago by Walker Evans.

“Providence!” cried the announcer over the speaker. “There’s an eight-inch gap between the train and the station platform. If you have children, hold on tight. If you’re at a door that doesn’t open, go to one that does.” Sensible advice. I spotted the dome of the Rhode Island State Capitol, with the symbolic statue of what is supposed to be “Independent Man” on the dome. The announcer got a bit confused here, telling us that the statue represented a king of some sort—the only king on a capitol dome in the United States.

“Patently untrue,” said a scholarly man across the aisle. “But an interesting conceit.”

The loudspeaker had more important information on its mind. “Folks,” the voice said, “we will now travel along a stretch of flat track at one hundred twenty-five miles an hour at an altitude of six inches!” We *were* going fast, truly fast, but not quite a hundred and twenty-five.

Pete, I could see, had been challenged by the public-address system. He is a thin, alert man, and he stopped by my seat to chat. “I’m William Peterson, the oldest employee on the railroad, and I’m called Cadillac Pete, because I went no further than the fifth grade and always wanted a Cadillac,” he said. “But every one of my five children has a college degree. I started out with A. Philip Randolph, and proud of it. They got him on a stamp now. In the old days, whole families would come aboard just for the show. In the old days, I would hand a lady a steak with just a fork. That steak was so tender that to give her a knife would have been a humiliation. An insult to her and the steak. I’ve served gangsters, movie stars, Sophie Tucker, and three Presidents—Truman, Johnson, and Kennedy. I liked Truman best, because he got so mad at some fella criticizing his daughter that he threatened to knock his block off. I liked that. This is almost my last trip. I’m retiring very soon—to golf.”

I turned from Pete to look at those staples of the New England countryside—graveyards, and junk yards piled high with rusting autos.

“South Station, Boston!” cried Pete. “We’re almost there, and right on the minute! We’re getting closer, and your dreams are getting better all the time. Anyone asleep? Anyone asleep? Wake up! Remember, it’s a long way back.”

# THE RIGHT THING

"YOU still steamed about this job?" my father says as he comes around the side of the house, a black-painted wooden toolbox he made in one hand and an orange extension cord slung over the opposite shoulder. He doesn't look at me, but even if he did it'd be hard to know, because his glasses blow his eyes all out of shape and it's impossible to know what they're focussing on.

I'm leaning against his pickup truck, waiting for him. I've got a cup of hot black coffee from the percolator in his kitchen and I'm watching the steam rise and dissipate in the air.

The two of us are doing a countertop job today for Jim Harley, who is a drunk—or at least a part-time drunk—and it's just like my father's goddam notion of a man's humility to take a job from someone he knows is never going to pay him. The new countertop is already in the back of the truck. It surprises me a little that he says anything, because he's usually not the kind to meet anything but work head on.

I don't say anything to him. There's really not much to say. It's almost July, and the morning air is cool in the shadows but in the direct sunlight it is already deadly hot.

"So what do you think?" he says. "It'd be better to get stiffed by a rich man than a workingman?"

I look at him, and I can't see his eyes at all now for his glasses and his baseball cap. "No," I tell him, "I don't think it'd be better. I'd rather not get stiffed by anyone." I wait a minute, then I add, "I just think it's a lousy idea to take a job from someone you *know* isn't going to pay you."

"I don't know that," he says. "I *don't* know that. I got to give Jim Harley the same consideration I'd give anyone else."

I shake my head, close my eyes.

"It bothers your pride, doesn't it? Maybe you just don't like the idea of working for somebody you think is beneath you."

"I didn't say that."

"Didn't have to," he says as he turns away. I look at his T-shirt, at his brown arms when he gets out another Winston and lights it. I could hit him now, I really could. It makes my knuckles itch to think of it.

"You want to get the jigsaw?" he says, and for a moment I don't move, only watch the smoke he leaves in the air when he goes around the truck to open the door. I look at the colorless mountains in the distance and the bright blue of the sky.

Wordlessly, I push off the truck and go into the shop. I can hear my father close the tailgate. The saw is at the door, cord wrapped neatly around the handle. I pick it up, come back to the truck, and wedge it up between the toolbox and the side of the truck. When my father starts the truck, there's a fast blue cloud of smoke. He sits inside, waiting, smoking with the windows closed, filling up the cab with smoke. I wonder how he can stand it.

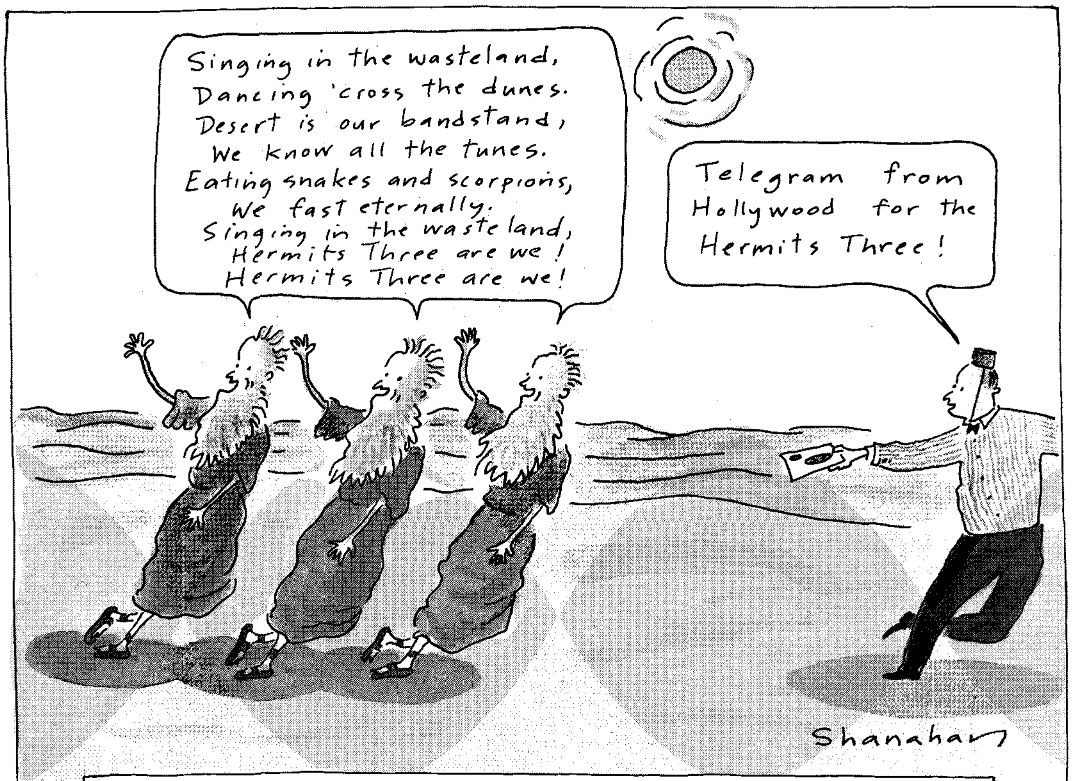
We go across town in silence; the tools rattle quietly in the back. My father stares fixedly out the windshield.

When we get to Harley's trailer, on State Street, we haven't spoken since leaving home. We get out, slamming doors. All over the street there are dead garter snakes—"garden snakes" most of the people in town stupidly call them—glassy and rotting in the sun, flies snapping in the rot-smelling air.

"Old Jimbo must have been out with his shovel last night," my father says acridly. He pulls down the tailgate and gets the toolbox. Town is full of garter snakes, so many of them sometimes they make the grass writhe. They mate in balls, a dozen or more sometimes, masses of them, turning and boiling in the sun. They're harmless, though sometimes they'll chase your heart up into your throat if you step on one. They're good for the land, but it's easy to kill them, and nearly everyone but my father does. My father doesn't approve of killing them, and you can see the disapproval in his eyes as he picks his way through them with his things.

My father lights another Winston and we go up the hill, up the broken walk, up to Harley's wooden porch.

When Harley opens the door, the scent that comes out is like the Ranchero Grill on Sunday morning. He rubs his messed-up hair with one hand, then picks his cigarettes from his T-shirt pocket and shakes a Pall Mall from his pack. Since it's morning, he's not drunk. He carries a white plastic-foam cup of coffee in his other hand, and his


Singing in the wasteland,
Dancing 'cross the dunes.
Desert is our bandstand,
We know all the tunes.
Eating snakes and scorpions,
We fast eternally.
Singing in the wasteland,
Hermits Three are we!
Hermits Three are we!
Telegram from Hollywood for the Hermits Three!
Shanahan

TALENT, PLUCK, OR PLAIN DUMB LUCK?

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eyes are bloodshot, startled.

"Morning, Addie," Harley says. "Morning, Jack."

I nod and listen; no evidence of Junior. Harley's son, Junior, was a friend of mine a long time ago. He's a big, burly, bear-size guy, who now has dropped out of school and spends his time doing I don't know what—drinking or sitting in his old pickup with Sam Ryzinski, sometimes spending the night in jail. The last time I saw him was to get into a fight with him, which I lost.

"Morning, Jimbo," my father says.

We go inside, along the narrow hallway, through the living room, and into the shabby little kitchen. Harley shows my father where the valve is and my father turns off the water to the sink.

A trailer like this is not made like a house; all the parts are prefabricated and fastened together with staples. It's not made to be repaired, so you have to be careful tearing it apart, because you can do real damage without intending to. My father hardly speaks when he works, and we've worked together for so long we really don't need to say much to one another.

We disconnect all of the plumbing first, then set to work tearing out the old counter.

The work space is very tight, and as soon as we've been working for half an hour it starts getting hot, too. It's not rational the way everything he does irritates me. I keep looking around, expecting to see Junior come into the room.

Harley watches from the dining area. It's when we actually start taking out the counter, sawing and hammering, that Junior wakes up. He comes to the kitchen, his hair wild and his eyes shot with blood. He lights one of his father's cigarettes and says, "Shit," and shakes his head. "How'm I supposed to eat breakfast—" he starts, but his father stops him.

I don't look at him but pay attention to my work, busting up the old countertop and pulling it out.

In a few minutes, after he's come back from the bathroom, Junior says, "How you doin', Jackie boy? How's old Susy?"

"All right," I say. I don't say any more. It was about Susan Anderson that we got into the fight.

"Hear you're leaving Virginia soon—goin' up to New York with all them weirdos," he says.

I crouch away from him to pull out staples with a pig's foot. My father doesn't say anything. Neither does Junior's daddy. Of course, neither of them can know what's gone on between us.

"When you go," Junior says, "why don't you leave old Susy to me?"

I start to say something, start to let the heat in my face move me, but I don't. My father cuts if off. "Why don't you clean up here? I'll go out and get the top and we'll fit it in. Jimbo, you got a garbage can I can use?"

"Jimmy?" the older Harley says to Junior. "Go get a garbage can."

Junior stands for a moment looking, then crushes the Pall Mall in the ashtray and says, "All right, Daddy," and leaves the room.

When I'm alone in the trailer with Harley, I don't say anything. I just work, and when I'm finished I pretend I've still got things to pick up. That way I don't have to think of anything to say, don't have to look at him. When Junior comes back, I don't say anything to him, I just empty all of the stuff into the garbage can, then sweep up. I guess he's bored with taunting me, or it's not as easy to taunt me when I'm standing up and can look him in the eye. He doesn't say any more. When my father comes back, I help him carry the countertop into the kitchen, and we set to work making it fit.

IT takes most of the day to get the job finished, and we work long after I think we ought to have called it finished, but my father's a perfectionist, and we can't do anything half-assed, even for Jim Harley. Harley helps us carry the tools to the truck. I take out the garbage, then wait in the hot cab of the pickup. I watch my father on the doorstep talking with Harley. I know the conversation has gotten away from the job by now, away from

# SHIRT

The back, the yoke, the yardage. Lapped seams,
The nearly invisible stitches along the collar
Turned in a sweatshop by Koreans or Malaysians

Gossiping over tea and noodles on their break
Or talking money or politics while one fitted
This armpiece with its overseam to the band

Of cuff I button at my wrist. The presser, the cutter,
The wringer, the mangle. The needle, the union,
The treadle, the bobbin. The code. The infamous blaze

At the Triangle factory in 1911.
One hundred and forty-six died in the flames
On the ninth floor, no hydrants, no fire escapes—

The witness in a building across the street
Who watched how a young man helped a girl to step
Up to the windowsill, then held her out

Away from the masonry wall and let her drop.
And then another. As if he were helping them up
To enter a streetcar, and not eternity.

A third before he dropped her put her arms
Around his neck and kissed him. Then he held
Her into space, and dropped her. Almost at once

He stepped to the sill himself, his jacket flared
And fluttered up from his shirt as he came down,
Air filling up the legs of his gray trousers—

Like Hart Crane's Bedlamite, "shrill shirt ballooning."
Wonderful how the pattern matches perfectly
Across the placket and over the twin bar-tacked

Corners of both pockets, like a strict rhyme
Or a major chord. Prints, plaids, checks,
Houndstooth, tattersall, madras. The clan tartans

Invented by mill owners inspired by the hoax of Ossian,
To control their savage Scottish workers, tamed
By a fabricated heraldry: MacGregor,

Bailey, MacMartin. The kilt, devised for workers
To wear among the dusty clattering looms.
Weavers, carders, spinners. The loader,

The docker, the navvy. The planter, the picker, the sorter
Sweating at her machine in a litter of cotton
As slaves in calico head rags sweated in fields:

George Herbert, your descendant is a black
Lady in South Carolina, her name is Irma
And she inspected my shirt. Its color and fit

And feel and its clean smell have satisfied
Both her and me. We have culled its cost and quality
Down to the buttons of simulated bone,

The buttonholes, the sizing, the facing, the characters
Printed in black on neckband and tail. The shape,
The label, the labor, the color, the shade. The shirt.

—Robert Pinsky

• •

money. They are probably talking about baseball, or maybe the Redskins. I hate my father suddenly—for being weak, for letting someone like Harley dick around with him.

They talk for a long time, and finally—the cab is unbearably hot, and I've got to go to the bathroom like crazy—Harley slaps my father on the back, they laugh, and my father comes down the steps and through the ratty yard. I look away. At the snakes in the road. At the metallic glisten of the flies.

My father gets in the truck. The door slams. He pushes in the cigarette lighter. *Don't light another one of those goddam things*, I want to say. But I don't.

Halfway home, I break into the silence. "He pay you?" I say. I've thought over asking this since I got in the truck, but it comes out wrong. I haven't spoken for too long and my voice cracks.

"Don't worry," he says. "You'll get paid."

"I don't want to be paid out of your pocket," I say sharply, surprising myself. "I want him to pay."

My father says nothing. In a few moments, he pulls up in the drive and lets me out. He hands me a twenty-dollar bill. I say nothing, and at first I don't want to take it. But I take it anyway.

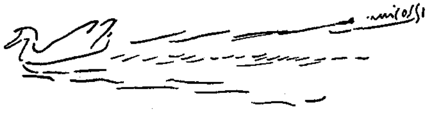
"How much does he owe you?" I say quietly.

"Seventy-eight dollars," he says. I don't know why he tells me this time. Maybe to goad me.

"He's going to send it?"

"Don't worry about it, Jack. He'll pay me."

WHEN I awaken, I cannot breathe. The air in my room is too hot, too thick. I've been asleep forever. The clock says eleven-ten. It must be wrong.



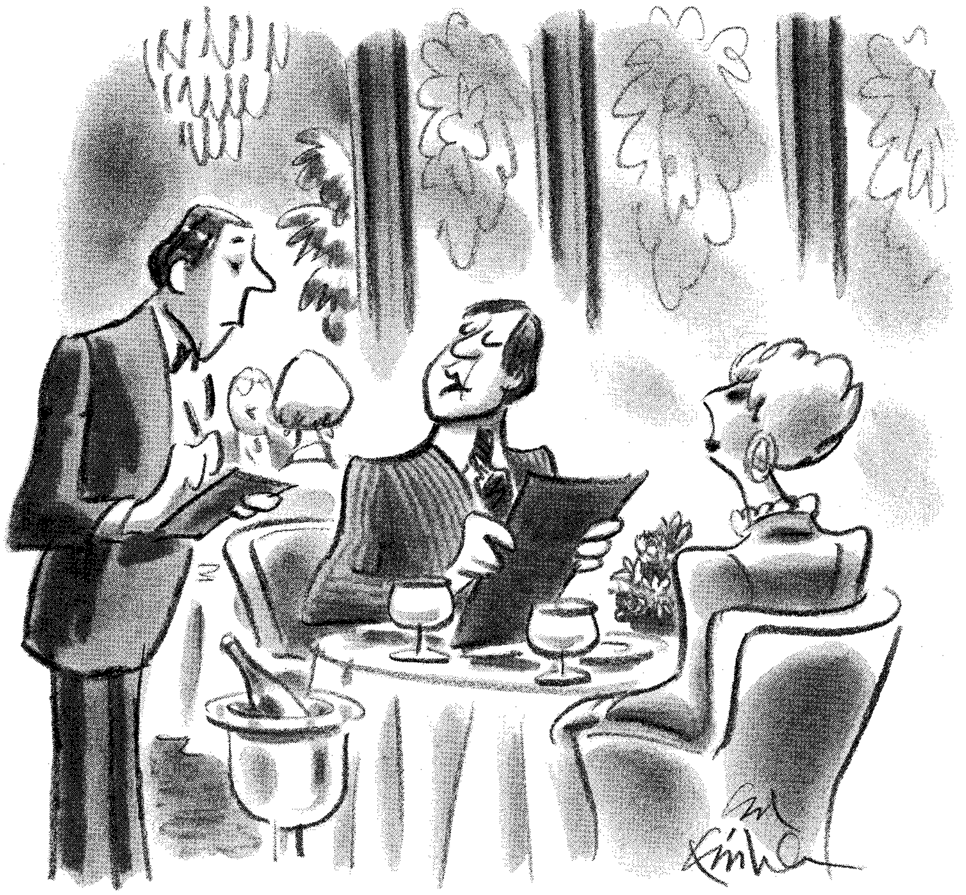
I can't get back to sleep and I keep staring at the ceiling.

After a while, I get up, get dressed without turning on the lights (as if the lights across town will wake up my father), then walk over to my father's house. It's only a few minutes, and the night is cool and damp.

I get into my father's pickup—I have a key—roll it down the driveway without turning on the lights, then roll it down the hill away from the house, starting it only at the end of the block, where I'm certain no one will hear.

I drive across town to Harley's and sit outside in the dark, looking at the trailer. Inside, the lights are on—in the living room and where I know the kitchen is. I wait, looking to see if Junior is home. I'm almost certain he isn't—his truck's nowhere in sight—but I want to make sure before I go in and do what I know I have to do.

Finally I get out of the truck and



*"The snap beans: Are they hand-snapped?"*

walk up the broken walk. It seems springy, like it's stuck on top of wet peat. I look out for snakes, but I know there are none in the dark. When I go up the wooden steps, I know Harley can hear me creaking on the boards. Maybe he's ready for me and knows what I'm after.

But I knock anyway, and in a moment Harley, a Budweiser can in his hand, comes to the door. He looks awake now, but drunk nonetheless. He sways a little.

"Jack," he says, and I have the impression that he is surprised, wary. "Come on in, son," he says, ushering me into the trailer and closing the door. "I get you a beer or something?"

I shake my head and stand close to the door. "I just wanted—I just wanted to know if you—if you liked your new countertop," I say, my lungs turning into birds. I'm looking, my eyes moving across the tight, cluttered space, ready for Junior. Things don't seem real. The trailer is hot.

"Hell," Harley says, his body like a sponge for the odor of beer, "it's the best goddam countertop I've ever seen. Your father—you-all do the best work I've ever seen." It's the talk of a drunk. For a moment I'd swear he was going to cry with joy for the beauty of the countertop.

Bluntly I say, "You like it enough to pay for it?" I wait, let the question soak into the air.

"What are you talking about, boy?" Harley says, his face turning red—red rising up through his neck.

"I'm talking about paying my father for the work he's done. The work *we've* done."

"What ever gave you the idea I w-wouldn't?" he says, and from the look on his face I know he's never intended to pay my father. *I'm right.*

"I never said," I say. I look at Harley, press him with my eyes. "I just want to make sure."

Harley laughs, his broad, red-lipped, elastic face moving sadly, like death. "You're all right, Jack," he says when he has finished laughing and his slack old expressionlessness returns. "I wish my boy'd go around sticking up for me."

His words make my fists clench, and I step close to him. "If that's what you think I'm doing," I say, "you're wrong. I'm not sticking up for my father. I'm worried about getting paid myself." I move closer to him, look him hard in the eyes, make him back up. His trailer is very quiet. So is the world outside. You can hear trucks miles out on the highway, tires whining, climbing the mountains out in the distance.

He turns away from me, but I grab him and pull him around. His breath is almost intoxicating, his eyes slosh like oysters. "I want a check by Wednesday," I say.

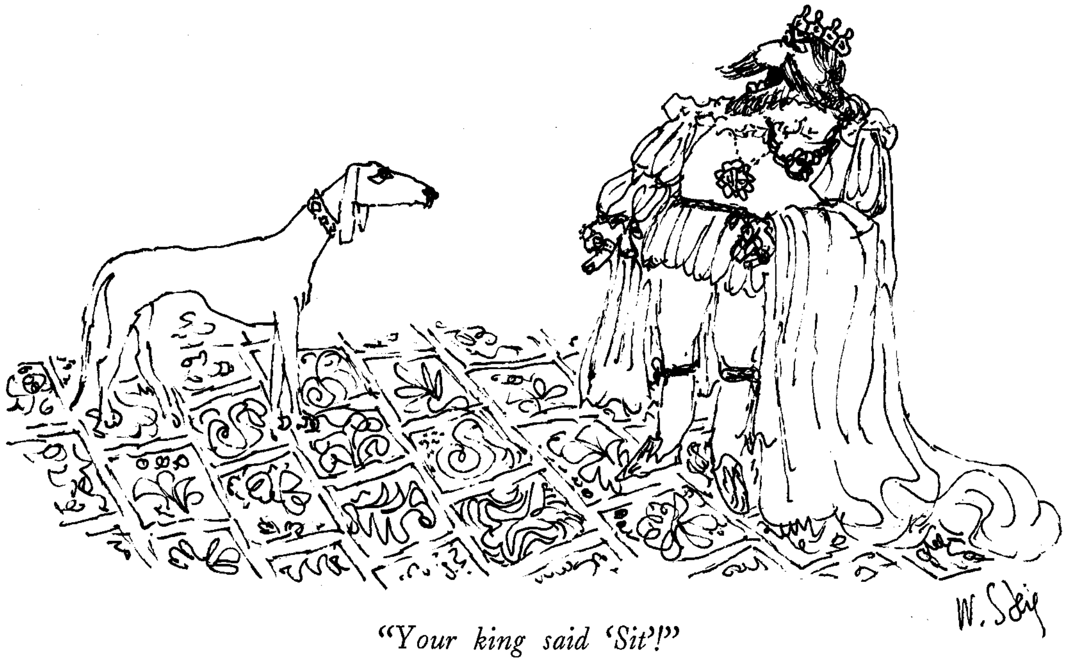
"No need to threaten," Harley says, pulling away. I can't believe I've done this.

For the first time, it feels like his trailer has come into focus—even after today, after spending all day here, I didn't see it, didn't pay attention—but now I can see how filthy it is, how old and tiny and sad, and how pathetic Harley really is, old and beaten, the skin of his face turned red with broken blood vessels, nothing to do in his life but sit in this empty, silent trailer all night, drinking and waiting for his obscene son to come home. I'm disgusted with myself, because it feels like I've just threatened an old woman or an invalid. A moment ago this was the right thing. Right now I don't know what it is.

He looks at me, as though waiting for something, and I turn away, slap him on the shoulder.

I'm going down the wooden steps in front of the trailer when a truck cuts through the silence. I can see it way down the road, the lights scarring the darkness, catching the moisture in the air. I can hear the clank and bang of it, and it sails around the corner and onto the weedy yard, throwing color into the grass, the road, the blue fields beyond. It's Junior, and for some crazy reason I'm glad it's him. I've got this idea in my head that he'll be ripped drunk, that he'll try to pick a fight with me and I'll blow him away.

It seems like a long time between when his truck shuts off and when he gets out. He sort of falls heavily, so the grassy dirt beneath him gives a hollow thump. He takes two steps toward me. "Jack?" he says. I can't tell whether



*“Your king said ‘Sit’!”*

he’s drunk, but then he has to be. “Whatcho doin’ here?” he says.

I shrug, but I don’t know if he can see it in the dark. He walks slowly toward me, and when he comes up close I can see that he’s already been beat up. Bad, too. His face is swollen and blackened with blood and dirt. There’s blood in his hair and it sticks up wildly. “Shit,” he says, and rocks a moment. Then he just falls right over in front of me. He goes so fast I can hear the air sweep out of him, can hear his jaw clack shut with the impact.

I don’t know whether to leave him there or go back inside and get his daddy. For a moment, I just look at him. Then I turn and go up the rattling wooden stairs again and knock.

“Junior’s out here, on the lawn,” I say. “Looks beat up, and just fell over.”

Harley sighs. It’s a tremendous note of weariness, full of sorrow and a million other things I don’t understand. For a long time he just looks at me, wet-eyed and old.

“You just leave him there,” Harley says finally. “You just leave him there.” Then he turns and closes the door and the lawn is quiet again.

“WHERE’D you go last night with the pickup?” my father says in the morning when I come by on my bicycle to find out if he’s got any work for the rest of this week or if I should just go ahead and spend my time packing. His question takes me off guard, takes me out of the cool early sunshine, out of the damp of the grass and air, and for a moment I can see the dark, broken-veined skin of Harley’s face.

“Nowhere,” I say, hoping my father will drop it.

But he doesn’t drop it. “I saw you roll it out of the drive. I saw you go. You go to Harley’s?” He does not look at me, but cocks his head sideways and rubs his fingertips together. His voice is almost jovial. He looks at Crouty’s house, next door, and down the gray, winter-cracked street to where it falls off into timber.

“No,” I say, watching my father’s fingertips move, watching them stop.

My father looks at me, his eyes gone clear and hard. “I got a check this morning,” he says. “I told Harley he could wait till the end of the month, until his pension check comes.” He purses his mouth. “You know anything about that check? It was taped to the windshield.” He squeezes the words dry as he speaks, and they come out even, and hard.

“I don’t know anything about it,” I say.

My father squints, takes a step forward. “I think you do,” he says, his lips white, the check appearing suddenly in his hand like a scarf pulled from a magician’s fingertips.

“All right, I went to Harley’s,” I say. “I was going to bust his head if he didn’t pay me.”

My father stops, purses his mouth, then turns aside and starts to laugh at me, like I’m just a stupid goddam hotheaded kid who doesn’t know his place.

We are standing at the edge of the drive, out in the dew-damp grass. Without really knowing I’m doing it, I wind up to hit him as hard as I can muster. It’s completely out of the blue how it happens. It takes years—my arm straining, pulling through the summer air, every pore open, the wind coming between my fingers—and he’s completely off guard. I catch him in the soft of his cheek, and when the flesh of his mouth flattens against his teeth and skull I can feel the *bam* sharp sting of it in my knuckles. He’s off balance, and he reels backward. In a moment he’s on the grass, sprawled out, his eyes blinking, his baseball cap off, his glasses askew. I guess it’s surprised hell out of him that his son would pop him, because he starts to laugh. In two seconds he’s laughing hysterically. I don’t know what to do, and I just stand there wringing my hands. I want to laugh, too, but I can’t. And my father sees it. It makes him stop laughing. He looks at me and his eyes are soaked from laughing so hard. He gets up off the ground, gets his hat, straightens his glasses, and, suddenly embarrassed, he walks briskly around the side of the house to his shop.

I follow him, to apologize. The wet grass and the white side of the house swim by. A dog barks somewhere in the distance. He’s standing by the door of his shop, staring into the back of the house. He’s got his hat and his glasses on, and I can’t see his eyes.

He purses his mouth. Looks away from me. Inscrutable is what he is, and what he’s always been. “I’m going in to get a cup of coffee,” he says. “You want one?”

—STEPHEN STARK

# ONE OF THE GREAT SEDUCTRESSES OF IRISH HISTORY

HER parents were away. Kidso was in the sitting room in the dark, the rosy glow from the electric fire shining out upon his face. In the darkness he looked tanned, his brown hair black as though he had blood from the sailors of the Spanish Armada running in his veins. Indeed, he started life out in the west of Ireland.

This evening as she walked home with Kidso, Emer had asked him if he knew any poetry, and he'd burst out laughing. But it did seem to her like an evening for poetry. She felt summer in the air as she walked along the path, swinging Kidso's hand in hers.

That afternoon she'd waved her father off to the Aran Islands, where he was going to spend a few months doing research on the Irish language. She helped him pack his books into the car, delighted to see him go. He was always checking up on her.

"I hope there'll be none of that Darby-and-Joan malarkey," he said as she slammed the door of the car for him.

"For heaven's sake, Da," she said huffily, putting her hair behind her ears. The best part was her mother had accompanied her father for a few days and was stopping by at Croagh Patrick on a pilgrimage on the way home. Emer felt free with them gone, although not entirely, because Peggy, her mother's sister, was staying with her during the nights, even though Emer had complained to her mother, "Nobody else of seventeen has someone with them when their parents go away." Luckily, Peggy was someone she could ignore.

As soon as she opened the front door, Emer could tell by the quiet that Peggy was in bed. Peggy had to be up for work in the morning, even though it was Saturday, because she worked in the Baggot Street post office.

"You go into the sitting room, Kidso, and I'll bring us in a cup of cocoa," Emer said.

When she returned with the tray and saw that Kidso had switched on the fire, she flicked the light switch off with her elbow in passing, just for a change. After they drank their cocoa and ate their biscuits, they sat in silence staring at the bar of the electric fire before them.

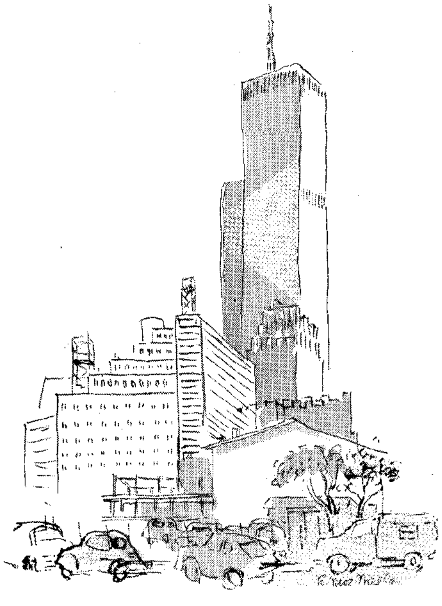
"I wish I didn't have to go," Kidso said, stretching his arms so that Emer had to lift her head from his shoulder. Sometimes when she looked at him he reminded her of a workman, with his tattered jeans. Every time she heard the words "His clothes are dirty, but his hands are clean," from that Dylan song, she said to herself, "Kidso." Usually she got on well with him—he was her main boyfriend—but one night last week they'd a little bit of an argument. Kidso had discovered she wasn't a virgin.

"You let that bastard, and you won't let me?" he said. "I bet it was down some old lane."

He'd sat silently and been sulky all that night. Now as she watched him, Emer suddenly had an idea of how she could make things up to him. "Don't go, Kidso. I swear to God, don't go home."

"How can I not?"

"Stop, Kidso. Listen, I know exactly what we'll do." She got up and stood before him, bidding him with her hands to listen. In her very own bed. In her own little room. They would walk up the stairs together. Thoughts crowded into her head. "I know, I know exactly." So he put his hands behind his head, leaned against the back of the sofa, looked up and listened while she described the plan. "How will they ever know?" she said, sort of talking to herself. She paced back and forth in the sitting room. "Can you imagine! They are gone, completely gone, and I can do whatever I like."



"But what about Peggy?"

"Kidso, I'll lock the door. There's keys in all the doors. Stop it, Kidso, and leave it all up to me. Peggy? Peggy Malone?" she continued, thumbing toward the room above them. "Peggy hasn't a clue."

"I suppose you think I've come down in the last shower," Peggy was always saying to Emer. "Oh, yes, Peggy, I do," she felt like roaring at her.

They rehearsed it all first, and by the time they'd finished Kidso was convinced. They would go up the stairs holding on to each other as if they were doing the three-legged race. Emer was always good at sack races, three-legged races, egg-and-spoon races, or anything other than plain running. She was hopeless at running, but she would sometimes get into the heat of the races with something different about them. They would have to be really serious going up the stairs, no laughing or anything. She told him to go to the bathroom first, come back down. Then they would wait a little while and proceed.

On the stairs, Emer clutched Kidso's upper arm as they synchronized their steps carefully, as though it were only one person going up. If by any chance Peggy came out of her room as they reached the top, Emer had instructed Kidso to make a right turn to the bathroom. The plan would be off. Emer herself would walk toward her room and say to Peggy, "I'm merely getting a record, if you must know." But if they got as far as Peggy's door and Peggy should come out and see them, and there was no way that Kidso could aim in another direction, and if Peggy should make any insinuations or suggestions, Kidso was to say nothing. "I'll handle Peggy" was what she had said to Kidso in the sitting room.

She would confront Peggy straight on. She would look shocked at her suggestions. "Am I to be held responsible for your one-track mind?" She would put it to Peggy that way. She would feign disgust at her suggestions. "I'm shocked, Peggy," she would say. She would throw back a few of the comments the nuns had strewn at her—the tone of them. "No," she would say. "Actually, I'm not surprised. I'm not the slightest bit surprised to find that your one true religion has finally warped your mind. Oh, yes, Peggy, nothing that enters that head would surprise me." Emer herself had recently left the Catholic Church. That crowd of hypocrites could carry on however they liked without her. Nobody knew the fact she had left yet. It was all on a mental level.

But if they got as far as the room and Peggy should for some reason pop her head around the door, Kidso was to take up a record in his hand and say, "This one'll be fine," and make his way back downstairs.

"Peggy is never going to say, 'I hope you're not going to sleep with Emer,' " Emer had said when they got to this part of the plan. She'd laughed her head off in the sitting room thinking about that. "She wouldn't dare."

THEY made it to the room. Emer took the key from the outside of the door with the precision of a surgeon and slipped it in on the inside. Then she took up her brush from the dressing table and began to do her long hair. She began humming. This was for the benefit of Peggy, who was to be confused into thinking that Emer alone had come up the stairs. Her eyes sparkled out at Kidso, who was sitting on the edge of the bed mouthing "Hurry up" urgently. She smiled at him, switched the light off, and left just a crack of the door open.

She went back down to the sitting room to see the imaginary Kidso off home. She leaned against the wall to try to calm herself. She kept getting into fits of laughing. There was no reason to get hysterical. She noticed the tray. She picked it up and dashed with it to the kitchen. That would be something someone really stupid out of Hitchcock would forget. She washed the mugs quickly and went back into the sitting room. "Calm yourself, calm yourself," she said, giving herself instructions.

She opened the front door. There wasn't a sinner in sight. She felt out of breath and slightly giddy.

"Bye, Kidso," she said out into the front garden. Then she grew braver. "What?" she said, and paused. "Oh, yeah." She laughed. "O.K., I'll ring you tomorrow." This she said as though she were shouting down the road after him. She stood at the door a few seconds longer and then closed it.

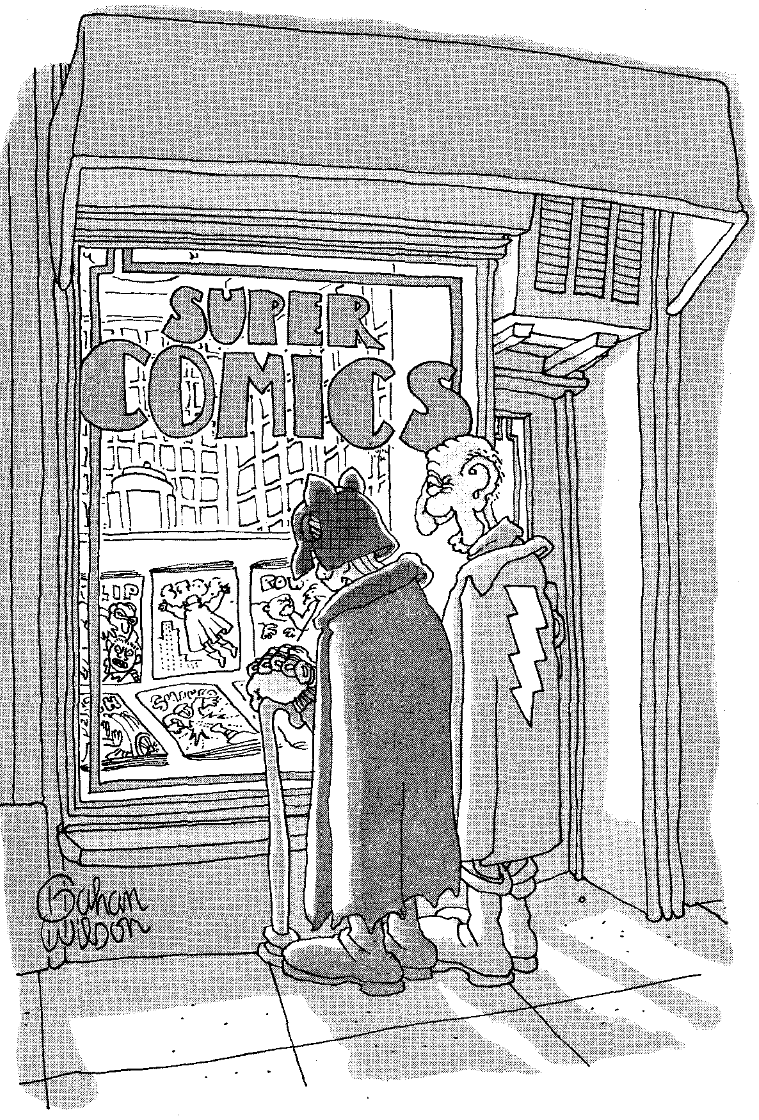
She skipped over to the lights in the hall, flicked them off, and started to charge up the stairs. Then she decided to act more normally. She went into the bathroom, trying to remain as calm as possible as she brushed her teeth as quickly as she could. "You're brilliant," she said to the mirror. She went to her room and locked the door. She switched on the light and bent over, covering her mouth to muffle her laughter when she saw Kidso sitting petrified on the edge of the bed with a record still in his hand. He started to laugh and dove his head into the pillow. "You were ages," he whispered.

THEY were lying together in the dark, with only the street lamp shining in on them. Kidso's charcoal drawing of Bob Dylan looked down on them from the wall alongside Emer's bed. Kidso was an apprentice sign painter. She pulled the blankets over their heads. She was laughing. "Kidso, isn't this great?" They were squashed into her single bed. It was roasting talking under the blankets. "Wait, what's that?" Kidso whispered. They surfaced for air. There were sounds of shifting in Peggy's room.

"That's only Peggy muttering the Rosary to herself."

"But seriously, Emer, what if she tries the door or something and finds it locked? Then what? She's going to think there's something the matter."

"I'll manage Peggy." She pulled the blankets over them to speak. "If she says anything about the door being locked I'll just act real crabby like and say since when do I have to explain to the whole world why I've my door locked, and she'll say no one's asking you to explain anything to the whole world, and I'll say just leave me alone, for God's sake, and she'll go off in a huff think-



*"By golly, it sure does take you back!"*

ing I'm in a really bad humor for nothing. I'll manage Peggy. Kidso, c'mon."

"I don't think I can, Emer."

"Jesus, Kidso, you say this is what you want and now here's your big chance, and what good is it to you?"

"What if the door isn't really locked?"

She got out of bed quietly, turned the handle down gently and pulled.

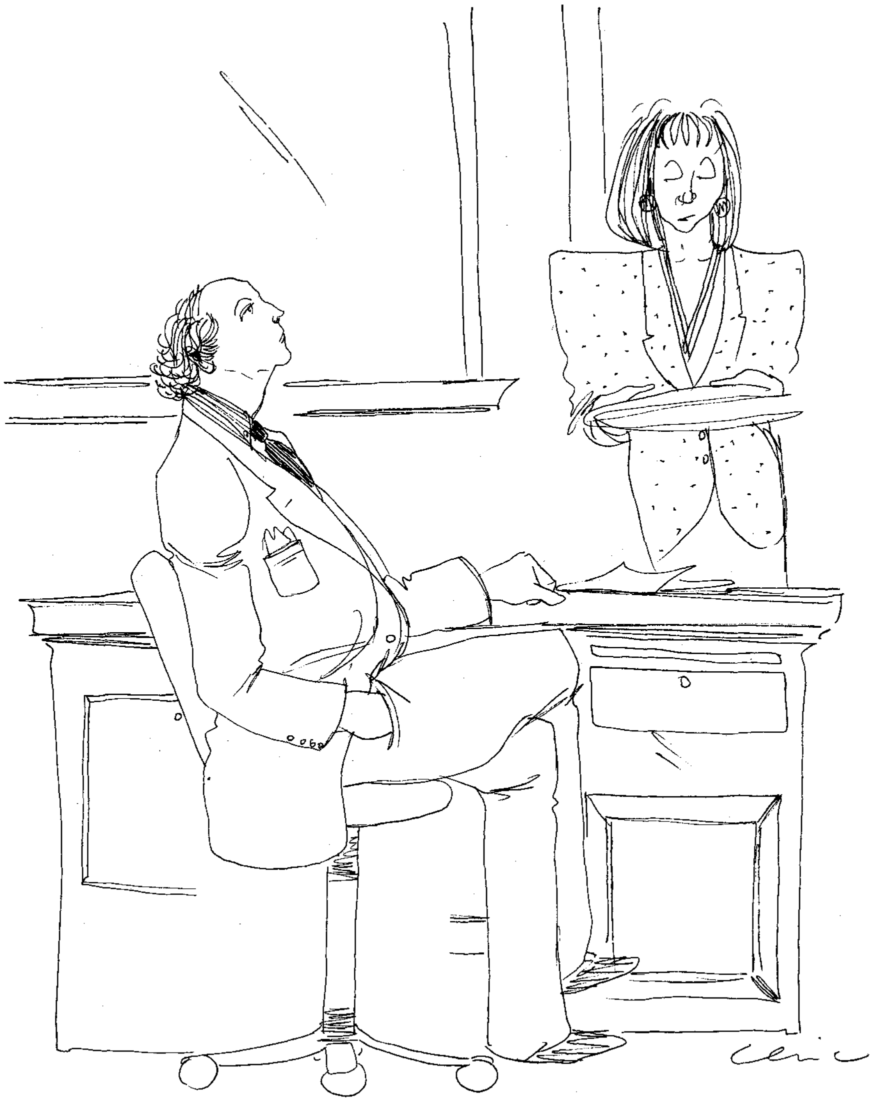
"Kidso." She got back into bed and went under the blankets. "Kidso, it is *locked*," she said. "Anyway, do you think for one moment that the males of the race feature in the wildest of Peggy's dreams? Kidso, the wildest?"

She had been planning something like this to happen since last year, when she'd been still at school. She had been sitting at history class one day when the teacher looked down at Maeve Burke in the third row and said, "Do you realize, Maeve, that you are called after one of the great seductresses of Irish history?" Everybody laughed. Maeve was embarrassed but looked thrilled at the prospect of her fate. The teacher folded her arms and sat back and said, "And whenever I look at you I think of that."

Maeve had black hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. At recreation, Emer noticed her singing along with Aretha Franklin's hit song "Respect," knowing full well that Maeve Burke would get about as much of that as she needed having cups of tea with the Peggy Malones of this world. "She's as conceited as anything," other girls said after that. But Emer admired her. Maeve Burke—one of the great seductresses of Irish history.

It wasn't actually making love that was the best part of the night for Emer. Other thoughts were going through her mind. Now when she saw the word "lover" in a book it would be true. She had a lover and it was Kidso. In this bed. On these sheets. In her own little room at the corner of the house. Only it had been a cold room—it got the east wind. But now it was warm, with Kidso's body against hers. He had taken her nightdress off, and when she put it on it was as though she were going to meet her lover. The bed was christened, and she felt relieved and delighted.

She watched Kidso sleeping beside her. In the morning they would awake facing each other like Romeo and Juliet out of Zeffirelli's production of it. She could hear and feel him breathe gently. She sat up to gaze at him in the light of the street lamp. Then she lay down beside him and snuggled into him, placing her hand on his stomach, where she could feel the heat exude from him as though he'd carried within him the heat from the electric fire downstairs.



*"Here's the 'Times' as you requested it. Unthumbed."*

• •

WHEN Emer opened her eyes the next morning and looked at Kidso's face across the pillow she knew she would write in her diary, "Woke to the vision of a live male specimen." Then Kidso's eyes opened, startled. "I hear her!" he whispered. Sure enough, there were sounds of rummaging around in Peggy's room, then scampering back and forth across the landing.

"I know she's going to come in and say goodbye to you," he said, pulling the blankets up to his neck.

"She's never done that. She knows I like to sleep on. You could always get dressed and hop out the window."

"Stop, Emer."

"You really could, though, you know. It's a wide ledge and you could just walk over to the garage and hop down to the wall. I've done it."

He wasn't listening to Emer. "How many times does Peggy have to come back upstairs?"

"She must keep forgetting things." Emer sat up, anxious now at the length of time it took Peggy to get her bag and baggage together to set off to her job. Finally the door slammed. Emer could hear Peggy's high heels walk smartly

# A WALL IN THE WOODS: CUMMINGTON

## I

What is it for, now that dividing neither
Farm from farm nor field from field it runs
Through deep impartial woods, and is transgressed
By boughs of pine or beech from either side?
Under that woven tester, buried here
Or there in laurel patch or shrouding vine,
It is for grief at what has come to nothing,
What even in this hush is scarcely heard—
Whipcrack, the ox's lunge, the stoneboat's grating,
Work shouts of young men stooped before their time,
Who in their stubborn heads foresaw forever
The rose of apples and the blue of rye.
It is for pride, as well, in pride that built
With levers, tackle, and abraded hands
What two whole centuries have not brought down.
Look how with shims they made the stones weigh inward,
Binding the water-rounded with the flat;
How to a small ravine they somehow lugged
A long, smooth girder of a rock, on which
To launch their wall in air, and overpass
The narrow stream that still slips under it.
Rosettes of lichen decorate their toils,
Who labored here like Pharaoh's Israelites;
Whose grandsons left for Canaans in the West.
Except to prompt a fit of elegy
It is for us no more, or if it is,
It is a sort of music for the eye,
A rugged ground-bass like the bagpipe's drone,
On which the leaf-light like a chanter plays.

## II

He will hear no guff
About Jamshyd's court, this small,
Striped, duff-colored resident
On top of the wall,

Who, having given
An apotropaic shriek
Echoed by crows in heaven,
Is off like a streak.

There is no tracing
The leaps and scurries with which
He braids his long castle, ra-
Cing, by gap, ledge, niche

And Cyclopean
Passages, to reappear
Sentrylike on a rampart
Thirty feet from here.

What is he saying
Now, in a steady chipping
Succinctly plucked and cadenced
As water dripping?

It is not drum-taps
For a lost race of giants,
But perhaps says something, here
In Mr. Bryant's

Homiletic woods,
Of the brave art of forage
And the good of a few nuts
In burrow-storage;

Of agility
That is not sorrow's captive,
Lost as it is in being
Briskly adaptive;

Of the plenum, charged
With one life through all changes,
And of how we are enlarged
By what estranges.

—Richard Wilbur

• •

along the front path. The gate banged behind her.

"Never again, Emer," Kidso said, sighing and sinking down in the bed. Then he started laughing. "So that's the bold Peggy for you."

"Yes," Emer said. "None the wiser." She was rolling on the bed roaring laughing out loud, now that she could. Actually, Peggy had been disappointed in love, so Emer's mother said. Someone or other had let her down. She had never married.

"How old is she, anyway?"

"She's in her thirties. Oh, God, did I tell you what happened a few months ago?" She proceeded to tell Kidso about Peggy staying out till one o'clock on a Saturday night. She lived with Emer's grandfather, and he got worried and rang up the police station. His daughter was missing. The police wanted to know her age. She was thirty-seven, he said. They were unable to help. When Peggy got in, there were ructions between them. "Do you mean I can't stay out till one in the morning without the police being alerted?" It was all too much, she had said to Emer's mother next afternoon, having a cup of tea.

"He was worried about your safety, Peggy," Emer's mother said.

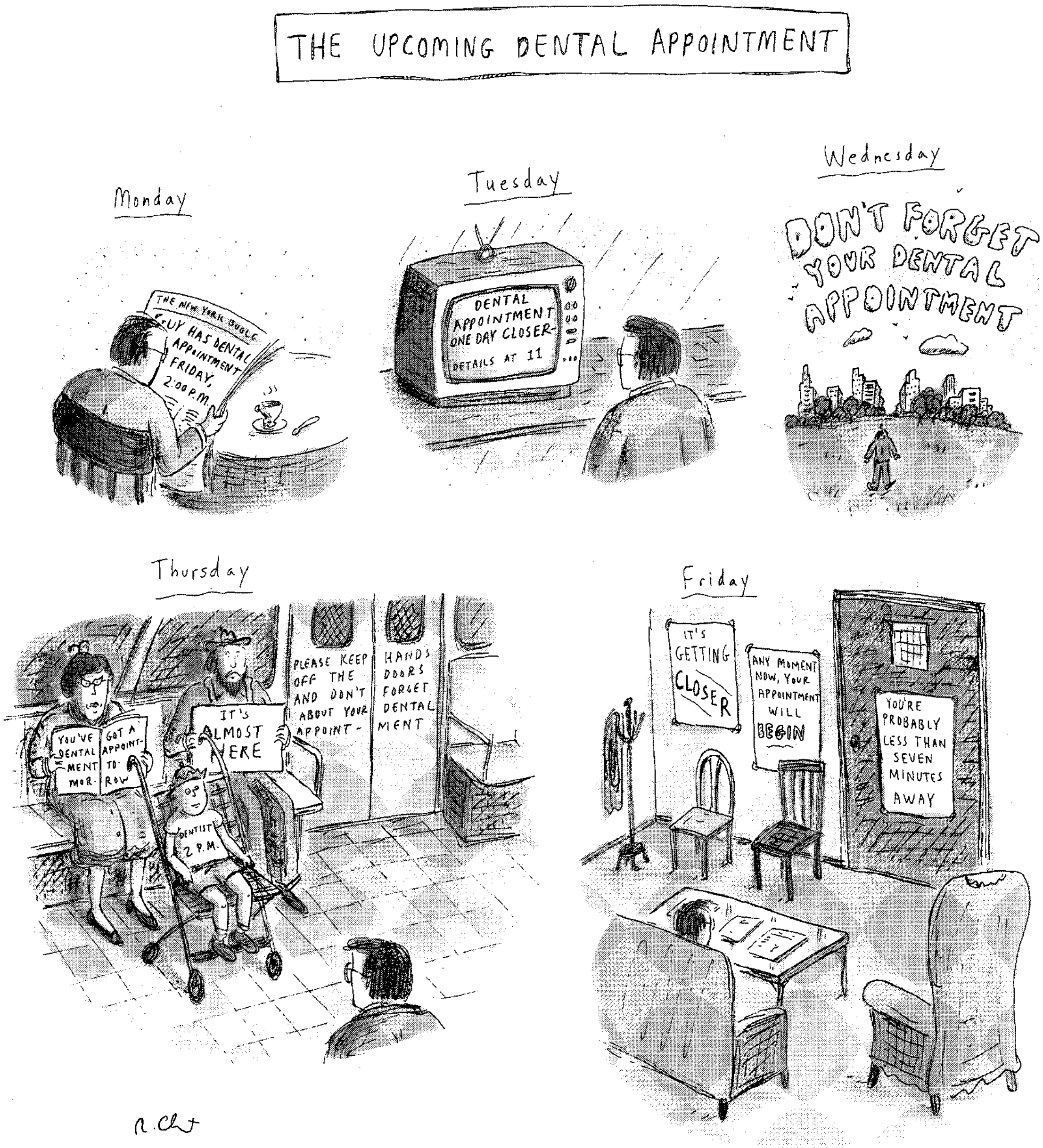
"Safety, my hat. He was worried I wouldn't be home in time to cook him his Sunday breakfast."

Emer had been roaring laughing at it all. She had been at the hallstand doing her hair. The kitchen door was open, and every so often she walked to the door to listen. "It's well for some of us," Peggy said, turning to her, "who have only to worry about keeping themselves beautiful." Sometimes Peggy wasn't too bad.

MAINS HOTEL
EKG

"The whole police force," Kidso said, and he laughed. Emer got out of bed and told him she would make breakfast and bring it up to the two of them. They would pretend it was room service at some hotel.

SHE toasted bread and took out the marmalade. She put the kettle on for some instant coffee. Oh, yes, Emer could lend a bit of advice to Peggy. "Hop in and hop out of that bed, Peggy, and get it over with and stop driving the rest of us crazy." Peggy was always depressed. There was always a complaint about something or other. Sometimes after Peggy's Saturday nights out Emer'd hear her talking quietly to her mother. "I can't give in." "To what, precisely?" Emer felt like asking.


THE UPCOMING DENTAL APPOINTMENT
Monday
THE NEW YORK BUGLE
GUY HAS DENTAL APPOINTMENT FRIDAY, 2:00 P.M.
Tuesday
DENTAL APPOINTMENT ONE DAY CLOSER
DETAILS AT 11
Wednesday
DON'T FORGET YOUR DENTAL APPOINTMENT
Thursday
YOU'VE GOT A DENTAL APPOINTMENT TOMORROW
IT'S ALMOST HERE
PLEASE KEEP OFF THE AND DON'T ABOUT YOUR APPOINT-
HANDS DOORS FORGET DENTAL MENT
DENTIST 2 P.M.
Friday
IT'S GETTING CLOSER
ANY MOMENT NOW, YOUR APPOINTMENT WILL BEGIN
YOU'RE PROBABLY LESS THAN SEVEN MINUTES AWAY

The year Emer was having! Finally the words "Attractive Men—continued" she'd put on the cover of her diary were coming true. Now she had not only one lover but two. Soon she'd have a whole string of them, though Kidso was her favorite. There was something indescribable about him, and every so often buttering the toast she had to put her head back and laugh thinking of the great night she'd just had, and of Kidso still awaiting her upstairs. She had just put the knife down and was about to open the marmalade when the doorbell rang. She stood serious for a second and then hesitated in the kitchen doorway for a few seconds longer as she looked at the shadow through the mottled glass of the front door. She could see it was a man's, and she went out into the hall and opened the door.

She was surprised to see Charlie, the man Peggy got in to help her father with the gardening. He had met Peggy getting off the bus in town, he said, and she told him she had forgotten the front-door key. She said she could ring Emer about it, but Charlie didn't like the thought of the key being placed under a mat or a stone, so he said he would come and get it himself before Emer was up and out for the day. Charlie often ran errands for Peggy, bringing home the extra bottle of milk or loaf of bread to her father when need be. "She says the key is under her alarm clock," he said now.

"I won't be a second," Emer said, and she ran upstairs and returned with the key.

"It was only Charlie," Emer said, carrying the tray in to Kidso, who was sitting up in the bed smiling. She explained how Charlie was Peggy's odd-job man and how he did the gardening and lifted heavy objects for her but that was all. She handed Kidso his mug and got in beside him, putting the plate of toast between them. She sat back, eating her toast, and looked around the room. It was an ordinary room, with just a plain bed and white sheets.

"I'll have to think of something to tell my mother," Kidso said worriedly.

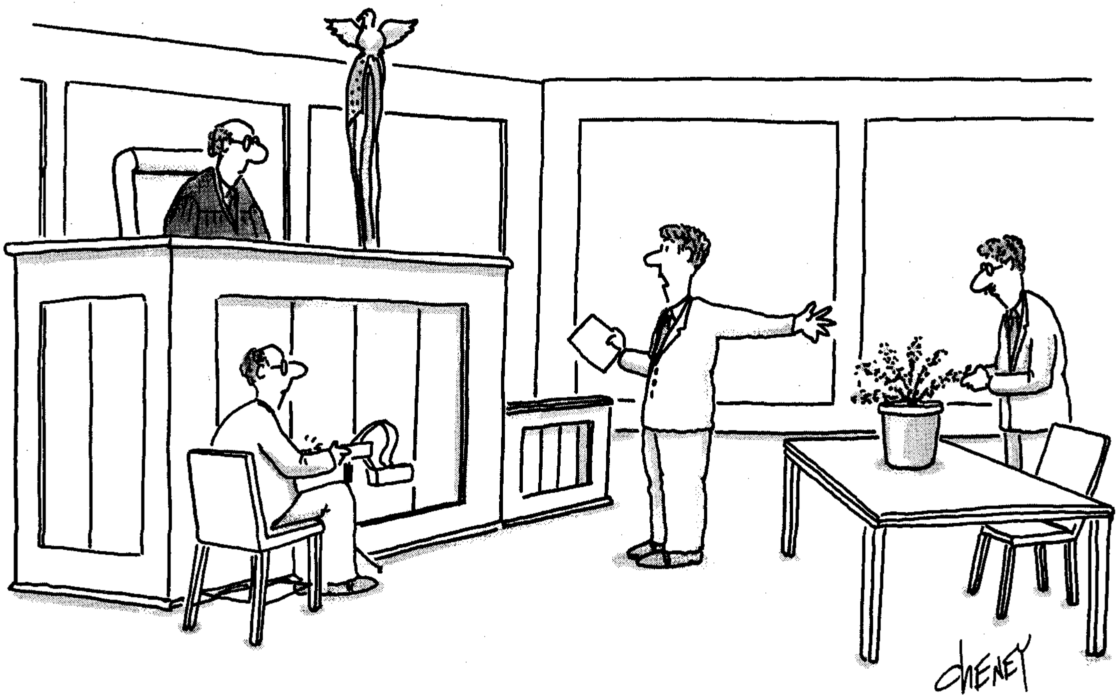
"Oh, yes," she said, suddenly thinking of that situation.

She knew he didn't have to think of facing his father. Kidso had been three when his father died. He had been killed when a wall fell on him at the building site where he worked. Kidso was the ninth of ten children. Sometimes Emer would think that it was sort of amazing to be somebody's ninth child. But he wasn't sad, he'd told her, that he hadn't a father—not when he saw the way some of his friends' fathers treated them.

"Were you sad when you were three?" Emer asked Kidso now.

He remembered the day, all right, he said, but it wasn't a sad day so much as a busy day. People came in and out of the house. Some pressed half crowns into the palm of his hand. He knew then that he could buy lots of sweets.

Emer leaned her head against Kidso's arm. Still, he would have to have something to tell his mother. "Say the Connolly Youth were convincing you to join and you spent the night discussing that," Emer said, sitting up



*"If it please the court, Your Honor, Exhibit A is in need of misting."*

again. "Do you remember that old fellow going on about the North?"

"You mean Bisto's friend in the movement—how the I.R.A. helps us poor workers, even in the South?"

"Yes. Well, say he sat you down on a chair and kept you for the evening, trying to convince you to join the Connolly Youth."

Emer could envision the rest of it all. "No son of mine is going to join the Connolly Youth—they're Communists," Kidso's mother would say to him. "What's so terrible about Communists?" Kidso would respond. "They don't even go to Mass."

Glad to have that settled, Emer leaned back against the headboard. Usually the members of the movement congregated at the corner of Kidso's road before making their way down to the local dance hall. She loved listening to them talking, eagerly and clearly making points. Watching on chilly winter evenings as they spoke with their coat collars turned up, she would feel that she was standing amongst the Bolsheviks themselves. She loved the word "Bolshevik" and the way that fellow had approached Kidso and spoken to him so seriously—he could have been Lenin himself. She loved any talk of revolution, especially after seeing "Doctor Zhivago." All the men in the film had worn such beautiful coats for the revolution. They had stormed in and out of rooms, and when they stopped to talk their coats gave a pleasant swing.

She fixed a pillow behind her back and looked up at the Dylan drawing beside her bed. The serious profile looked down at her.

"What age were you, Kidso, when you discovered you could draw?"

"I'd say I was about seven."

"Did you notice that you were better than the other kids, or what?"

"No, one day I just wanted to draw Fred Flintstone, and when I tried I could."

"Imagine."

He told Emer how he was pointed out in the playground often after that—the boy who could draw Fred Flintstone. The other children asked him to do pictures for them. Other requests came in. Could he draw Yogi Bear, as well? His mother, who was a cleaner of offices in town, used to say she was broke from the amount of paper she had to buy. "Go and ask the butcher for some," she would tell him. So he would run down and ask for large sheets of white paper to do his drawings on.

Emer looked at Kidso's rounded profile as he spoke. She could imagine him running down the road, his gray boy's trousers to his knees. My love is like a gazelle or a young stag bounding over the mountain of spices was what she thought looking at him. She had always wanted to say such words after coming across them one day during Christian Doctrine class. The nun was preparing the class for their exam. She said the lines would be useful if there was a question on conscience in the exam. Quotes from the Wisdom of Solomon, Chapter 1, were good for that. Emer marked the lines in her Bible, and as the nun discussed them some words on the adjacent page caught Emer's eye. This was better—the Song of Solomon. She turned back a page. "His locks are wavy,/ black as a raven." Now the class was turning to the Acts of the Apostles, but Emer continued to read. "His speech is most sweet,/ And he is altogether desirable. This is my beloved and this is my friend." And then she went back to the beginning: "O that you would kiss me with/ the kisses of your mouth! . . . Your name is oil poured out;/ therefore the maidens love you." She read this again and then repeated the lines over to herself: "Therefore the maidens love you." The words were right and fitting.

Kidso picked up another piece of toast. The dark hairs on his wrist curved gently to one side. He turned and smiled at Emer. There he was, in the first bloom of manhood, all loveliness. She watched him bite into his toast and drink his coffee. He was beyond description. He crunched the toast pleasantly and continued to drink his coffee the way he did everything: expertly. God, she thought, sinking down on the pillow, he's a complete professional. That was one of Emer's highest compliments.

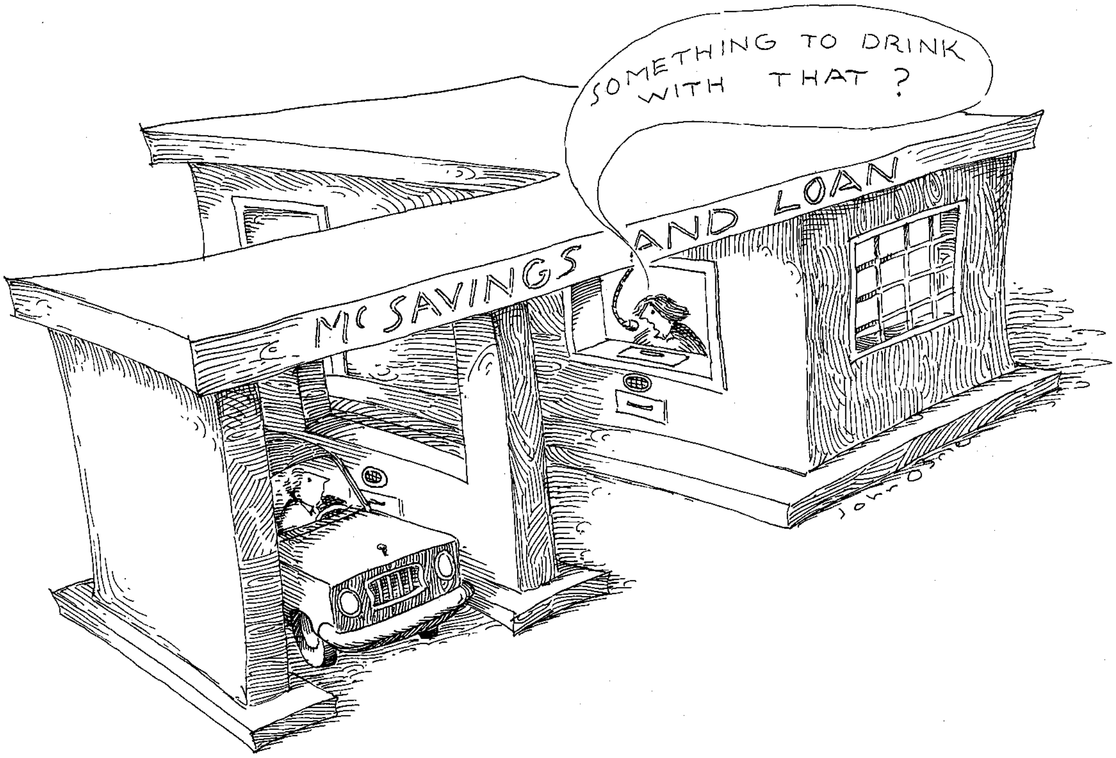
—Ethna Carroll

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## CROSSING THE STRAITS

ISTANBUL is a melancholy city—or so, at least, it seemed to me in the gray and rainy weeks of last November and December. I suspect that, whatever the season, the weight of the centuries imparts a solemnity to it. For most of its history, the city was the jewel of great empires; their relics—an aqueduct built by Rome, Byzantine churches and fortress walls, domed mosques and luxury palaces of the Ottoman sultans—are part of the contemporary landscape. But in winter a fog descends, obscuring these marvels, and from my hotel window above the Bosporus I rarely saw the water or the distant Asian hills. I ate very well in animated restaurants, I enjoyed the crowds in the ancient bazaars, and I found articulate, intelligent, amiable Turks to talk with. Yet my most vivid memories are of the fumes of the lignite that heats the city, the depressing wrapper of soot on otherwise handsome buildings, taxis gridlocked in relentless downpours, and pedestrians in sombre raingear shuffling silently along the streets, circumventing puddles, unsmiling.

The glamour of empire vanished sixty-five years ago, and today Istanbul is literally a provincial capital in a workaday republic. After two millennia as an international metropolis, it is now a Turkish city, increasingly overpopulated and industrialized. Yet, much as it feeds on nostalgia, it refuses to be interred in the catacombs of history. The decades of inertia during which the republic struggled to create new political institutions are over: the institutions are in place, and the bulldozers are at work. Istanbul seems to be regaining its vigor and working to take its place among the modern cities of the world. But the task of subduing the past is huge.


SOMETHING TO DRINK WITH THAT ?
MC SAVINGS AND LOAN

With its downtown in Europe and its suburbs in Asia, Istanbul is unique in spanning two continents. Since the founding of the republic, the city's population has soared from seven hundred thousand to more than six million, stretching services beyond their limits. Electricity goes on and off. The pavements, though routinely swept, are rarely repaired. A network of streets designed for pedestrians and pack animals groans beneath the weight of hundreds of thousands of cars, trucks, and buses. The Bosporus, a mile-wide channel that links the Sea of Marmara with the Black Sea, separates the city's Asian and European sides; they are connected only by a few ferry lines and two suspension bridges, one of which opened just last year. The principal impact of the bridges, however, may have been to promote the long-distance trucking industry; thousands of rigs cross the Bosporus each day from as far away as England, en route to the Persian Gulf and beyond. The bridges have produced growing suburbs—and an explosion of real-estate values—along the Asian shore, and commuting across them has become a nightmare of congestion.

Istanbul's European side, moreover, is itself bisected by the waters of the Golden Horn (the Turkish name for it is Haliç, which means "inlet"), a tideless five-mile waterway that has for twenty-five hundred years been a busy port on the maritime route between the Mediterranean and the hinterlands of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. Encircled by hills garnished with domes and minarets, it creates a splendid scene, notwithstanding the congeries of slaughterhouses, factories, and fetid slums that have grown up along its rim in modern times. For several years, the city's government has been sweeping these eyesores away and replacing them with attractive parks. Private preservationist groups have transformed neglected landmarks—palaces, gardens, manor houses, bazaars—into handsome attractions, while the city has pushed ahead with bigger projects: building sewage-treatment plants along the Bosporus and relocating the smelly tanneries, which date back to the Middle Ages,

"*Bottom line—is our new lighting doing anything?*"

• •

outside the city limits. City officials calculate that in the past five years six thousand buildings on the European side have been destroyed, including six hundred and twenty-two factories, employing four hundred thousand people, who have been transferred to jobs elsewhere. Steps have also been taken to relieve the traffic funnelling onto the Atatürk and Galata Bridges, which span the Golden Horn. A boulevard was recently built through an old neighborhood on the north bank, but speeding the traffic on the south bank, where the artifacts of the past are more tightly clustered, has been less successful, and most experts agree that a subway system is the only solution to Istanbul's traffic problems. For now, however, a subway is not in the plan, the popular explanation being that no politician wants to undertake so expensive a project when a successor will ultimately cut the ribbon and receive the applause.

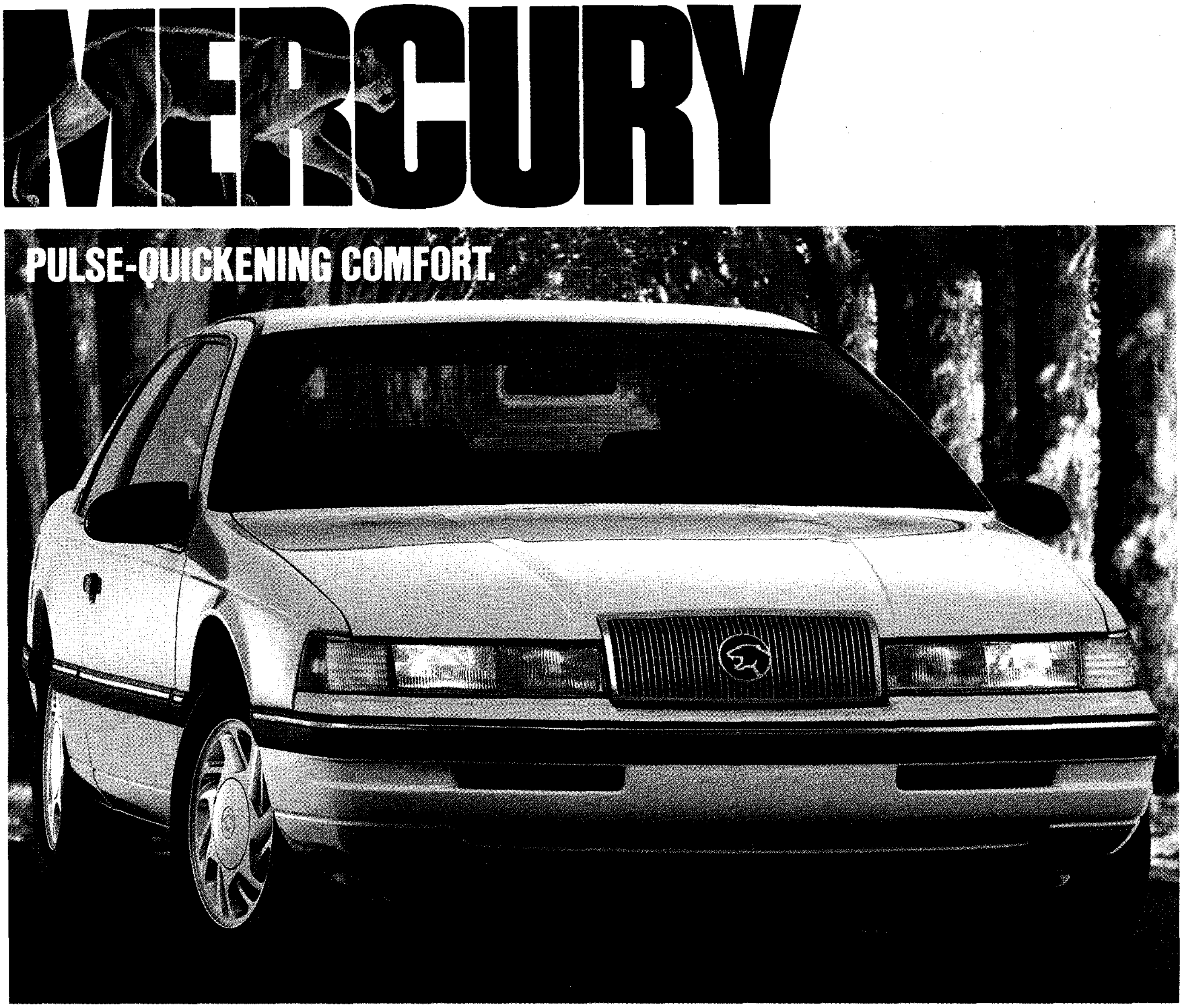
According to the urban historian Doğan Kuban, the citizens of Istanbul, still under the influence of Ottoman doctrine, are only now beginning to show any sense of responsibility for the city. Kuban met with me in a dusty office littered with architectural drawings, off the great hall of Istanbul Technical University, which was built in the last days of the sultanate, in a desperate effort to catch up with the West. In his sixties, Professor Kuban is a student of the social changes that have created contemporary Istanbul. He contends that, thanks to lessons learned from the West, the city's commercial and administrative élite has finally developed a commitment to civic improvement.

"Islamic custom, which we inherited from the Arabs, had it that all land, including the city, belonged to the sultan," he explained. "The idea of citizenship did not exist in Ottoman times, as it did in contemporary Paris or Florence. Under the law, the people were slaves of the sultan, and they thought of themselves as tenants in his city. It was not part of their habit of thought to organize themselves to achieve common goals—the concept of private organizations is still unfamiliar in Islamic societies. The state was the only legitimate organization, so the administration of the city was left to the sultan, who turned it over to a palace functionary. The city did not have a government of its own until late in the nineteenth century, when the idea of municipality was imported from the West. It had nothing resembling a city plan until the twentieth. All growth was organic. People built houses in relation to a neighbor, and streets emerged around them. Only fires—which were rather frequent, since most houses were built of wood—changed the street patterns."

The sultans, Professor Kuban said, had no sense of obligation to make a better city. Though European autocrats were often as despotic, Europe was softened by liberal ideas that had been circulating since the Renaissance. "There was no Rousseau in Ottoman history," he said. "The people believed in God's will and divine rule. They accepted their fate. They did not seem to be interested in the objective world—an attitude that characterizes Islamic thought even today. For example, whatever we know about how Istanbul looked in the Ottoman era comes from Western writers and artists. Muslims defined things in relation to themselves, to their spiritual needs. The identity of the Turks was linked to the Islamic religion and to the sultan, not so much in his temporal role as in his capacity as the caliph—the ruler of Islam."

THE tremendous effort that the Turks have been expending to make Istanbul into a modern city can be understood only within the framework of an even greater effort to place Turkey on a level with the modern states of Europe. By the end of the eighteenth century, the Ottomans had acknowledged that their well-being lay in emulating European civilization; their republican successors have embraced this principle with added fervor. The No. 1 item on Turkey's political agenda today is its pending application to join the European Community.

The decision to apply for membership in "the rich man's club" was made six years ago, by Prime Minister Turgut Özal, who heads the centrist



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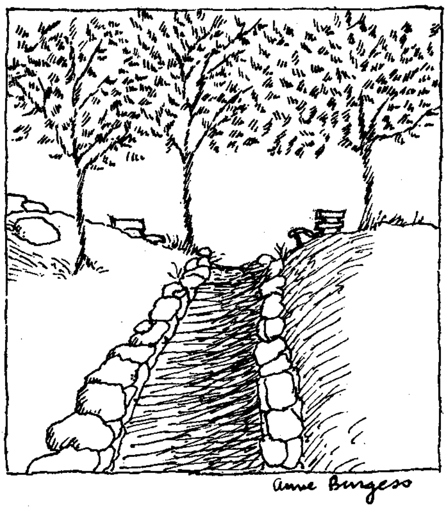
Motherland Party, but it is also contained in the program of the two principal opposition parties, on the center-left and the center-right. With few exceptions, it is supported by industrialists and labor unions, farmers, the Islamic clergy, the newspapers, the military hierarchy, and the state bureaucracy. Tentative steps toward union with Europe began after the Second World War, when Turkey effectively turned its back on the Soviet Union and the Arab states, its eastern neighbors. This caused the United States to recognize Turkey as an ally in the Cold War, and, under the Truman Doctrine, Turkey became a major recipient of American military and economic aid. In 1950, Turkey repaid the obligation by sending a brigade of troops to fight next to the Americans in Korea, and shortly afterward it accepted an invitation to become a full member of NATO. As an anti-Communist country that controlled Russia's principal sea route into the Mediterranean, it was of obvious strategic importance. Turkey's six-hundred-thousand-man Army is ill-equipped, but it is NATO's second largest, after the United States', and Turkey keys its foreign policy to its participation in the Western Alliance.

In 1964, the Turks made their first move toward formal association with Europe, signing an agreement with the Common Market which fixed terms for mutual tariff reductions, migration of Turkish labor to Europe, and an eventual customs union. However, relations have since been marred by problems, the most obvious concerning Cyprus, a Mediterranean island forty miles from the Turkish mainland. The island's population is eighty-per-cent Greek and twenty-per-cent Turk—"a lethal cocktail," as one writer described it. In 1878, after three centuries under the Ottomans, Cyprus became British, but in the succeeding decades Greek Cypriots agitated steadily for union with their mother country, and Turkish Cypriots, in response, demanded partition. In 1960, Britain, rejecting both proposals, bestowed independence on Cyprus and made Greece and Turkey co-guarantors of its stability. Predictably, the two countries became increasingly estranged as a result of recurring violence on Cyprus, and in 1974, when a Greek military junta engineered the overthrow of the Cypriot government by pro-Greek elements, Turkey invaded the island. European governments objected bitterly to the Turkish action, and the United States imposed an arms embargo on Turkey—notwithstanding its NATO membership—which lasted for more than three years. Turkey has consistently pledged to withdraw its forces on the adoption of a constitution protecting the rights of Turkish Cypriots, but fifteen years of on-and-off negotiations between Cypriots have yielded no agreement, and the Turkish Army is still there.

More subtle but perhaps more troublesome is the problem of Turkish migrant workers, some five million of whom have gone to Europe since the nineteen-fifties—many to France, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries, but the overwhelming majority to West Germany. Although a few of the migrants have been skilled professionals, most have been peasants from Anatolia, Turkey's heartland. With little training and less sophistication, they have generally taken menial jobs, and—to the disappointment of Turkish planners—on returning home have contributed only marginally to Turkey's economic development. Characteristically, they come back grumbling that they were isolated, exploited, and unappreciated—particularly by the Germans—and some complain openly of racism. More than a million Turkish workers, accompanied by two hundred thousand dependents, are in Europe now. For the Europeans, their presence serves as a reminder that Turkey is not only poor but Islamic. The migration has attached to all of Turkey the image of the Anatolian peasantry—an image that does not improve Turkey's chances for admission to the Community.

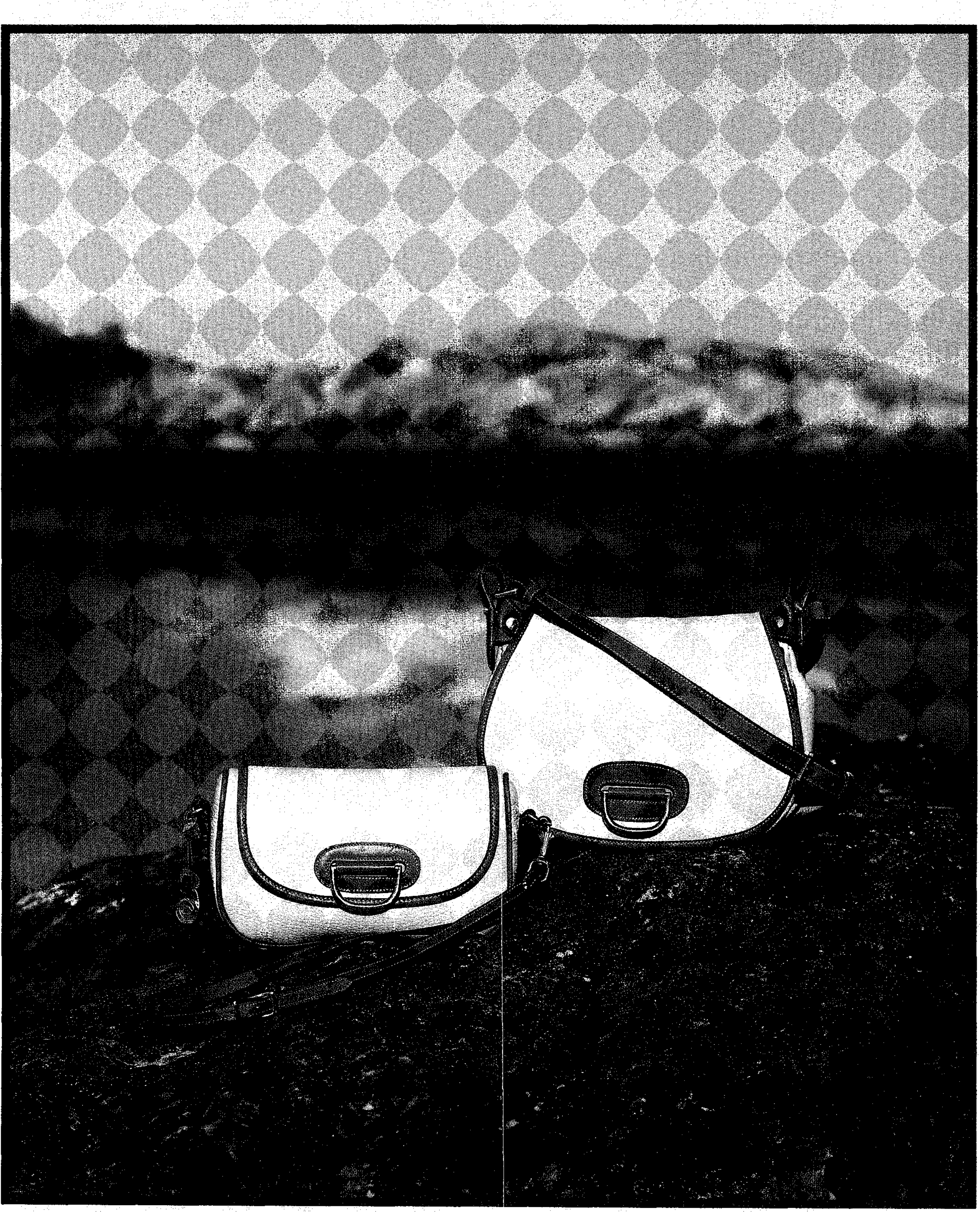


Statistically, much distinguishes Turkey from the countries of Western Europe. The most recently available World Bank statistics show Turkey's per-capita gross national product at $1,110, France's (for example) at $10,720; Turkey's life expectancy at sixty-five years, France's at seventy-seven; Turkey's infant mortality at seventy-nine per thousand, France's at eight; Turkey's agricultural work force at fifty-eight per cent, France's at nine; Turkey's teen-agers enrolled in secondary school at forty-two per cent, France's at ninety-six. Greece and Portugal, the Community's least affluent members, might provide a more appropriate comparison, but even they rank substantially ahead of Turkey on most of the World Bank's statistical charts.

Perhaps the most important statistic is Turkey's annual population growth: it is two and a half per cent, whereas the populations of the developed countries within the European Community are nearly stable. Turkey's population is now fifty-five million—almost equal to that of France, Italy, Great Britain, or West Germany, all in the range of sixty million. But by the end of the century the Turkish population will be larger than that of any country now in the Community. Turkey maintains that Europe, with its stagnant birth rate, will need Turkish manpower—though to relieve European fears of a Turkish deluge, it promises to defer for some years exercising the right of free movement of workers which Community members now enjoy. While Turkey's large population would inevitably make it one of the more powerful nations of the Community, it would for several decades remain the poorest. That is a paradox with which none of the current members are comfortable.

Turkey's economy, on the other hand, has grown prodigiously over the past ten years, with an average annual increase of about eight per cent—one of the highest growth rates in the world. According to a recent study by the Turkish Chamber of Commerce, seventy-five per cent of Turkey's industry is either ready or nearly ready to compete with Europe's. Turkish manufacturers have prospered in the nineteen-eighties from an unprecedented surge in exports of industrial

Photographer: Minh Nguyen



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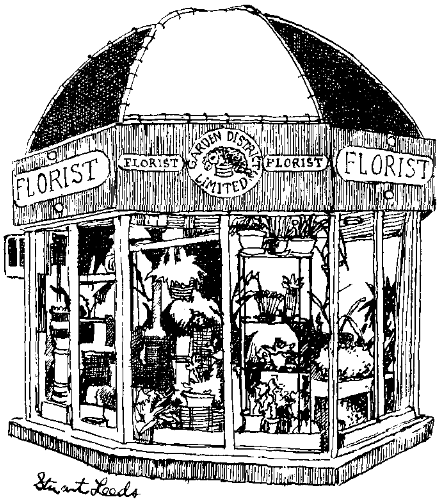
goods. Dangerously in debt a decade ago, Turkey has paid off its loans to the point where it has credit readily available. The Turkish boom means that the government has the funds to narrow the disparities between Turkey and Western Europe in the quality of life—and it has been spending heavily to do so.

This enormous growth owes much to the efforts of the Özal government, which has undertaken a major restructuring of the economy. Özal inherited a system of state economic regulation based on high tariffs, price controls, and subsidies, which had combined to create significant debt and little growth. The stagnation imposed huge strains on the society which the republic's parliamentary system was not up to containing, and in 1980 Turkey experienced a military "intervention"—the third, and most severe, since the Second World War. During the three years the Army stayed in power, it issued draconian decrees, among them the exclusion from politics of all sitting parliamentarians and the dissolution of all parties and other political organizations. In 1982, it promulgated a new constitution that gave the government wide powers to clamp down on dissent. But it also established the framework for a program of economic reform, and made Turgut Özal the Deputy Prime Minister in charge of executing it.

An unknown technocrat, Özal had been defeated in 1977 in his only try for electoral office—as a parliamentary candidate of the National Salvation Party, a right-wing party with a strong religious orientation. Had he won, he, too, would have been banned from politics, but instead he was serving as the head of the State Planning Office, where the governing junta found him. Özal was given a mandate to take actions so drastic that no parliament would be likely to approve them. He slashed subsidies, abolished price controls, reduced wages, raised taxes, and aggressively promoted exports. Though interest groups opposed one element or another of his economic package, the program as a whole proved to be popular with the Turks. When, in 1983, the Army decided to surrender power and authorize elections, Özal organized the Motherland Party from an assortment of politicians who had not been banned. He conducted a campaign based on his economic program and, with the traditional parties prohibited from running, won a surprising victory over the junta's hand-picked choice. Four years later, the old center-left and center-right parties had been reconstituted—thinly disguised under different names—but he won again, by a comfortable plurality. His tenure has made Turkey an international model for economic liberalization.

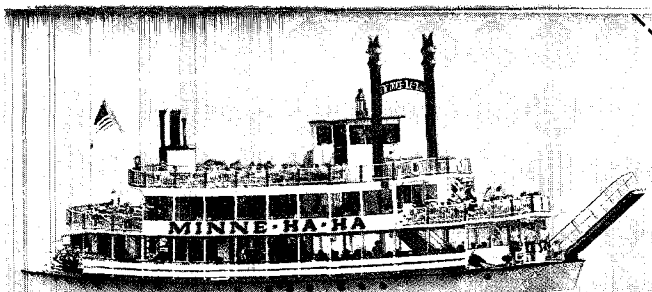
My first encounter with Özal was in Istanbul, at a luncheon given by an association of Turkish businessmen for managers of American chambers of commerce in Europe. The Americans had been brought to Istanbul on the theory that they were well placed to influence European governments in favor of Turkish membership in the European Community. They were considered important enough to lunch with the Prime Minister, and I was invited to attend.

Özal is not especially impressive to look at. He is sixty-two years old and about five feet seven, with a full head of gray hair and the girth of a department-store Santa Claus. Though he spent two years as an economist at the World Bank, in Washington, he is not a cosmopolitan sort. He was born and grew up in the city of Malatya, in central Anatolia, and, indeed, resembles the shopkeepers I saw there on a later visit. Curiously, Özal is not well remembered in Malatya. He left to study electrical engineering at Istanbul Technical University, and after graduating he worked his way to power not through local politics but through the state technocracy. Yet he is recognized as a sensitive politician—the first in Turkey to master the art of communicating on television—and he comes across as self-confident and shrewd. He mingled easily with the Americans during the cocktail hour and then delivered a rather compelling talk in easily understandable English. He spoke of his country's "political stability" and of the infrastructural improvements and economic reforms under his leadership, which, he said, had brought Turkey more than two billion dollars in foreign investment and had given a "modern look" to Turkish cities. "Turkey now has a young economy," he said. "With a population of seventy million by the turn of the century, we will offer a huge market to Europe." Özal vowed that his nation's determination to join Europe was "irreversible," and he predicted that Turkey would "strengthen and bring a new dimension to the European Community."



In his talk Özal passed lightly over the conspicuous soft spot in his economic program: inflation. His haste to modernize the country has brought about huge budgetary deficits, and these have led to an inflation currently running at the alarming rate of seventy-five per cent. Businessmen who borrow money now pay more than a hundred-per-cent interest; as a consequence, growth has begun to slow. The major industrial families, which are concentrated in Istanbul, show some signs of abandoning their support of Özal; he was never a favorite of theirs, in any case. They are heirs of the Ottoman élite, elegantly educated and generally worldly, and they look down on Özal as a bit of a hick. His chief appeal is to the shopkeeper milieu from which he emerged. As long as he produced profits for Istanbul's oligarchs, they tolerated him, but the inflation has them worried.

Thanks to the 1982 Constitution, however, Özal is secure in his power. The Motherland Party, though it won only thirty-six per cent of the vote in 1987, was awarded a large majority of parliamentary seats, under a formula designed to avert the deadlocks of the nineteen-seventies. The Party was badly beaten in country-wide municipal elections last March, and afterward Özal fired several controversial Cabinet members and some of his relatives who were serving in high posts, but he rejected demands that he resign. His chief rivals—Süleyman Demirel, of the True Path Party, on the right, and



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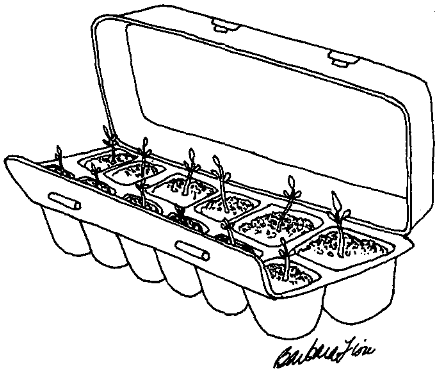
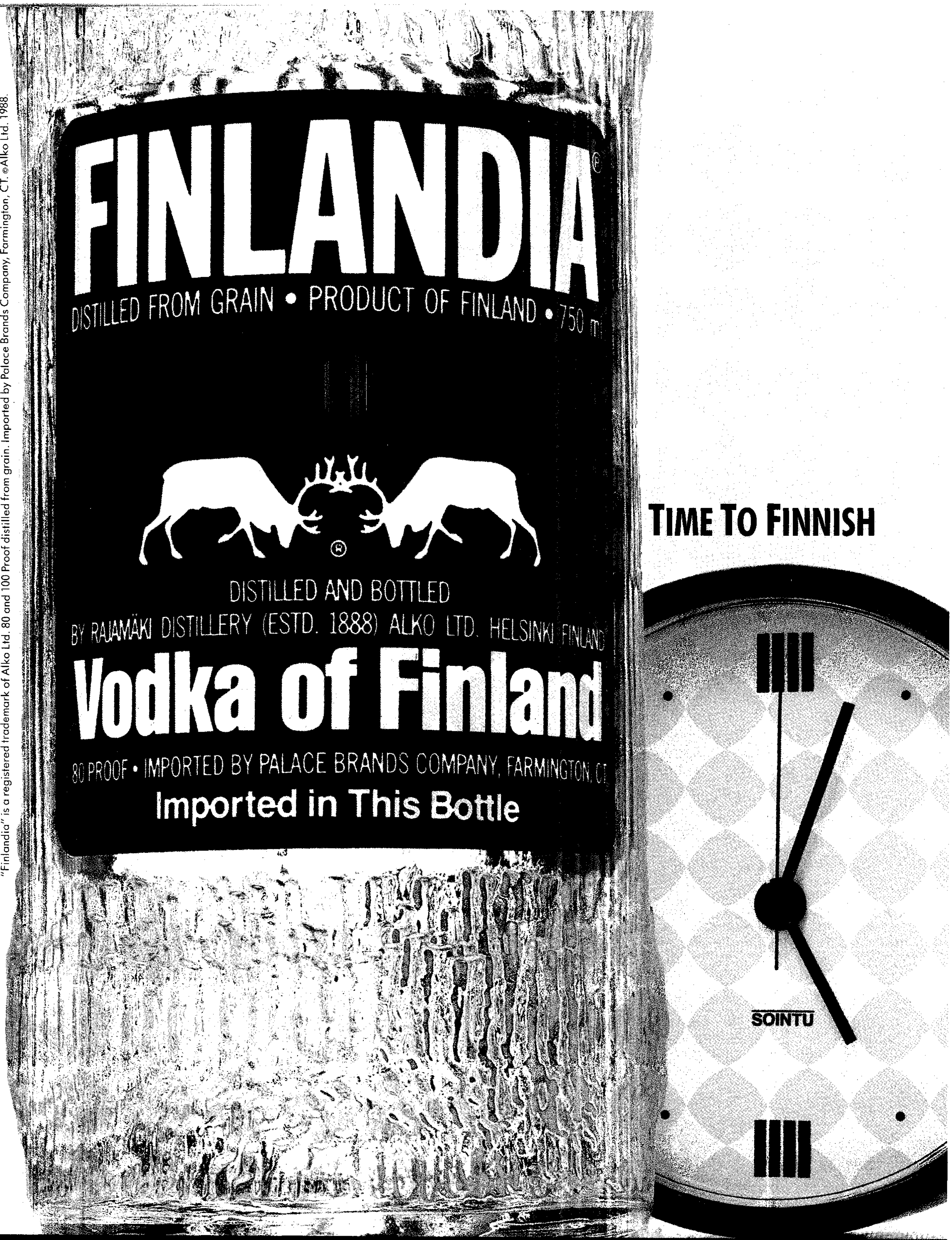
Erdal Inönü, of the Social Democratic Party, on the left—criticize him as the product of a military coup, and call upon him to amend the Constitution to apportion parliamentary seats more equitably. But neither of them offers a strong alternative policy, and most Turks seem satisfied with the stability that the Constitution provides. Until the municipal elections, there was speculation that Özal would run next year for President—a more illustrious but less powerful office, filled by vote of parliament. Much of the speculation was based on his health: he had a coronary-bypass operation in 1987, in Houston. But now it is clear that the Motherland Party, which he cobbled together out of disparate elements, will not survive without him, since the electorate seems to be drifting to the more deeply rooted parties led by Demirel and Inönü. Unless the soaring inflation generates protest in the streets, Özal will not face another test until the next parliamentary elections, scheduled for 1992.

The evening after the luncheon, at a reception in a nineteenth-century Italianate mansion that houses the United States Consulate, I had an opportunity to get from a number of the visiting businessmen their assessment of Turkey's prospects for admission to the European Community. Most of them were far less optimistic than the Turks. Turkey's differences with Greece are the most obvious problem. The Cyprus conflict is not settled, and difficulties have emerged concerning the Aegean Sea, where a search for oil is under way on the continental shelf; related disputes have arisen over air space, territorial waters, shoreline defenses, and military exercises. In an attempt to reduce tensions, Özal met last year with the Greek Prime Minister, Andreas Papandreou, at Davos, in Switzerland, and then made an unprecedented official visit to Athens. In the "spirit of Davos," the two sides agreed to undertake "confidence building" measures, but Turkey has excluded discussions on Cyprus, arguing that that dispute must be resolved by the Cypriots, while Greece has rejected talks on any Aegean issues except that of the continental shelf, on the ground that Greek sovereignty precludes consideration of the others. With Greece now distracted by Papandreou's personal and political troubles, the businessmen said, further rapprochement will not be possible for several years. They also pointed out that in 1992 the Community is scheduled to drop all internal trade barriers and so is in for an extended period of political and economic readjustment. They noted that it had recently admitted Spain and Portugal—both developing nations, with relatively low standards of living—and that years would pass before it would be ready to take on another such member. Some said that the Europeans had serious doubts about the stability of Turkish democracy and about Turkey's commitment to human rights. Finally, they mentioned—under their breath, as if to acknowledge that such talk was not on the public agenda—that the Community was uneasy at the prospect of admitting an Islamic country, and that West Germans, in particular, had some social, if not racial, reservations about dealing with Turks. Europeans will never admit it, they said, but a combination of cultural and religious prejudice might, in the end, be too much for Turkey to overcome.

FROM the time the Ottomans entered history, in the eleventh century, Europe saw them as the successors to the conquerors the Prophet Muhammad had sent out from the Arabian Peninsula four hundred years earlier. The Arabs carried Islam across the north of Africa and penetrated Christendom from the west, occupying Spain for nearly five centuries. They were kept at bay in the East by the Christian empire centered on the city known first as Byzantium and then as Constantinople. In language and culture, the Byzantine Empire was chiefly Greek, though the Armenians in Anatolia were an integral part of it. By the thirteenth century, the Ottoman Turks—Mongolian nomads who had been converted to Islam in the course of their westward migrations—had seized much of Anatolia and the Balkans from the Byzantines, and in 1453 they captured Constantinople itself, renaming it Istanbul. For the next several centuries, the Ottomans continued to hammer away at Europe, twice reaching the walls of Vienna. Their campaigns imposed on Western consciousness a sense of permanent military and religious conflict. The struggle, first against Arabs and then against Turks, went on for twelve hundred years—until the fall of the Ottomans after the First World War—and it had a lasting impact on the Western mind. The image of the Turk as the unremitting foe of the West and of Christianity retains a vivid reality for Europe, even in our own time.



When the Ottomans conquered Constantinople, they made their capital on the south side of the Golden Horn, as the Byzantine emperors had done. They turned the principal Christian churches of the city—including the monumental Hagia Sophia—into mosques, and proceeded to Islamize the administration. But they left alone the thriving Christian towns on the north side of the Horn, in keeping with their practice of not disturbing Christian or Jewish communities in their domain. The conquering sultan, Mehmed II, admiring the energy and commercial skills of Christians and Jews, invited Greeks and Armenians from the provinces to settle in the city, and at the end of the century offered refuge to the Jews being expelled from Spain and sent ships to collect them. Istanbul was an Islamic city only south of the Golden Horn, and the multinational character of the Ottoman capital also flourished in Ottoman lands until the twentieth century. The north side of the Horn, like other port cities of the eastern Mediterranean, was peopled by Europeans known as Levantines, who were engaged in maritime commerce. Many were Italians, and Italian was the lingua franca, but there were also great numbers of Jews, Greeks, and Armenians among them. The Ottomans, who considered commerce and diplomacy beneath them, let the Levantines control the empire's foreign relations. Galata, as the quarter was known, became a community of merchants, bankers, craftsmen, and shopkeepers. The French established a sumptuous embassy there in the six-



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teenth century, and other European powers followed suit. Theatres, restaurants, and fine shops grew up in the quarter, and Western-style schools were founded. The merchant capitalists of Galata made large profits and built grand houses, where their wives conducted elegant salons. Surprisingly little of this culture rubbed off on the Muslims; the Muslim quarter remained profoundly religious and traditional, but Galata was its window on the West. The local Turkish population had far more exposure to Western culture than did the Arabs, the Persians, or any of the other Muslim societies of the region.

It is important to note that, within the Islamic framework, the Ottomans' tolerance of Christians and Jews in the empire was no anomaly. The Koran specifically enjoins Muslim leaders to protect the members of these two faiths, the tenets of which are the foundation of Islamic theology. The Islamic mind accepts the status of Christians and Jews as *dhimmis*—that is, protected, though subordinate, minorities—in a way that it cannot accept deviants within Islam itself. Indeed, though the banners of the Ottomans were Islamic, the goal of their armies was clearly not conversion, whatever the fears of Europeans; of all the peoples who eventually came under Ottoman rule, only the Albanians were converted to Islam. The empire's standard practice was to give Christians and Jews autonomy over the affairs of their communities. The Ottomans seemed to enjoy conquest for its own sake. Unlike the Romans in Gaul or the British in India, they did not impose their language or their culture on their conquered subjects, and today the traces of their influence over lands they dominated for hundreds of years are very few.

At its peak, in the sixteenth century, the Ottoman Empire extended from the Balkans east to the border of Persia, south through Arabia and the upper Nile, and west along the African shore to the Moroccan border. Historians have attributed the empire's decline to a variety of factors, among them financial mismanagement, monarchical decadence, an overextension of lines of communication and supply, and a shift in international commerce to the New World, which left the eastern Mediterranean an economic backwater. But virtually all agree that a principal explanation was the technological backwardness—in agriculture, industry, and military weaponry—into which the empire steadily fell. Whether or not this erosion was a by-product of Islam, with its basic antagonism to creative thinking, is a subject of ongoing debate. Most religions—most civilizations, in fact—cultivate feelings of superiority to others, but Islam has often seemed to carry with it a conviction that it already possessed all wisdom worth having and that infidel culture had nothing to teach it.

By the end of the eighteenth century, a succession of military defeats by the European powers forced the sultans to acknowledge that European-style reforms were required. Their goal was a modern army, but they were unwilling to do more than trifle with the structure of the state (including a sultanate of unlimited prerogatives) that would support it. Under the guidance of professional soldiers imported from Europe, they established military and naval colleges, where physics, chemistry, mathematics, and biology were taught along with such subjects as gunnery, fortifications, and navigation. The language of instruction was French, providing the student officers with access to liberal philosophical treatises that had never before penetrated Ottoman circles. In 1826, an army equipped and trained along European lines replaced the sultans' celebrated Janissary corps. Entering its ranks was a new generation of Anatolian Turks educated in Western ideas.

But even a modern army was not enough to protect the empire from the wave of nationalism unleashed by the French Revolution. After Napoleon's campaign on the Nile in 1798, Egypt managed to break free, and soon the European powers sent missionaries, diplomats, tradesmen—even the poet Lord Byron—to stir up nationalist feeling among the Greeks, the Serbs, the Armenians, and various other of the empire's subject peoples. Financed by European treasuries, the Greeks rose up in 1821 and, after nine years of bloody fighting, won their independence. In the meantime, sultanic excesses increased. Sultan Abdul-Medjid, to show how European he was, abandoned the Oriental-style Topkapi Palace in 1853 and moved across the Golden Horn into Dolma Bahçe, a rococo creation he built at huge expense on the model of Versailles. To finance it, he borrowed heavily from European banks and financiers, a practice continued by his successors, and in 1881 the state was forced to permit its creditors to collect its taxes—an arrangement that deprived the Ottomans of control over the economy. That they lasted into the twentieth century was a stroke of geographic luck. The empire ruled the waterway connecting Russia's Black Sea ports with the Mediterranean, and France and Britain, rivals there themselves, did not want the Russians joining them. Britain and France propped the Ottomans up even as the sultans were increasingly losing touch with the people.

The decline of the sultanate left the Army as the single institution in the Ottoman system to escape decay, and within it there arose a nationalistic movement known as the Young Turks. Its leaders were fiery patriots, who had been introduced to Western ideas and practices by instruction in the military schools. In 1908, the Young Turks engineered the overthrow of Sultan Abdul-Hamid and seated a compliant sultan on the throne, creating, in effect, a military oligarchy. Though the dynasty remained, its vision of a multinational commonwealth was abandoned. What the Young Turks substituted was an ideology based on a nationhood of Turks.

But Turkish nationalism only hastened the disintegration of the empire. In 1912, a series of Balkan wars of liberation began, and two years later they flowed directly into the long-expected war between the European powers. The Young Turks brought the country into the conflict on the side of Germany, and in the ensuing maelstrom the empire was swept away. The Turks were driven back into Anatolia, from which they had gone forth on their wave of glory seven centuries before.

EARLY in the First World War, the culminating episode occurred in what has become known in the West as the Armenian massacres. In the late nineteenth century, Armenian nationalists were implicated in a series of anti-Ottoman plots, and in 1894 and 1895 Sultan Abdul-Hamid, to divert attention from his own misrule, incited

Turkish mobs to slaughter Armenians by the tens of thousands. After the war began, many Armenians, seduced by Allied promises of an independent state, volunteered to help the Russians, and they created serious security problems behind the Ottoman lines. In the spring of 1915, Ottoman headquarters ordered the relocation of all Armenians from three eastern border provinces to camps in Syria and Iraq. The Armenians charged deliberate murder in the displacement; the Ottomans maintained that reasonable care was taken. Armenians today claim that more than a million of their people died at Ottoman hands during this period; the Turks say that at most three hundred thousand died and that the mortality rate in the eastern region was high—for Turks and Armenians alike—because of wartime conditions of famine and disease. At the root of the macabre numbers game lies a dispute over how many Armenians lived in Turkey at the time: the Armenians say that there were two and a half million, and the Turks admit to less than half that number. Whatever the truth, the Allies seized upon the issue in their propaganda, and the powerful image of massacres persists to this day.

Well before the war ended, several of the Allied powers had begun laying plans to divide up the Ottoman Empire. France, Britain, Greece, and Italy all laid claims to Turkish territory; in addition, independence was demanded not only by the Armenians but by the Kurds, a Muslim people whose ancestral home is the mountain range that runs from Anatolia through Syria and Iraq to Iran. In June of 1918, the Italians, acting on their own, seized part of southwestern Anatolia. Furious, Britain and America vowed to stop them from expanding further, and encouraged Greece to stage a landing on the Aegean coast, where Greek communities had thrived since ancient times. The Ottoman Army was demoralized and scattered, but remnants organized into guerrilla units to harass the Greeks—Turkey's historic enemy—and the recognition grew that if Turkey was to save itself from dismemberment this local resistance would have to be transformed into a national movement. In May of 1919, a leader appeared, and, in defiance of both the Allies and the Sultan, declared his intention of defeating the Greeks. He was a thirty-eight-year-old Army

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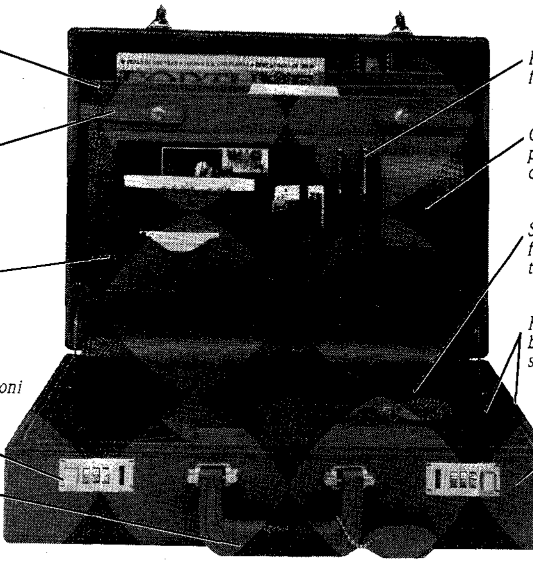

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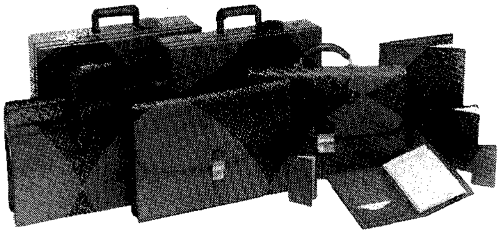

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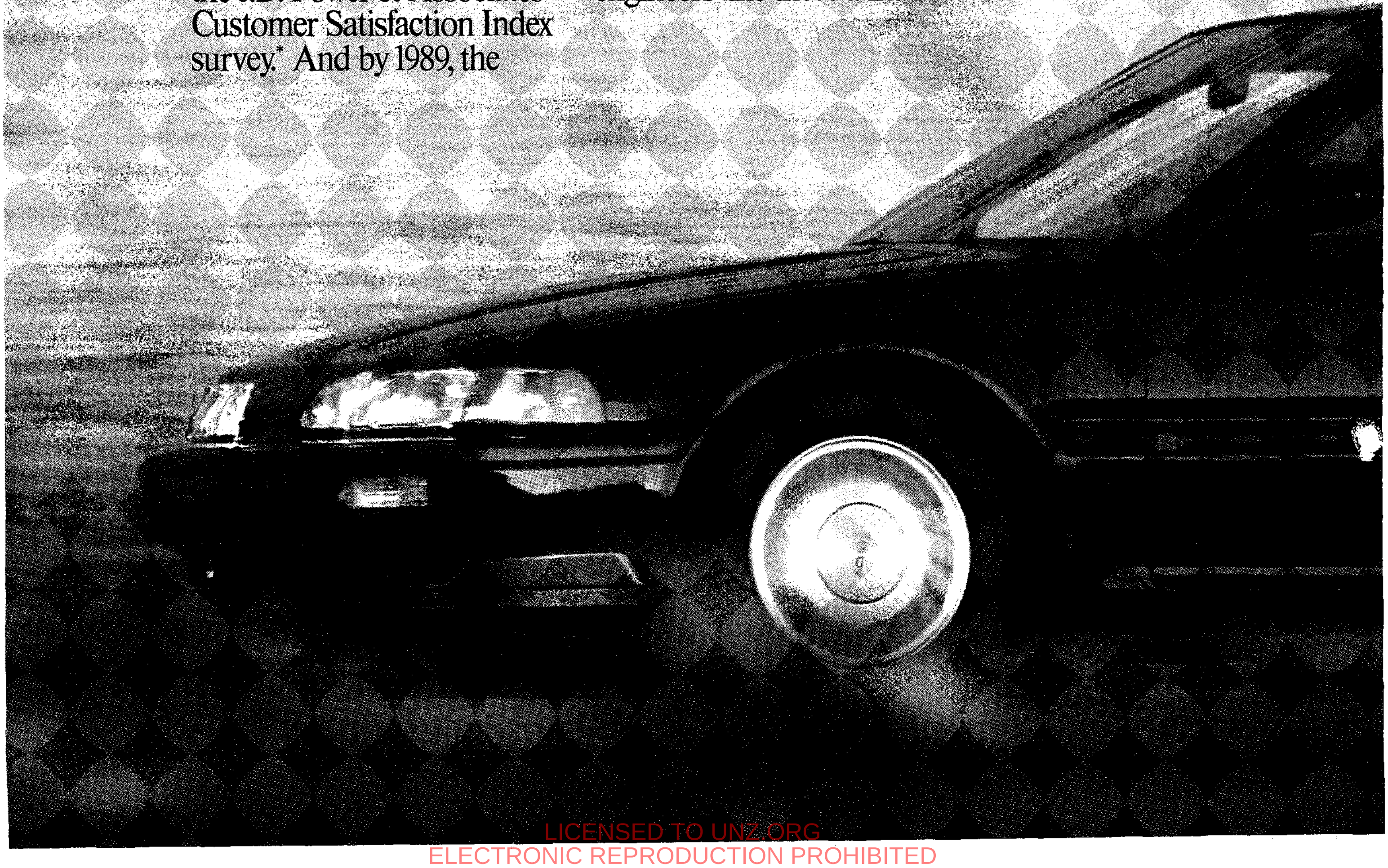

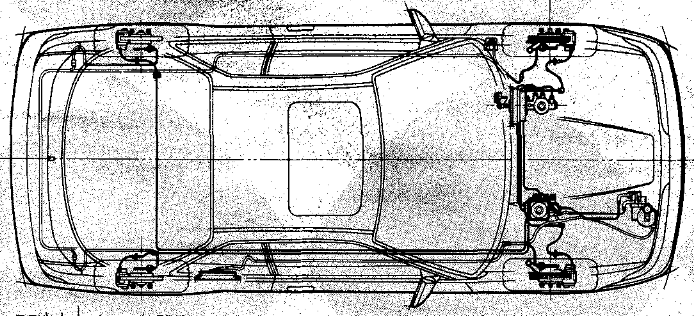

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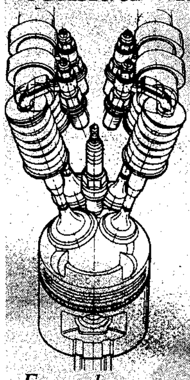

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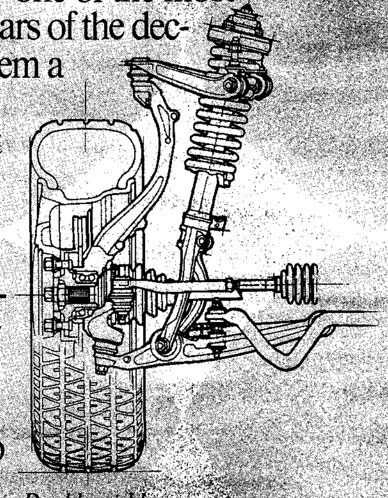

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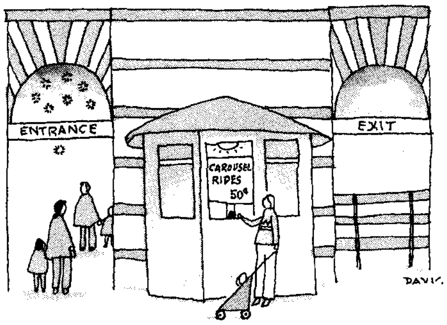
officer named Mustafa Kemal, later to be known as Atatürk—Father-Turk.

The son of a minor official in Salonika, Kemal belonged to the generation of Army officers trained in the ways of the West. As a student, he had dabbled in the politics of protest against the sultanate. He was jailed for a time, but he was too independent to become enmeshed in the Young Turk movement, and in 1914 he opposed its decision to join the war. In 1915, he commanded the successful defense of Istanbul against the British forces at Gallipoli, and the following year he won a series of victories on the eastern front against the Russians. Though he was by then the Ottomans' most illustrious general, he had a reputation for fractiousness, which consigned him to relative idleness in the last years of the war. When Turkish irregulars began hitting the Greek beachhead in 1919, the Sultan—uneasy with Turkish nationalism and fearful of displeasing the Allies—made the mistake of ordering Kemal to quell the disobedience. Instead, he moved quickly to organize the dispersed units of the Turkish Army, established a headquarters in the small Anatolian hill town of Ankara, and convened there a body of delegates calling itself the Grand National Assembly. The Sultan, on the orders of the Allies, then imposed a death sentence on Kemal and his followers.

The Ottoman sultanate lost its last chance to redeem itself in August, 1920, when it submitted to Allied peace terms that would not only have ended Turkish sovereignty in the Balkans and the Arab provinces but transferred to France, Italy, and Greece virtually all of Anatolia and Thrace. Armenia was to become an independent republic and Kurdistan an autonomous state. Nothing was left to the Turks but the area of Istanbul. The sultanate thus became the symbol of national disintegration and Kemal and the Turkish Army the upholders of nationhood. Over the next two years, the Army overcame the Greeks on the battlefield, and the Allies were persuaded to give up their claims to Turkish territory. In the fall of 1922, Kemal took possession of Istanbul from Allied occupation forces, but he chose to designate Ankara as the capital of the new republic. A month later, after the Grand National Assembly abolished the sultanate, the last of the dynasty, Sultan Mehmed VI, boarded a British warship and sailed to Malta, bringing the Ottoman age formally to an end.

The following summer, the Allies signed a new peace treaty with Kemal's government, affirming Turkish sovereignty in Anatolia, and over Thrace as far east as the prewar boundary. Among the treaty's provisions was a Turkish pledge to respect the minority rights of the remaining Christians, both Greek and Armenian. But Kemal made it clear that he had no intention of resurrecting the old Ottoman multinationalism; in Kemalist Turkey, everyone was to be a Turk. As for the Kurds, they were to have no special status at all. In a separate document, Greece and Turkey agreed on an exchange of population, and by 1925 two hundred thousand Christians had left Turkey for Greece and three hundred and fifty thousand Muslims had made the reverse voyage. After a few years, only a handful of Christians were left in the country. The Jews, by contrast, gradually became integrated into Turkish society; Jewish children, for the first time, attended the state's public schools. So warm were Turkey's relations with the Jews that in 1949 it was the only Muslim country to recognize Israel.

But if Kemal was a nationalist his mind ranged far beyond the concerns of territory and population. In a speech delivered in 1923 he warned, "The successes which our Army has gained up to now cannot be regarded as having achieved the real salvation of our country. . . . Let us not be puffed up with military victories. Let us, rather, prepare for new victories in science and economics." Kemal's military education had convinced him that the dismal record of the Turks in the previous century or two was the product not only of the despotism of the Ottomans but also of the deliberate obscurantism of Islam. In politics, religion, law, education, social relations, economics, even in dress, he took it upon himself to make Turkey into an enlightened European state. He nullified the Islamic Sharia as the law of the land, replacing it with an adaptation of the Swiss civil code. He took the schools away from the *ulema*—the Islamic authority—and placed them in secular hands. He substituted the Roman alphabet for the Arabic in written Turkish, he adopted the Western calendar, and he decreed that Sunday instead of the Muslim Friday should be the weekly day of rest. He established the Republican People's Party as his governing instrument and laid the groundwork for the multiparty political system that evolved in later years. He extended to women the right both to vote and to sit in parliament. Though even he did not have the courage to ban the veil, he consistently attacked it as a barbarous religious relic. He was more daring with the men, prohibiting the fez—a distinctly Muslim headgear, designed to permit the touching of the forehead to the ground in prayer—and calling it "an emblem of ignorance, negligence, fanaticism, and hatred of progress and civilization."



Atatürk did not stop rethinking and reshaping the society until his death, in 1938. Far more radical than the French or Russian Revolutions, the revolution he achieved transformed an entire culture, leaving scarcely a single old tenet in place; it is probably accurate to say that no social metamorphosis in history is so much the product of the vision of one man. He set the nation on a path from which the Turks, with few exceptions, have shown no disposition to turn back.

What the revolution clearly did not do was to change the relationship between the state and the individual. Atatürk's quarrel with the Ottomans was not that their state was oppressive —though it was—but that it had led the Turks into darkness and defeat. In justifying the Ottoman overthrow, he referred occasionally to the sovereignty of the people but more often to the sovereignty of the nation. He vowed his fidelity to "populism," but what he meant by this term was a commitment to secular rather than Islamic goals. Scholars generally agree that had Atatürk shown a fastidious regard for democracy as the term is understood in the West his revolution would have been stillborn. Atatürk's Constitution outlawed all political activity that promoted either a Marxist or an Islamic state—a ban which is still in effect. He made no apologies for his highhandedness, arguing that during the long centuries of Ottoman despotism the people had lost their ability to determine and act in their own interests. Democracy as he understood it was a means to serve Turkey, and not its own end. In common with the Ottomans, he saw Westernization as a process by which the government might make better use of its machinery to attain the goals of the nation. Whatever theory there was behind Atatürk's revolution, it did not contain—unlike that of the Americans and the French—any notion of curbing the state's powers in the interest of the rights of individuals. A people who for centuries had modelled themselves according to the strictures of Islam raised little protest against modelling themselves according to the demands of an all-powerful state. The notion of individual rights is one that Turks still have trouble grasping.

DURING my stay in Turkey, I took a week or so away from Istanbul to travel around the Turkish provinces. I spent a few days driving along the Aegean coast, then boarded a plane to Diyarbakir, an ancient walled citadel near the frontier with Syria and Iraq which is today the chief city of the Kurdish region. I rented a car there and drove to Malatya, a commercial and industrial city of two hundred and fifty thousand people. I then turned north over the Pontic Mountains to the Black Sea port of Trabzon, celebrated in history and literature as Trebizond, a Byzantine city of fabulous wealth. Armenians and Greeks once inhabited much of the country I covered and left their churches behind them, but these are now outnumbered by pictures of Atatürk in every public office, by Atatürk statues, Atatürk Boulevards, Atatürk Libraries, and Atatürk-slept-here memorials in almost every city and town. From Trabzon, I followed the Black Sea coast to Samsun, then turned south to Ankara.

A rule of thumb in Turkey has it that the country gets poorer as one travels from west to east. Not only is per-capita income much lower but the birth rate is much higher—these two figures being considered indexes of Third World status. I found no reason to challenge the rule during my travels, but it did seem to me that a stronger rule could be established on the basis of the contrast between urban and rural life. Malatya, for example, reminded me of provincial cities I had explored when I was a student in Europe shortly after the Second World War. Like them, Malatya looked a bit sad, and many of the houses needed a coat of paint, but the stores were well stocked, the people well clothed, the streets clean. The city seemed to convey the industriousness that made the provincial cities of Europe centers of prosperity twenty years after the war. But the Turkish countryside, west as well as east, appeared to be locked in an earlier age. Most villages had electricity, and here and there I saw a tractor or some other piece of motorized equipment. The general circumstances of life, however, seemed incredibly primitive, and if the condition in which women live is a measure of progress then rural Turkey still has a very long way to go. In the east, many women were veiled; this was not the case along the Aegean coast, but even there almost all women

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were swathed in scarves, and beneath shapeless dresses and coats they wore the picturesque harem pants, gathered at the ankle. In the country, women clearly did most of the field work—the stoop labor, the chopping and hoeing. They led donkeys laden with bundles of firewood along the roads, and often the women carried firewood themselves, strapped to their backs. They tended fires and did their cooking in front of village houses. They did not drive, though I often saw them huddled in the back of a pickup, being driven somewhere by a husband or a brother. What seemed to me like the salvation of many small towns was the children, whom I would see walking to and from school or playing in the schoolyard, carefully scrubbed, wearing neat black uniforms, and looking extremely bright. Were these veiled women their mothers? What do such children think about the future?

According to Doğan Kuban, it was Atatürk who brought the Anatolians into the national mainstream, and since his time more and more peasants have been moving to the cities. "Here in Istanbul, the population problem is huge, but it's more than just numbers of people," he told me. "Until the republic was established, Istanbul was perhaps forty per cent Christian—that is, Western. Now the Christian population of the city is nearly zero, and the people who have replaced them are not yet urbanized. Their ideas of time and social relations are those of rural Turkey. They drive cars, but they treat them like horses. Traffic in Istanbul moves like flocks of sheep. Their relationship with their physical environment is not that of an experienced urban population. I think it will take at least a generation or two for these people to learn what they need to learn. If you understand that Istanbul is a city of Anatolian peasants, you'll understand the obstacles we face in transforming it into a city like Rome or Paris—a real European city. The change will take a very long time."

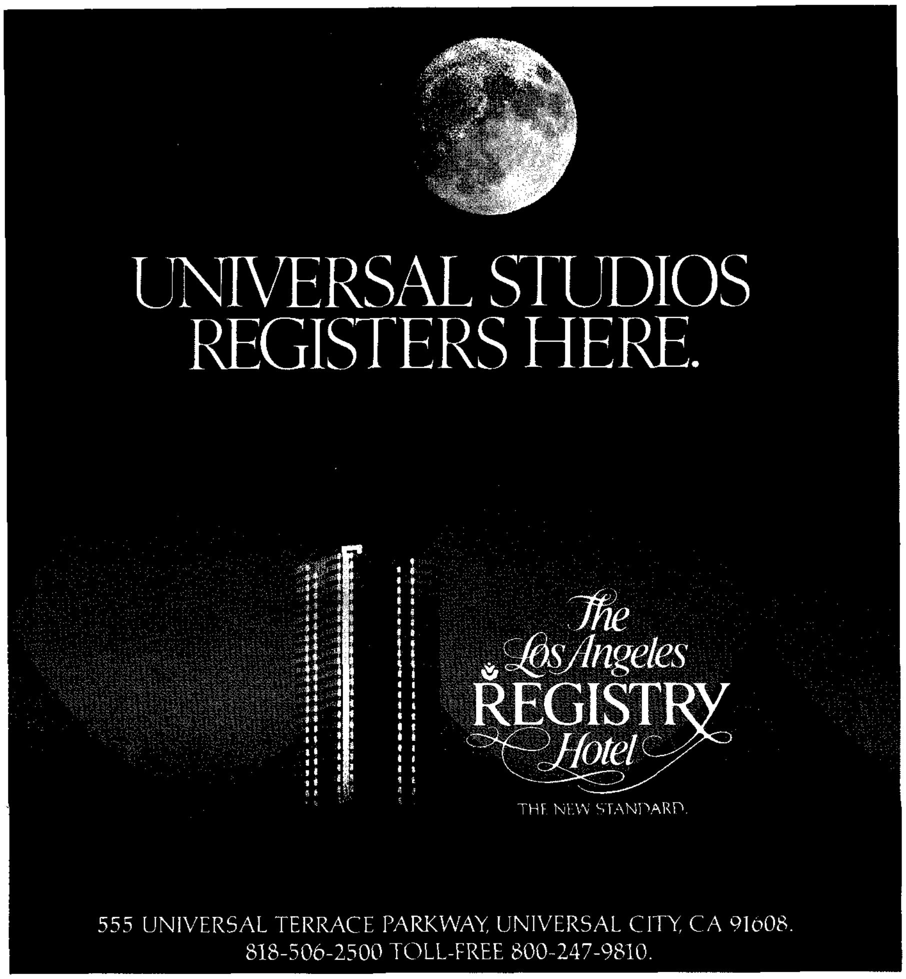
THE uncomfortable relationship between Turkey and Europe erupted into high drama last November, over a soccer match that took place in Istanbul. Galatasaray, the Turkish underdog, beat a highly rated Swiss team by a score of 5–0, thereby advancing to the quarter-finals of the competition for the European Champions Cup. A few days later, the disciplinary committee of the Union of European Football Associations voided the results, on the ground that Turkish spectators had thrown coins from the stands, striking an official and a Swiss player. Ever since British fans went out of control at a match in Brussels in 1985, and thirty-nine people were killed, European soccer officials have been imposing severe penalties on teams for the misbehavior of fans, but the feeling was widespread that in this case they had overdone it. President Kenan Evren and Prime Minister Özal both issued solemn protests, and angry Turks demonstrated in front of the Swiss Embassy. Threatening letters were sent to members of the disciplinary committee. Of the reams of newspaper commentary that appeared on the subject, a column by Haluk Şahin in the English-language weekly *Dateline* seemed to capture the essence of the moment:

> Obviously, the UEFA Disciplinary Committee touched an open nerve in the Turkish psyche with its ruling. It certainly produced a national reflex. People coming from very different ideological corners jumped up and screamed in unison: "See, didn't I tell you? They don't like us!"
>
> For instance, the decision provided the Islamic groups with a golden opportunity. "Just as you cannot make leather from pig hide, you can't make friends with the West," one fundamentalist paper screamed. The message: Why waste your energy and time in vain? Return to the fold of Islam.
>
> This kind of reaction was not confined to the believers, though. Other more secular voices also spoke of a plot hatched in the "Crusaders' spirit." The implication was that Galatasaray had been singled out because it was a Turkish team. Since Turks are overwhelmingly Muslim, and since Europeans are just as overwhelmingly Christian, what can you expect? They will repel the infidel, no matter what.
>
> Others viewed the cancellation as a signal of the European rejection of Turkey's full membership in the European Community. "They don't want us, but can't say so," was the refrain. "So they are humiliating us in other ways."

Fortunately for Turkish self-esteem and international order, Turkey won the appeal, and the victory was restored. The appeals body imposed a small fine on the team and stipulated that the next match for the cup could not be played in Istanbul, but those were penalties the Turks could live with. "Justice has prevailed," the President declared. "I am delighted," said the Prime Minister, who learned of the decision on emerging from a meeting with West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, in Strasbourg. On the evening following the decision, traffic all over Istanbul was stopped by crowds celebrating in the streets. This time, the demonstrators that gathered in front of the Swiss Embassy joyfully waved Galatasaray's red and yellow colors and uncorked bottles of champagne.

"Europe has always had this prejudice against the Turks," Sevki Adali, the foreign-news editor of the Istanbul daily *Hürriyet*, said to me during a chat in his paper's newsroom. "Portugal was admitted to the European Community, and it's no more developed than we are. Greece is nothing, and yet it was accepted easily. It would not be a problem for the Community to admit Israel. But things are different when it comes to Turkey—or the Arabs, for that matter. Religion has got to be the reason. We're ninety-eight per cent Muslim. We are not like the Iranians—we are Sunnis. We're not strict, but we're Muslims all the same. That's the problem. In my job, I see the European newspapers every day, and I keep reading about the Armenian massacres. In 1915, we were in a war, and the Armenians were supporting the enemy. They wanted to create their own state by taking territory from us. I'm sure awful things happened. Lots of Turks and Armenians killed each other. But it was a very long time ago, and I still see articles about it—more than I see about Israel killing the Palestinians.

"Is this because the Armenians are Christians? The Europeans say that the Germans are civilized and we are not, but a few years ago the Germans killed far more people than we are accused of killing, and Europeans talk about Turkish genocide as if what we did was no different. It would be nice if we could threaten to drop out of NATO, but there's no realistic prospect of that. I sympathize with the problem of the government—it does not want to see us isolated. Turks have nothing in common with the Soviet Union. And we don't want to be identified with the Islamic world—particularly with fundamentalist countries like Saudi Arabia and Iran. The Arabs lived under our domination for five hundred years, and neither Turk nor Arab benefitted from it. Now they think of us as fallen-away Muslims. Our relations are correct, but we don't want closer ties, and neither do they. Where can a modern Muslim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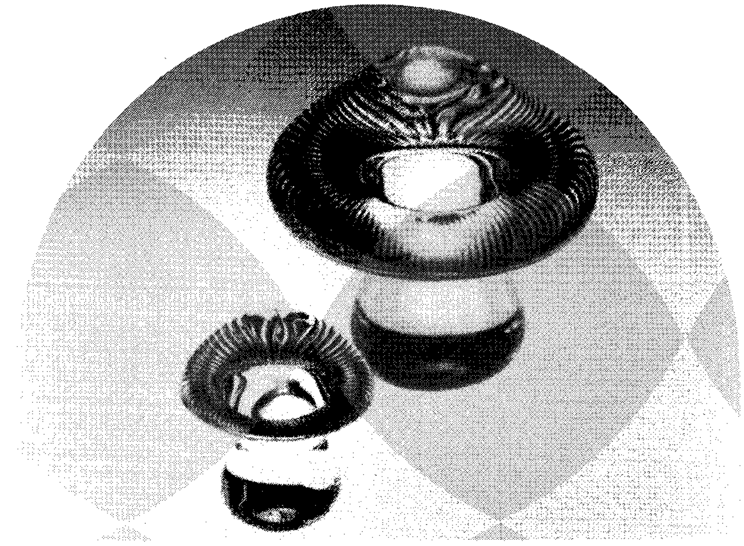
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country go? Europe is the only place we can turn.”

But just how Muslim is Turkey? Religious political parties are still banned, and although religious newspapers are tolerated, they may not engage in political propaganda. On the other hand, Turks are free to practice Islam, and according to a recent estimate there are sixty-five thousand mosques in the country, one for every eight hundred citizens. Certainly many Turks pray, at least on Fridays, when the mosques, even in the cities, tend to be full. But in the restaurants of Istanbul and Ankara, for example, you do not see much that looks traditionally Islamic: men and women sit together, indulging themselves with food and wine. (Turkey has a million and a half acres planted in vineyards, compared with three million in France.) There is plenty of Paris-style night life in Istanbul, and you can spend a week in Ankara and never see a head scarf, or even “modest dress”—at least in the fashionable downtown section, where the civil servants work and shop. By contrast, the Turkish countryside—barely distinguishable from rural Syria or Egypt—is a land of the veil and the *abaya.*

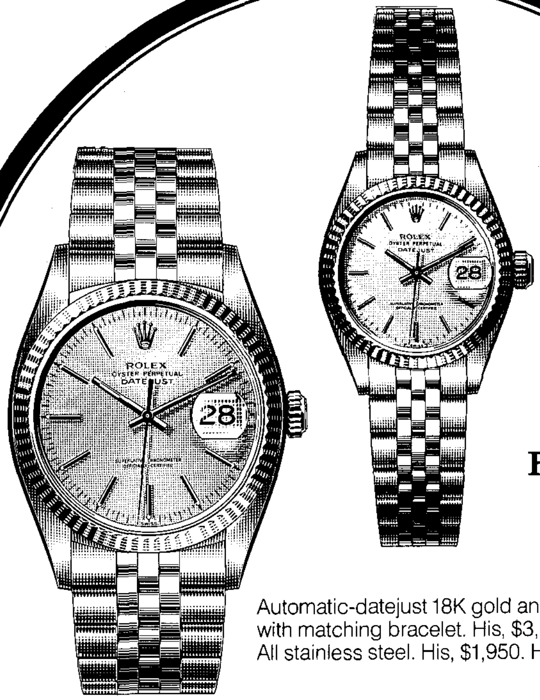
Perhaps it is more relevant to ask whether the trend in Turkey is in the direction of modern urban values conquering the countryside or traditional Islam taking over the cities. There are signs of both. A struggle is under way between secularists and traditionalists, and in a society changing as fast as this one the outcome is by no means foreordained. Turkey’s secularists have come to recognize that stamping out religion is impossible, but they worry that religion has established a beachhead within the state educational system, where courses in Islamic doctrine are now mandatory in the schools. Private Islamic secondary schools, moreover, are turning out as many as fifty thousand graduates a year. The traditionalists, for their part, acknowledge that the citizenry now takes such pleasure in the fruits of the modern world that the prospect of reverting to Koranic rule is slight. So the two sides have, on the whole, become reasonably tolerant of each other; their struggle expresses itself in a jousting for minor, and usually symbolic, rewards.

Prime Minister Özal is generally conceded to be “soft” on religious symbolism. He goes openly to the mosque and says his prayers—something that few public officials were likely to do until recently. He has been on the hajj to Mecca. He is even said to be a member of a secret religious society called the Nakşibendi—something like an Islamic Masonic order—and though he does not admit membership, he rather conspicuously does not deny it, either. He belonged initially to a pro-Islamic party, and his current party has an important religious wing. Ironically, though women in Turkey (as in most of the Third World) are often more accessible to religion than men are, it is Semra Özal, his wife, who is said to be the real secularist in the family. Turkish gossip has it that she will not allow her brother-in-law Korkut Özal into the house, because she considers his religious beliefs an unhealthy influence. Korkut has become rich in recent years as the head of a Saudi-financed Islamic bank—Islamic banking (banking observant of the Koranic ban on interest) being one of several religious innovations approved by Özal. Though the Prime Minister clearly has no plans to Islamize Turkey, he doubtless regards religious tokenism as good politics—especially among the small-town Anatolians who are his most loyal constituency.

Some of Turkey’s religious thinkers are not satisfied with tokenism, of course, but the harsher the proposed reforms, the more marginal the speaker is likely to be. Committed traditionalists consistently call for a greater degree of democracy, by which they mean the right to form Islamic political parties. One such traditionalist is Fehmi Koru, a thirty-eight-year-old columnist for a small Islamic newspaper, whom I visited in a shabby office in a working-class quarter of Ankara. “We have figures showing that sixty per cent of the Turks practice Islam and the remaining forty per cent identify with it,” he said. “I believe that the majority of the people in this country are fed up with anti-Islamic policies and should demand their democratic rights. The politicians still think that anything Ottoman, including Islam, has to be bad. But Turks have an extraordinary past! We once lived at the apex—why not again? Imitating foreign ideas cannot get us back where we were. The present government takes the ideas for its economic system from professors in Chicago, but Islam also offers an economic system. Why not adopt a system that is closer to our roots? Islam was the key to our past, and it is the key to our growth in the future. But more democracy must precede more Islam in our country.”

The strongest voice available to Turkey’s traditionalists belongs to the political party named Refah. The word, which means “prosperity” or “welfare,” is acknowledged to be a cover for its religious ideology. Refah is the heir of the National Salvation Party, to which Prime Minister Özal once belonged. In the parliamentary elections of 1987, it received barely eight per cent of the vote—down from twelve per cent and forty-eight seats that the National Salvation Party won at its peak, in the election of 1973. (Its percentage rose to ten in the recent municipal elections.) I talked to Refah’s secretary-general, Oğüzhan Asiltürk, who, as Minister of Interior in the mid-seventies, promoted a major enlargement of the religious-school system. We met in Refah’s new headquarters, on the outskirts of the capital—a complex that included its own mosque. Most of the office workers walked around in their stocking feet, Islamic-style. Asiltürk was critical of Özal’s failure to extend the religious-school system further and to subsidize the construction of new mosques, most of which are now paid for by grants from the Saudis. He made it clear, however, that neither he nor the Party favored imposition of Islamic religious law. Asiltürk was the only Turk of authority I met who departed from the national consensus on membership in the European Community. “The European Community is a Christian union,” he said, “and we are a Muslim country. They are quite open in telling us that they represent Christianity, and that there is no part for us. It is very difficult for Muslims to be together with Christians. We respect their views, but our way of life is different, our customs are different. We can increase our economic and cultural relationships with them, but we cannot be intimately linked, like the states of the United States, and that is their goal. Union with Europe would not give us the freedom we need to develop our economy and our Islamic character. We would live in perpetual crisis."

Last December, Turkey went through one of its periodic upheavals in religion-state relations, over the kind of symbolic issue to which the struggle is often reduced—head scarves on university campuses. During several campus visits, I found most university students dressed in the conventional uniform of bluejeans and sweaters, but for the past few years a small number of women have taken to wearing head scarves to class as a sign of their commitment to Islam. In 1986, the Higher Education Council—which the Army had established after the 1980 takeover, to supervise the universities—banned the scarves, and female students were thereafter sporadically disciplined for violations. A few were dismissed. The dismissals set off a tempest in parliament, and last fall a coalition of conservatives, including the religious wing of Özal's Motherland Party, pushed through a bill that lifted the ban and reinstated the dismissed students. President Evren immediately vetoed it. Evren, a former general, led the Army at the time of the 1980 coup, and he tends to think of himself as Atatürk's heir. "Modern garb is an unalienable requisite of the modernizing principles and reforms of the founder of the Republic," he wrote in his veto message. If an unlimited freedom of dress were to be recognized, he went on, professors and students would show up in class wearing "veils, baggy trousers, shorts, fancy evening dresses, knee breeches, long hair, or beards." (This was a reference to the short, neatly clipped beards that young Muslim men wear as counterpart to the head scarf.) The Presidential veto was then overridden, at Özal's behest, by an edict of the Higher Education Council. In reversing its 1986 ban, the council said that it would continue to require students to dress in a way that "does



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not contradict civilized norms," but added that students would thenceforth be allowed to "cover their head and neck according to their religious beliefs," because it had concluded that a "modern style" head scarf was "civilized."

Ayla, a sweet-faced, brown-eyed girl of eighteen, is one of the students who wear head scarves. She and Nilüfer Ünver, a pretty nineteen-year-old with flowing golden hair, are classmates in the journalism school of the University of Istanbul. Nilüfer is also an interne at the daily newspaper *Güneş*, and she arranged our meeting—a condition of which was that I not use Ayla's last name, for fear of embarrassing her family, who are religious people living in the Anatolian town of Çorum. The three of us met at the newspaper office, and Nilüfer, who speaks excellent English, did the translating. Ayla wore a blue-and-white checked scarf, from beneath which not a hair showed. She was dressed in a long-sleeved sweater and a navy skirt that reached her ankles. She wore no makeup. Though her family was reluctant to expose her to non-Muslims and to the temptations of Istanbul, she said, they finally gave in to her desire for an education and a career. She now shares a rented house in one of Istanbul's strict religious neighborhoods with several other girls, all devout Muslims.

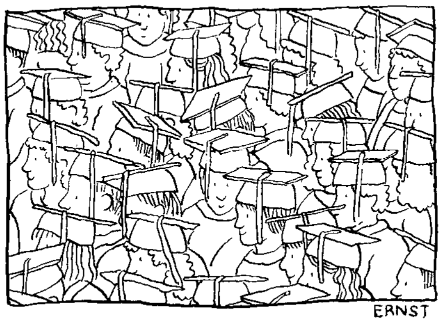
Ayla denied that her head scarf was a political symbol, insisting that she was simply observing a Muslim rule. When I asked her how she planned to pursue a career in journalism in view of her unwillingness to mix with the non-Muslim world, she replied, "I want to work for a Muslim magazine. A newspaper like *Güneş* wouldn't take me in these clothes. But if I give up wearing this scarf I'll be another person. Besides, I don't want a career for myself but only to serve God. I want to be a journalist who transmits God's will." Ayla acknowledged that she was not comfortable with people who do not share her religious commitment—and, indeed, she seemed quite uncomfortable with me. When we finished talking, I reflexively reached out my hand to say thank you and goodbye, and she drew back a half step. After an instant of reflection, she resolved her dilemma by extending her hand and brushing her fingers quickly across mine. Then, with dignity, she made her departure.

Nilüfer remarked that Ayla had been quite brave and that it had taken hours to persuade her to meet with me. Of her various statements Nilüfer challenged only the assertion that the head scarf was not meant to be a political symbol. "Maybe it isn't for her, but the other girls wear it as a sign of protest," she said. "They say that the government doesn't want us to believe in Islam. The government made a mistake in trying to ban head scarves. All this has made head scarves a very big deal." The gap between religious and secular students at the university was wide, she said, and many religious students were militant proselytizers. Ayla was "the first girl of her sort" that she had ever talked to.

"The difference between us has been a big topic of conversation among my friends and me," Nilüfer continued. "I wear miniskirts. I date boys. I use makeup. I asked Ayla if she envied me because I wear my hair uncovered, and she said that what matters is not what's on the outside but what's on the inside. Sometimes we see girls our age wearing the *abaya*. Even in the summer they wear them—these long things down to their ankles—and sometimes gloves. We don't understand it! These are good times for women in Turkey. We can choose our careers. We can do what we study to do. If a girl knows a foreign language and is a little bit pretty, there are plenty of good jobs. Girls I know have jobs that their boyfriends can't get. It's true that a girl like Ayla can't get a job at a place like *Güneş*. The people who work with her would be too uncomfortable. She'd be as noticeable in the clothes she wears as she would be if she wore no clothes at all. My grandmother, who is sixty-five, gets even more upset than I do at these things. She doesn't want the government to allow any religious dress. She says that Atatürk taught us to go forward, not back to the days of the sultans."

Şirin Tekeli, one of Turkey's first Western-style feminists, would agree with Nilüfer's grandmother that the treatment of women under the sultans was deplorable, but she would not concur that Atatürk made things all that better. Tekeli is in her fifties; she has a Ph.D. in political science and was a university professor until she resigned in protest against the establishment of state control of the universities after the 1980 coup. Her generation, she told me, was brought up to believe that Atatürk had liberated urban women, and that Turkey's problem was with peasant women, whose liberation would eventually be effected by the development of an industrial economy. Though for a time women in Turkey were prominent in public life—even more, she said, than were women in the United States—their advantages were more apparent than real: "When the women's movement began in the West, we started to look at actual conditions, and we discovered that we were not so equal after all. At the secondary level, school enrollment is higher among boys, and in recent years the proportion of women in the professions has been declining. In 1985, because of the publicity given the United Nations' Decade for Women, the government endorsed a series of feminist resolutions, which gave our movement some legal standing, and the following year we initiated a petition calling for equal treatment under the law. We got four thousand signatures—which for Turkey is pretty good. The government didn't know what to make of us. In 1987, we sponsored a march in Istanbul, and three thousand women took to the streets to protest wife-beating, which is very common here. We estimate that there are now ten thousand women—mostly doctors, lawyers, teachers—working on these issues around the country, in small, informal groups."

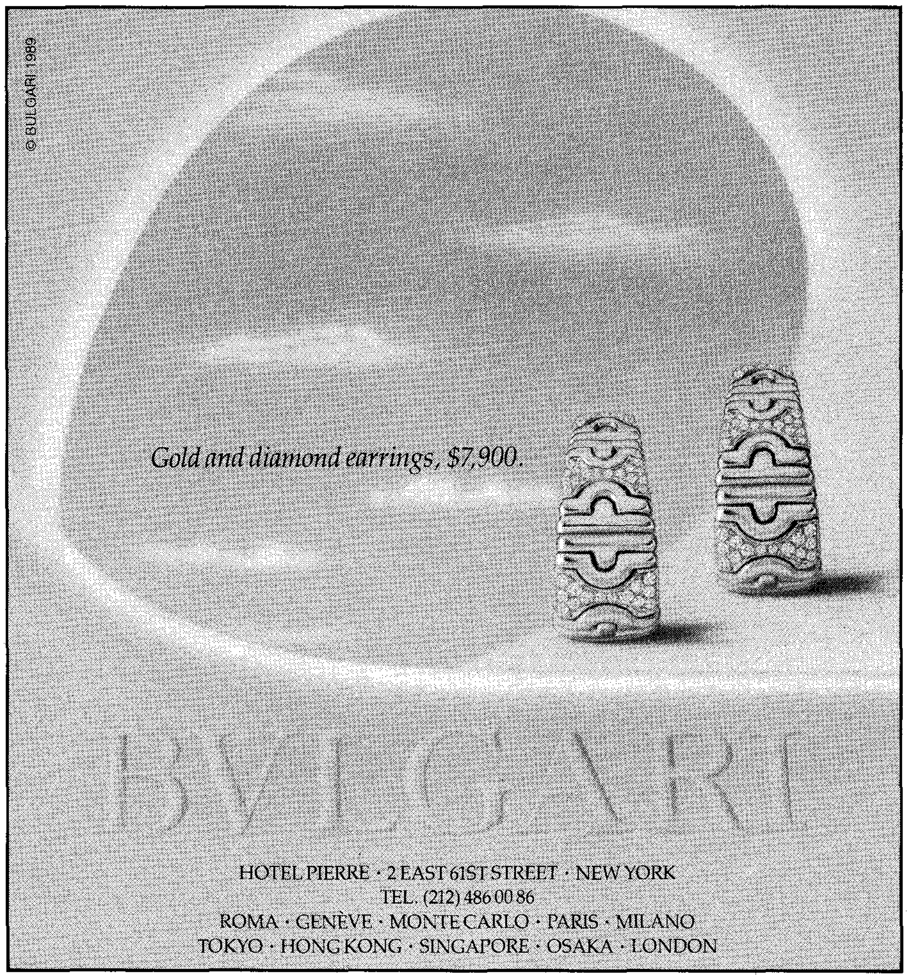
Tekeli acknowledged Semra Özal, the Prime Minister's wife, as a factor in the rise of women's consciousness. Mrs. Özal has established herself as a personality independent of her husband, she said, and conveys the image of a forceful, self-reliant Turkish woman. She smokes cigarettes, and sometimes cigars. She makes clear that she shares big decisions with her husband, and the two even hold hands in public. Mrs. Özal has lectured to women in the countryside about their rights, and her physique—which is more than ample, in contrast to the



slim sophisticates in Istanbul—is an important credential among peasant women. But her opposition to any tampering with the dictums of Atatürk, Tekeli feels, leaves Mrs. Özal as a defender of the status quo. With the exception of a liberalization of the divorce code, she said, the Özal government has done very little to narrow the legal advantages enjoyed by men. "Turkey suffers from a deeply rooted patriarchal structure—admittedly at its worst in the countryside, where the family is a totalitarian institution, in which women and children are exploited and abused," she told me. "Maybe our salvation will come in the eventual end of traditional village society. It is disappearing in Europe, and in time it will disappear here. As our culture becomes more urban and industrial, we will adopt European mores, but the change will not be automatic. I anticipate that the European Community will impose decent standards for women on us. It may be the only prospect for breaking our bonds."

ON the morning of September 12, 1980, tanks rolled through the streets of Istanbul and Ankara, and within hours the Army took over from the elected government as the ruler of Turkey. The preceding years had witnessed a failure of the Turkish parliamentary system. The various parties had been unable to govern, either alone or in coalition. As economic and social problems worsened, fringe elements of both the nationalist right and the Marxist left had turned increasingly to terror: they acquired regular access to arms, and killing became commonplace. The disorder also stirred up a latent revolutionary disposition among the Kurds, and by the end of the seventies an estimated five thousand people had died, and bombings and assassinations—most of them directed at specific political targets, but many committed at random—were occurring almost daily. In 1979, martial law was declared, but the violence continued. When the coup came, virtually all Turks breathed a sigh of relief.

"What you must understand about contemporary Turkey is that Atatürk was first of all a soldier, and that the Army has always seen itself as the instrument of Westernization and modernization," a professor of history at the University of the Bosporus explained to me. He and several of his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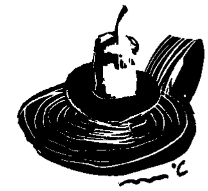
colleagues had come together in an effort to instruct me on the significance of the Army in Turkey's political life. They emphasized the fact that the Army, as the only institution in the country that emerged from the ruins of the Ottoman Empire with an understanding of the West, became the nation's intelligentsia and its political conscience—a development that contrasts strongly with the Western experience. "The Turkish Army justifies its relative autonomy by asserting its responsibility for the preservation of Atatürk's work, which it is still not at all sure is secure," one of the professors told me, pointing out that after each of its three postwar "interventions" the Army had retreated to its barracks, after applying "correctives" to the system. The consensus seemed to be that the Turkish people have more confidence in the Army, as an institution responsible for the nation's well-being, than they do in the government.



Among the politicians of the pre-1980 period, however, there was bitterness that only after it took power did the Army succeed in controlling terrorism. Indeed, the speed with which the junta restored order suggested either a miracle or preparations for action whose execution had been long delayed. Once in office, the Army was ruthless in going after the perpetrators of the terror, and after calm was reëstablished it set out to enact the political and economic reforms it considered necessary to the preservation of the democratic system. If the positive side of the "intervention" was that the Army gave Turgut Özal the authority to modernize the economy, the negative is that it unleashed a downward spiral of contempt for individual rights, from which Turkey has even now barely begun to retreat.

Human rights, to be sure, have never been Turkey's strong suit; Atatürk scarcely bothered with them in promoting his program of revolutionary change. Under the civilian governments in the decades after the Second World War, the situation seemed to improve, but in 1980, with the society in chaos, few Turks were willing to attach much priority to individual rights. On the contrary, most were more than willing to give the Army a free hand. The junta, by its own count, rounded up 122,609 suspects within its first seven months, and after the first year it still held thirty thousand in prison. In 1983, when it stepped down, it acknowledged custody of 21,121 political prisoners; many Turks believe a more accurate figure would be between fifty thousand and a hundred thousand. Thousands of the detainees—as part of normal procedure—had been horribly tortured. Hundreds died. Nor did the junta much distinguish those suspected of crimes of violence from those suspected of unpopular political beliefs. Imprisonment and torture were indiscriminate. One human-rights activist told me that the Army's real mission was to "depoliticize the country by terror." The Army, he said, "stopped terrorism on the streets and brought it into the police station."

The case of the Turkish Peace Association, which led to one of the celebrated trials of the period, is illustrative. The Peace Association was founded in 1977 to promote nuclear disarmament and an end to the Cold War. Its membership consisted of some two hundred prominent intellectuals. Not a particularly powerful or effective group, in 1980 it was routinely banned along with all other political organizations. Then, in February of 1982, twenty-eight members of the association's executive board were suddenly arrested on various charges related to sedition. Later, several dozen more, including the defendants' lawyers, were charged, and, in the absence of habeas corpus, most remained in prison while their cases were pending. Some were tortured. The trial, which began in 1985, ended two years later with the conviction of twelve, the acquittal of thirty-one, and dropped charges against twenty-eight. By then, some of the innocent had spent more than three years in prison, and the time served by the guilty had exceeded their sentences. All were released, but the prosecution appealed the verdict. The case is still in the courts.

Gencay Şaylan, a former political-science professor at the Middle East Technical University, in Ankara, was one of those acquitted. He spent thirty-eight months in various military and civilian prisons, and though he was not tortured, his memories of the period are grim. He is working now as a journalist. He told me that he would prefer to return to the academic world, but in spite of his acquittal he has repeatedly been refused jobs, though there have been openings in his field. "There was no rationale for prosecuting the Peace Association," Şaylan said. "We were a left-wing élite who did nothing but talk. We were sacrificed to a hard-line faction in the military. But this is not an unusual case. After a while, going to prison seems like a natural part of life in Turkey." Şaylan told me that if the government's appeal fails and his acquittal is affirmed he can sue in civil court for some small compensation for his time in prison. But he made it clear that he was skeptical about the prospect of collecting anything.

With an eye to its application for membership in the European Community, Turkey has made some moves in the past few years to improve its human-rights image. In July, 1987, it finally lifted martial law. It has recognized the right of citizens to appeal to the European Human Rights Commission, and it has signed the Council of Europe Convention for the Prevention of Torture—both moves being concessions of form rather than substance. It has from time to time given outside monitoring groups, such as Amnesty International and Helsinki Watch, a certain amount of freedom to inquire into conditions. Still, few detached observers would dispute the conclusion of a report on Turkey which Amnesty International released last January: "In recent years fewer people have been detained on political grounds, and consequently the number of prisoners of conscience has declined and so have the number of allegations of torture and reports of deaths in custody as a result of torture; yet there has been no significant change in the pattern of human-rights violations. Anyone detained on political grounds risks being tortured." Turkey's repressive 1982 Constitution remains unamended, as do repressive provisions of the civil code and various decrees of the junta. Estimates that I heard in Turkey and regard as reliable say that the Özal government currently holds five thousand prisoners whose offenses might reasonably be classified as political. Some thirty-five of them are journalists.

When Fatma Yazici became the "responsible editor" of an investigative weekly called *2000'e Doğru* ("Toward the Year 2000"), she put herself in danger of joining them. The magazine is published in Istanbul; it has a circu-

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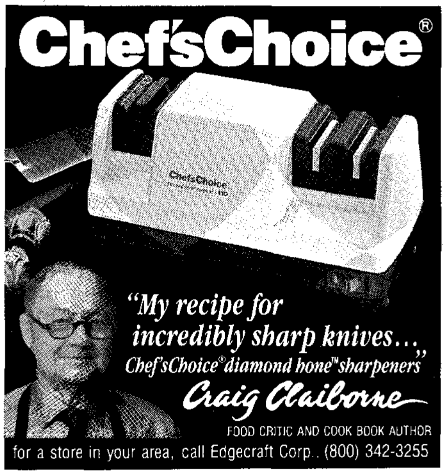

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lation of about twenty thousand. Her title means that it is she who takes legal responsibility for what the magazine publishes, which includes going to jail if necessary. Since its first issue, in January, 1987, the magazine has been repeatedly charged by the government with publishing articles that violate the press laws. Among them were examinations of the conduct of Atatürk, President Evren, Prime Minister Özal, and the Prophet Muhammad. Most, however, were articles that were said to promote autonomy for the Kurds—an illegal objective—and an issue of the magazine was confiscated for containing a pro-Kurdish statement by Atatürk. Of the cases so far tried, two ended in verdicts of not guilty and are being appealed. The others brought guilty verdicts and combined sentences of fourteen years, which have been affirmed on appeal. Yazici was scheduled to give herself up, but this spring she went underground and is believed by many to have fled Turkey.

I met Yazici, a slight thirty-three-year-old woman with sparkling brown eyes, in the magazine's offices, which are in the old newspaper district, on the south bank of the Golden Horn. The room in which we talked smelled of stale cigarette smoke and barely accommodated the three desks that were jammed into it. Yazici told me that though she was a Marxist, the magazine did not reflect her ideas. When I asked her why she had willingly made herself its scapegoat, she answered, "I don't consider myself a scapegoat. I knew the risks. If the magazine is to publish what we think is important, someone has to take the rap." The Turkish press, she said, was not accustomed to fighting for its freedom—the journalists' unions worried chiefly about salaries—but she thought that Turkey's desire to join the European Community would lead ultimately to freer expression. When I asked her how she felt about spending much of her youth in prison, she laughed, and informed me sardonically that the law said that no matter how many sentences were imposed the limit she would have to serve was thirty-six years.

I ran into Yazici by chance about three weeks later, in an Istanbul park, at a demonstration of support for several hundred hunger strikers in Turkish prisons. It was one of those days when the rain refused to let up, and some three thousand people—from their appearance I took them to be mostly working class—stood in a sea of mud, slipping and sliding whenever they moved their feet. Hundreds of policemen in black rubber raincoats and riot helmets ringed the site. Yazici, sheltering me under her umbrella, introduced me to the rally's organizer. He told me that the event had been approved by the authorities after he submitted several requests. One of every three or four demonstrators, he said, was probably from the secret police, and the number of well-groomed young men wearing similar overcoats seemed to support this contention. Banners bearing slogans—"STOP TORTURE," "END FASCIST EXPLOITATION," "FREEDOM FOR POLITICAL PRISONERS"—rose above the crowd, and crudely printed flyers denouncing inhuman treatment in the prisons were being distributed.

The hub of the demonstration was a flatbed truck, from which successive speakers delivered impassioned harangues. I was most moved by a heavyset elderly woman with weather-beaten skin and bad teeth who shouted out a description of the conditions in which her son lived in prison, but the crowd responded more enthusiastically to a younger woman with long black hair named Deniz Türkali, who is the daughter of Vedap Türkali, a prominent novelist who spent eight years in jail for left-wing writing. She is known as Turkey's Joan Baez, and she sang a series of folk ballads on political themes, accompanying herself on the guitar. Several television cameras recorded the proceedings, and when I said that I was surprised to see Turkish television covering the event the organizer corrected me; one of the crews was from West Germany, he said, and the others were from the police. The organizer himself made the last speech of the afternoon, urging the crowd to disperse peacefully in order to avoid giving the police a pretext for arrests. Nonetheless, the next morning the newspapers reported that three demonstrators had been arrested on leaving the site. A few days later, I learned from a Turkish journalist that the number was probably closer to a dozen, but the police would not confirm either figure, nor would they disclose any names.

One of the planners of the demon-

*“Are you aware that this is now considered part of the Greater New York Metropolitan Area?”*

stration was Nevzat Helvaci, the president of Turkey's Human Rights Association, and I arranged to meet him later that week in Ankara. A handsome man with white hair overlapping his collar, Helvaci is a lawyer who in 1986 joined with about a hundred other Turks, many of them relatives of political prisoners, to apply for permission to form the organization. Though the hand of the government has become a bit lighter lately, he said, none of them had any illusions about the dangers. The ban on political organizations is legally directed against political partisanship, and since politics are not a concern of the Human Rights Association the founders reasoned that they could find a channel within the letter of the law. Thirty-two branches have been founded, and there are about seven thousand members. Unfortunately, he said, Turkey's middle class has not shown much interest in human-rights issues, and though the bar associations have provided some leadership, the principal activists are those with family members in prison. His modest office, off Atatürk Boulevard in Ankara's center, was crowded during my visit with people seeking help for imprisoned relatives. The association has tried to promote its cause within the apolitical terms of its permit, conducting seminars and panels for the general public and the press, and publishing a monthly bulletin with a circulation of several thousand. The state prosecutor, however, contended that all this constituted politics and was thus illegal, and he filed charges against the members of the executive board which carried from two to four years in prison. The courts acquitted the accused, but various local and state authorities continue to harass the association.

“Our principal campaign so far has been to promote amnesty for all prisoners,” Helvaci told me. “We say ‘all prisoners’ because we believe that after the 1980 coup much testimony was taken under torture. Since it is impossible to establish which testimony was coerced and which was not, we have concluded that the entire system of justice is suspect. A large proportion of the victims of torture—especially in the rural areas—are Kurds. We have documented the cases of a hundred and seventy-one people who have died under torture since 1980—and those are just the cases we can prove. Today, the violations are largely limited to interrogations carried out by the police in the first days after arrest. Much could be resolved if the government would simply allow lawyers to be present at these interrogations. But it will not, and the torture goes on.”

THE government's treatment of Kurds is a particular focus of the struggle for human rights in Turkey today. Their failure to be granted their own state after the First World War has left the Kurds a sullen minority not just in Turkey but in Iraq, Syria, Iran, and the Soviet Union. Though many Kurds fought on Atatürk's side during Turkey's war of independence, it is probable that few Kurds have ever thought of themselves as totally Turk. They rose up against the state three times, and each time the Turkish Army brutally put them down.

Even quite sensible Turks become exasperated when an outsider raises questions about Kurdish rights. They argue, with only slight exaggeration, that Kurds suffer no discrimination when they behave like other citizens. Marriage between Turks and Kurds is common, they say. They point out that Kurds have held some of the highest offices in the land, both civilian and military, and that Turgut Özal himself may be part Kurd. About thirty Kurds currently sit in parliament. Most Kurds, acknowledging universal rejection of their proposals for independence, now content themselves with declaring cultural autonomy to be their goal. But Turkish society will not brook even this limited notion, maintaining that the Kurds, not being a bona-fide minority, can claim no special treatment. In Islamic thought, only Christians and Jews are entitled to minority rights; Kurds are considered an integral part of the Islamic community. If they are referred to separately at all, it is as Mountain Turks. Kurdish is not recognized as an official language, nor can it be taught in the schools. There is disagreement even on the number of Kurds in Turkey, because the government will not identify them in a census. Experts estimate them at about a fifth of the population.

"When I was a baby, all the lullabies I heard from my mother were in Kurdish," Nürettin Yilmaz, a member of parliament from the Kurdish town of Mardin, told me. "Whenever I cried and needed to be quieted, whenever I was hugged in joy, I heard Kurdish expressions from my mother. When I played or walked about the streets or the bazaar, I spoke Kurdish with my friends. When I went to school, at the age of seven, I did not know a single word of Turkish. I learned Turkish in school. There are millions of people like me in Turkey. The denial of this reality is like trying to brush a coat of paint over the sun."

Yilmaz, a stocky man of fifty-two, is one of the few political figures in Turkey who will openly discuss the Kurdish question. First elected to parliament in 1973, he was among ten thousand Kurds imprisoned after the 1980 coup and tortured at the notorious Diyarbakir prison. He was released after two and a half years and then imprisoned a second time, for membership in the Peace Association. Barred from running for parliament, he was invited by Özal—who recognized his appeal to Kurdish voters—to become a candidate of the Motherland Party in 1987. He is now a member of the Party's left wing, and he said he would probably be expelled by the powerful conservative faction if it were not for Özal's protection. Turgut and Semra Özal, Yilmaz said, are the only leaders in Turkey who reach out to the Kurds. He added that if the Prime Minister had his way he would surely grant cultural rights to the Kurds—a statement with which no one else I met in Turkey agreed.

"The government should accept the fact that there are Kurds in Turkey," Yilmaz said. "Kurds don't have their own programs on television, so they watch Kurdish broadcasts on Iraqi or Soviet TV—with Iraqi and Soviet ideology. Officially, the government does not even use the name 'Kurd,' but the taboo has been lifted a bit by the press. There is no reason we should not have our autonomy, like the Kurds in Iraq. There is a Kurdish institute in Paris but none in Turkey. We cannot learn our own history, or hear our own poetry. We cannot listen to Kurdish music, and so we buy contraband cassettes from abroad and play them in our cars. Did you know that such a thing can get you five years in prison? If it were not for my parliamentary immunity, I could be sentenced to five years for what I am telling you today."

In 1984, Marxist-Leninist guerrillas known as the P.K.K.—the initials, in Turkish, stand for Kurdish Workers' Party—began a series of attacks on Turkish military units in Anatolia, claiming Kurdish independence as their objective. They operated from inaccessible points high in the Taurus Mountains, and from across the Syrian, Iraqi, and Iranian borders. They were brutal in dealing with Kurdish villagers who declined to support them, and it is estimated that by 1987 at least three hundred civilians and as many as five hundred soldiers and police had been killed. Although the guerrillas conspicuously failed in their goal of triggering a Kurdish uprising, the Turkish government was seriously shaken. Some years earlier, it had begun constructing a network of dams and power stations known as the Southeast Anatolia Project—GAP, in Turkish—to promote economic development in the region. In response to the attacks, it stepped up work on the project and assigned Kurdish troops to defend the GAP installations. It also built an electrified security fence on the flatlands along the Syrian border. The defense effort was put in the hands of Hayri Kozakçioğlu, a former prefect of police in Istanbul.

Kozakçioğlu, a burly man in his late forties, is a major public figure in Turkey these days. He holds the unique rank of "super-governor," with authority over eleven cities and their surroundings. I met with him in his lightly guarded military compound on the outskirts of Diyarbakir. "The aim of the P.K.K. is to establish a Marxist-Leninist regime in Turkey," he told me. "They chose this region because the terrain is full of places to hide. They are taking advantage of a people who speak a different language. Many of the guerrillas are Kurds, but the leaders are not. They communicate in Turkish. They have no interest in Kurdish independence, and it is obvious that the majority of the people called Kurds do not support them. Most of them were trained in Lebanon,

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in the Beqaa Valley, and they get their support from Syria and Iran. Some of their arms come from the Soviet bloc. Their special targets are the GAP installations, because they know that after GAP is built the region will be prosperous and their cause will be finished. We knew we could not use organized armies against guerrillas—the Americans learned that in Vietnam—so we have formed small anti-terrorist units, with improved communications that enable us to maintain contact throughout the remotest areas. We have a good intelligence network, and some villages have formed voluntary militias to help us. The P.K.K. gets too much aid from outside the country for us to suppress them completely, but we have evidence that bit by bit they are losing hope."

When I asked Kozakçioğlu what his feelings were about allowing cultural autonomy to the Kurds, he raised the pitch of his voice. "The idea that Kurdish culture is suppressed is a tactic of the Communists," he declared, and went on to argue that the Kurds had plenty of opportunity to do their folk-singing and dancing, and that the Kurdish language was neither sufficiently standardized nor sufficiently developed to justify its being taught in the schools. It would be very much to the advantage of the Kurds, he said, to agree simply to be good citizens of the country. The advice seemed sensible—even well meaning—but I had an experience in a Kurdish village (slightly disguised in the telling) which demonstrated to me how difficult it is to persuade a Kurd that he is a Mountain Turk.

Yedioluk (a fictitious name), a village set on a bleak, stony plateau some miles from Diyarbakir, is the home of several hundred Kurds. An acquaintance in Ankara suggested that I visit them, and provided me with an introduction to the doctor at the village clinic, who he said spoke a little English. The day after my talk with the super-governor, I drove to the village, and the doctor met me near a new gendarmerie—part of the stepped-up security system. He showed me through his primitive clinic and took me on a walk along unpaved streets, past rather grim one-story houses of mud and stone. Then he proposed that we have tea in the village teahouse, a few yards away from the gendarmerie. It was a one-room structure with a dirt

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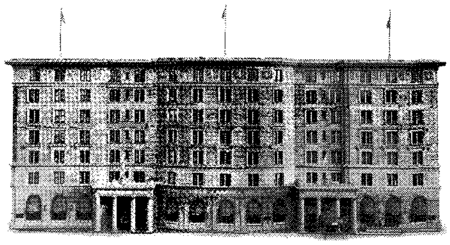

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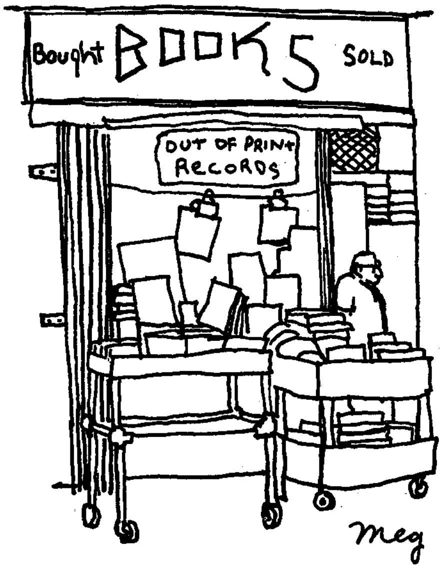
floor, in the dark interior of which a handful of men were sitting on low stools, playing a game that looked like mah-jongg. I took a stool against the wall, whereupon the men interrupted their game and gathered around me. Within a few minutes, there were a dozen in a semicircle, one of whom was introduced to me as the muktar, or village head. By then, word had obviously spread around Yedioluk, for within a quarter of an hour the number of men rose to thirty or more. (Not a single woman appeared.) Though my conversation with them was conducted on a rudimentary level, there was certainly communication. I wanted to talk politics; they wanted to talk jobs, since they thought at first that I was some sort of businessman and could provide work. They said that it often required a bribe to get a job, and none of them could afford to pay it. The only work available in the village, they said, was plowing the fields or tending the sheep and goats, and all the other jobs in the region went to Turks.

As we sipped our tea, one man—a fat fellow in his thirties—became conspicuous by shouting over and over, in painfully mastered English, such phrases as "Sir, everybody Turk, no Kurds!" and "Kurds, Turks brothers!" After several repetitions, he bellowed, "You understand?" By then, I was finding him a little annoying, and I said yes, I understood well enough but did not believe him. When the doctor translated my words, the others burst into laughter, and the ice was broken. In the next half hour, the men told me something of their lives: the village is fully electrified, most of the houses have radios, and a few have television. They noted proudly that they do not use birth control—"not Islamic"—and that the norm is for a man to have two or three wives and a dozen babies. (They meant male babies, since in the countryside only boys are counted.) One man complained that a friend's son had scored very high in his secondary-school examinations and had gone to Ankara for a civil-service post, only to be sent home because he was a Kurd. True or not, the assertion seemed to reflect what the group believed. The statements I most often heard, and which most stuck with me, were "Life is harder for Kurds than for Turks" and "Kurds have no country."

During the meeting, men continued to enter the teahouse, and a few got up to leave, among them the muktar. As soon as he had left, the doctor bent toward me and whispered that it was time to go. It was quite possible, he said, that the muktar, being in the pay of the government, had gone to the gendarmerie, and the police might soon appear. Once we were outside, he told me that the man who had so energetically proclaimed his loyalty to Turkey was from Yedioluk's richest family, with the most fertile lands and the largest herds. As we walked toward my car, we were followed by several teen-agers, obviously aroused by the meeting, who called out "Turkish bad, Kurdish good!" and "Diyarbakir Kurdish, no flag! Mardin Kurdish, no flag!" I realized that my presence in the village might well lead to arrests—even my own—by the Turkish police, so, after bidding the doctor and the boys a brief and unceremonious farewell, I jumped into my car and sped off.

DURING the last week of my stay, I paid a formal call on the Özals, in their residence in Çankaya, a suburb of Ankara made famous by Atatürk, who chose it as his home during the war of independence. A contemporary biographer described Çankaya as "a village on a bare ridge some four miles outside" the city. Today it is an elegant, wooded enclave—the home of ambassadors and high officials, and a few minutes' drive from the parliament. Özal does most of his work in the Çankaya house, preferring it to his office downtown. It is a low, sprawling, solidly built house, situated on a rise and partly concealed by fir trees. It had once been the Foreign Minister's residence, I was told, but Mrs. Özal liked it better than the Prime Minister's residence and requisitioned it. Critics of the Özals cite this as evidence of a fondness for good living which they say is not in keeping with the austere standards expected of Turkish leaders, but the house seemed to me far from luxurious, and the furnishings rather modest. Mrs. Özal, a round woman with a rosy smile, greeted me in the living room, which was decorated chiefly with family photographs (the Özals have three children and four grandchildren). I spoke with her for a few minutes, and her remarks seemed to me to confirm the feminist critique that she was a booster of the Atatürk myth. "Turkish women are very fortunate," she said. "Women in Europe had to fight for their rights. In Turkey, Atatürk gave them these rights. The problem we face now is whether women know how to exercise them. In the rural areas, they clearly need more time to come up to contemporary levels. But doesn't every society have different levels?" She described her work in the countryside, where she promotes the causes of education and health care, and noted with some pride that she had been able to persuade women—and, more important, their husbands and fathers—that Islam permits women to be examined by male doctors. This was among the changes, she said, that had begun to bring down Turkey's high infant-mortality rate. "We are the world's most modern Islamic country," she said. "There is religious education in the public schools, but the idea behind it is to present religious duties as compatible with secular society. My husband is sometimes portrayed as a fundamentalist, but this is not correct. My views are modern and liberal, and if he and I did not share these views I would not be able to do the work I am doing."

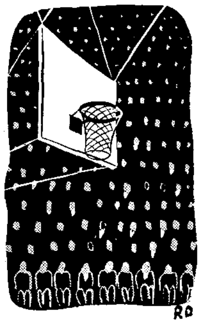


The Prime Minister met me in a large office filled with books and electronic equipment. He had his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, and he invited me to take a chair beside him at a long conference table at which half a dozen aides were seated.

I began by asking him whether he believed that Turkey had changed enough to satisfy the requirements for admission to the European Community.

"The biggest change we've made is in economic thinking," he replied.

"The private sector now exceeds the government in total investment. A decade ago, talk of privatization would have generated a powerful reaction in the press and parliament. The state was seen as a father. Now we can announce that we'll get rid of our refineries—a huge organization—and nothing is said. A decade ago, it was almost impossible for foreign enterprises to be set up here. Foreign meddling in the economy during Ottoman times left us with a bad taste in our mouths. Now a foreign investor must simply comply with the same rules as Turks, and no one complains. Five years ago, we had no credit cards"—he pulled out his wallet with a flourish and let Visa and American Express cards fall to the table—"and now everyone has them. Turkish travellers used to return from abroad with their luggage filled with purchases. Now they can find the same products made here, cheaper. Syrians, Iraqis, and Greeks cross the border every day by the busload to shop in our stores. Turks can take money out of the country, keep foreign-exchange accounts in Turkish banks, write unlimited checks. It's a basic change—not just in our economy but in our way of thinking."



The words gushed out easily and confidently. Özal's aides, who sat listening or taking notes, provided no advice while he spoke. I asked him whether he saw any danger to the regime in Turkey's seventy-five-per-cent inflation.

"I don't think there's any threat," he said. "In the last twenty years, Turkey has had huge economic problems—foreign debt, perpetual balance-of-payments deficits, stagnant industry. I personally went to the international agencies for help, and they smiled at me as if to say that Turkey was a hopeless case. Well, we've cleaned up most of the economic problems, and inflation is what's left. We've transformed ourselves from an agriculturally based to an industrially based economy in eight years. It took the West fifty to a hundred years to do it, with no one hectoring them about human rights or I.L.O. norms"—a reference to the International Labor Organization. "Turkey, furthermore, is accomplishing all this in line with the current social standards of the Western world. I was in Pittsburgh in 1950, when it was smoky and dirty, and no one lectured the Americans about the environment. In Germany in 1956, the standard work week was fifty-six hours, and no one worried about labor standards. Korea had no retirement benefits for its workers when it was growing, but we do. We've built an international telephone system that is as good as any in the world, and extended the electricity system so that every village can have color TV. The hard fact is that sacrifice goes along with economic development, and our sacrifice comes in inflation. But the result of what we've done is that democracy is stronger, secularism is stronger, and the threat of military intervention is finished. We still have a much different social structure from Europe. Our society reflects two continents, Europe and Asia, but we've succeeded in creating one nation. You have to appreciate what we've done."

Since Turks regularly complain that Westerners badger them about human rights while remaining indifferent to Turkey's achievements, I had thought that it would be prudent if I left my questions on this subject until last. But Özal himself threaded his remarks with so many allusions to the issue that I felt comfortable asking him outright if he was worried that the human-rights problem would be an obstacle to Turkey's membership in the European Community. He poured out his answer with the same zest and self-assurance he had shown in talking about the economy.

"The whole issue is exaggerated in the West," he said. "You forget that in the years immediately before 1980 Turkey was in anarchy. As many as twenty people a day died in the streets. When the Army intervened, there were many arrests in the effort to stop the killing quickly. There were a hundred times as many people interrogated as in previous periods, and the Army probably inflicted some punishment during these interrogations owing to lack of an experienced staff. Human-rights standards were not maintained. But even in this period the accusations made were not correct. The reason is that many extremists escaped and established themselves in Europe, where

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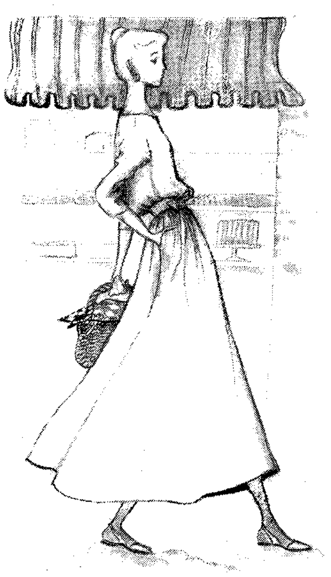

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they made charges against us. Many of these people are still abroad, still saying these things.

"As for freedom of the press, I'm the Prime Minister, and many people criticize my policies, and that's normal. But if journalists tell lies, or insult me personally or my family, Turkish law can impose a jail sentence, and I tell my lawyers to go after them. Take that magazine *2000'e Doğru*, for example." (I don't know whether Özal was then aware that I had been at the magazine's office and had interviewed Fatma Yazici.) "There's this woman there, Miss Yazici, who insults either me or the President every week, and she's got to stop. There's no reason that she should not go to jail. If there is a violation of the law, someone has to be penalized, or else the law should change."

Özal paused, as if to contemplate what he had said. "Maybe some of our laws should change," he went on. "We're different from the West in banning Communist and religious parties and their propaganda. But our circumstances and our history are also different from those of the West. Communism comes from our next-door neighbor Russia, and we fought many wars with the Russians. We are looking into the codes now, and we are contemplating some change, but the public doesn't want it. If you remove the prohibition against religious parties, for example, you've got to remove it against Marxist parties, and many Turks agree on one or the other but not on both. We've made great strides over the past few years in allowing freedom of the press, open debate in parliament, review of government decisions by the courts. But the time is not right to repeal the codes on Communism and religion. I don't think that will be an obstacle to getting into the European Community.

"As for the Kurds, that is one issue the West does not understand. The people who migrated to the United States had many languages and ethnic differences, and when they got there they all called themselves Americans. We're trying to do the same thing now in Turkey, where we have had many different cultures. During the Ottoman Empire, they were separated, under Islamic law, and for the most part they lived peacefully together, but Atatürk changed that system. There are people who live in eastern Anatolia, some of whom we call Kurds, but the same people also live in Ankara, Izmir, Istanbul. There is no difference between them and the rest of the Turks. I don't know my own origin. I may have some Kurdish blood myself. But I call myself a Turk. Atatürk wanted a nation-state. The statement he made was 'Call yourself a Turk and be proud of it.' Those people are Turks, and they are not treated badly. They can be generals in the Army, they can be head of state. Most of the military police in the Army are Kurds, because they are a tough people. They speak their language at home, but they are not a minority. Why should they want to have autonomy? I think that's wrong, and I wish the West would understand it."

As I listened to Özal, I received the impression that this was someone so sure of his position that he would not bother trying to deceive me. If he is certain of the morality of his stand on human rights, it is because he is the product not of John Locke and Voltaire but of the Ottoman sultans and Atatürk. I suspect that when a Western civil libertarian tells him that Turkey falls far short of international standards, he does not really understand. Like most Turks, he believes that Western critics of Turkey's human-rights practices tend to be hypocrites, and that the complaints in the European Community are a cover for objections to Turkey's membership which are not being articulated. To the Europeans he says defiantly that though Turkey's membership in the Community can be delayed, it cannot be denied. But he is known to have warned the members of his Cabinet that Turkey, once admitted, may be forced to behave in ways that it would not have adopted voluntarily. He said as much to me, adding, "Sometimes you learn after getting a beating from somebody." The comment reflects his pragmatism, and suggests that if stronger human rights are the price of admission to Europe, he might cheerfully pay it. —MILTON VIORST

•

## WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the New Orleans Weekly Gambit*]

An excellent salad is the Albacore tuna, with minced celebrity, shredded carrots, and just enough Canola mayonnaise to bind the mixture but not produce a gooey effect.

# LETTER FROM BEIJING

MAY 26

WHAT we've been experiencing in China—mostly in Beijing—these past several weeks is unlike anything I've ever seen before. No American student demonstrations or mass civil-rights actions can begin to compare with it. From our central square, Tiananmen, "People Power" (a slogan deliberately borrowed from the Philippine Revolution of 1986) has radiated out to control almost every Beijing intersection, and, at last report, streets in forty other Chinese cities as well. This youth rebellion may not be able to hold out much longer, but what an amazing and glorious month it has given us, and who ever expected it to occur in China?

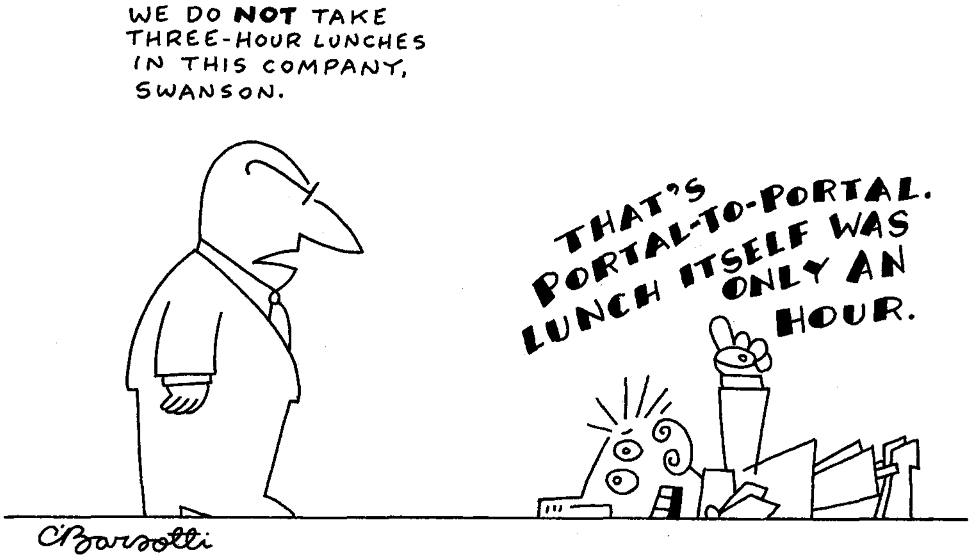
Miraculously, the spectacle has so far been relatively bloodless—although this, too, may change at any moment. As I write this, Army troop carriers and tanks are being prevented from entering the center of the city by thousands of Beijingers massed literally at every turn. Without weapons, without communications other than the *xiaodao xiaoxi*, or grapevine, without transportation other than bicycles, and trucks borrowed from farmers and work units, without even any agreement on what they are demonstrating for—except the right to demonstrate—the students and those protecting them are blocking a modern, well-equipped Army with the single resource that China has in plenitude: Chinese bodies. They have staked a claim to the future with the *sheng*, or plastic twine, that has been strung on bamboo poles over most of Tiananmen, to mark off areas for different groups of demonstrators. When historians get around to naming what this has become they might consider calling it the Sheng Rebellion.

In the forty-year history of the People's Republic, Tiananmen has easily accommodated countless rehearsed pageants and staged demonstrations. Now, though, even this vast stage, with the Great Hall of the People for a backdrop, seems inadequate for what is being played out upon its nearly hundred acres. The sight of it covered by more than a million young people, most of them not angry but, rather, good-naturedly eager to match their collective strength against the limits of state power—with more pouring in all the time, from cities and universities as far away as Shanghai—is, quite simply, the most awesome thing I have ever seen.

From street level, or on the plaza itself, it is a bewildering confusion: masses of marchers headed in conflicting directions, swirls of color from flags and banners that are difficult, and sometimes impossible, for the Chinese themselves to decipher, chants and occasional firecrackers that drown out even the speeches of demonstration leaders which are broadcast by loudspeakers all over the square. Elevation provides some perspective, and my preferred vantage point (when I am not kept from reaching it either by police or by impenetrable crowds of spectators) is from the east, at the head of the stone staircase that leads to the Museum of the Chinese Revolution, opposite the Great Hall of the People. Watching from there the early stages of the hunger strike that escalated into these enormous demonstrations, I was reminded of the atomic structure of a radioactive element. Around a dense nucleus of demonstration leaders and hunger strikers, parades orbited both clockwise and counterclockwise, and those marchers were in turn encircled by new groups parading in from the four corners that are the principal entrances to the square. Irregularly, however, groups of ambulances bearing collapsed hunger strikers would shoot out from the nucleus and, sirens wailing, hurtle to the square's corners through cordons always kept open for them.

A day or two later, the atomic analogy had ceased to be valid. Buses had been brought onto the square to shelter hunger strikers, lean-tos were being erected from burlap and bamboo, and trucks and carts were bringing provisions to feed those who were not hunger strikers but were in the square to support them. (The number of actual hunger strikers varied from day to day, but at its peak it reached three thousand.) The analogy the view then suggested was to drawings I've seen of Civil War encampments: headquarters tents and lines of men around mess trucks; mud, puddles, and garbage. Overhead was a canopy of flags and banners, flying even from the rooftop flagpoles of the museum and, at one point, from a flagpole in the courtyard of the Great Hall of the People itself.

Most of what we here have heard of the maneuvers taking place behind that flagpole I'll leave to the historians to sort out. The maneuvers have been compared to a great game of chess, with the students and soldiers as pawns, but if the board is Beijing then I think the game is closer to the Oriental game of *weiqi*, or go, in which the pieces are of equal rank, and you win the game by surrounding your opponent while he is attempting to surround you. The first moves on Tiananmen, in mid-April, were likened by Chinese friends of mine to the spontaneous demonstrations there in 1976 of mourners of Zhou Enlai, which led to the overthrow of the Gang of Four. However, many of the following demonstrations here—until Beijingers flowed into the streets of their own accord to blockade tanks and trucks—looked to me about as spontaneous as the sessions of the National People's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Congress in the Great Hall last March. Ultimately, it has led me (and others) to wonder if many of the first student counters on this board weren't placed there by some of the same players. All but the first of the scrupulously disciplined student marches appeared to be carefully organized and planned, with a view to publicity both at home and abroad. The Chinese government has public-relations machinery of its own, but the fact is that the students' deliberate pursuit of the attention of the media throughout the free world was their most successful tactic. Whether or not they ultimately win this battle, they have forced the rulers of China not only to acknowledge but to begin to address years of corruption, neglect, and misrule.

THE ostensible purpose of at least the first of the demonstrations, of only about three hundred students, on April 16th, was the mounting of a show of mourning in Tiananmen Square for former Communist Party Secretary Hu Yaobang, who had died after a heart attack the day before. Hu, although he was seventy-three, had been looked upon as a friend of the young, possibly because when he fell from power, two years ago, it was attributed to his reluctance to crack down on student demonstrators. Actually, students had already planned before Hu's death to mark the seventieth anniversary of the May Fourth Movement, a 1919 student protest. Hu's death just moved the demonstrations forward. The first wreath- and banner-bearing demonstrators who converged that April evening on the Monument to the People's Heroes, in the center of the square, apparently did their marching on bicycles, or possibly on the subway. Their appearance there seems to have come as a surprise not only to the authorities but to most of the hundred and sixty thousand students at the Beijing region's sixty colleges and universities. Because demonstrations are prohibited but concerted mourning is not, the police were uncertain how to respond and took no action, and, in any case, the students dispersed of their own accord at just about midnight, when the square is normally cleared.

The following evening, April 17th, things took a more traditional, and certainly a more forceful, turn. Around six o'clock, after dormitory rallies at Beijing University and at People's University, nearby, approximately four thousand students linked arms and set off on a ten-mile hike to the square. I happened to be on my way downtown to my "work unit," Xinhua, the official Chinese news agency, and was able to observe that these banner-carrying, hand-holding young men and women, although they were sporadically chanting slogans, didn't appear to be really attempting to demonstrate anything other than their own good spirits and freedom from campus routines. Certainly they didn't seem to be mourners. Nevertheless, Beijing's armed police were not attempting to suppress their march but were protecting it, and holding up traffic for it at intersections.

Later in the evening, to see what the students were up to, I joined thousands of other curious Beijingers on the subway to Tiananmen. The by now footweary students I had seen a few hours before had arrived at the monument—a granite obelisk, banked by spotlights, standing on a plaza reached by stone staircases in all four directions. The wreaths and banners left there by the original demonstrators the night before had been cleared away by police, but scores more had replaced them. By now, though, groups of students were coming not just from Beijing and People's Universities but from most of the other Beijing-region institutions of higher education as well. Each group arrived, marched once around the square, and joined the thousands of students, spectators, and plainclothes policemen (the only people there who seemed not to be enjoying themselves) already swirling around the monument. Since English is widespread in China's universities, and those who study it are always looking for people from English-speaking countries to practice it on, I found no lack of young volunteer translators. I asked one, who identified himself as a mathematics student, to tell me the meaning of some of the banners. "Long live democracy, down with dictatorship," he read. I asked about another, which was twisted and difficult to make out. "It says something about Master Hu being the spirit of democracy," he answered. "But what's the difference? Hu's just an excuse." If not Hu, then what were these demonstrations about? Beyond "democracy" and "freedom," my volunteer translator didn't seem to be aware of what, exactly, he and the other students were demanding. Nor, during those first few marches, could I obtain explanations from any of the other English-speaking students I talked to in the square or on the streets around it. Obviously, though, the personification of their discontent was Deng Xiaoping, the country's senior leader. (Deng's given name translates as "small bottle," and during the days of his ascendancy, after the Cultural Revolution, small bottles showing support for him were left all over the square; now, in these demonstrations, small bottles were smashed all over it.) Eventually, specific demands were formulated, but even they omitted what are, in my view, the two principal causes of dissatisfaction: a feeling among the young that Deng and many other senior Chinese leaders have become too old to govern effectively; and a systematic governmental devaluation of scholarship, which is deplored both for its own sake and for the future of students. Deng himself said during the sessions of the National People's Congress here last month, "Our greatest mistake of the last ten years was the insufficient development of education."

Historically, educators and students occupied the first estate of Chinese life, the other estates being, in descending order, farmers, workers, and businessmen. Over the past ten years—the Deng decade—the estates have been inverted. Teachers' salaries are low and are not always paid. Students are sometimes crammed eight to a cubicle in the dormitories of even the country's most prestigious institutions, and are taught in filthy, crumbling classrooms. Worse, many uneducated workers hold jobs that now pay more, and appear to offer better futures, than those that graduates are assigned to. Something that has been overlooked in most of the Western accounts of these student marches is an announcement made by the State Education Department on April 13th, three days before the first march, that revoked a previous promise that this year's college and university graduates would be allowed to seek their own jobs. In effect, this means that most seniors must look forward to being dispatched in the next few months to work units far from the cities that attract young people.

Whether or not Hu's death was simply an excuse, the demonstrators kept coming, surprising national leaders with their persistence. And, except on one evening, when it rained, their numbers swelled in each of the five days leading up to Hu's funeral, on Saturday, April 22nd. On Friday, Western reporters estimated the crowd at two hundred thousand. My own calculation was somewhat lower—a hundred and fifty thousand—but even this was an overwhelming mass, and I should mention that I felt no threat from it to my own safety, or that of other onlookers, Western observers in particular. Not so fortunate, however, were Chinese journalists, so-called "spies with cameras," who were sometimes menaced as possible agents of Public Security; some journalists who had been punished in prior demonstrations were identifiable from news photographs. The only one injured, however, was a Hong Kong photographer, and he later reported having been roughed up by police. Western newsmen, and particularly television cameramen, were sought out by demonstration leaders and parade marshals, eager to stage events for them, and even to hold up huge parades until the TV people could work out superior camera angles.

In the week before Hu's funeral, two significant confrontations took place between demonstrators and police, and the first appears, in retrospect, to have established ground rules on just how far the students would be permitted to go. After the monument's spotlights were turned off at midnight on Tuesday, April 18th, and police cleared the square, a crowd of several thousand made its way around Tiananmen's northwest corner onto Chang'an Jie, the Avenue of Eternal Peace, and neared Zhongnanhai, the headquarters of the Central Committee of China's Communist Party and the residence of the country's principal leaders. "Come out and talk with us!" the demonstrators chanted. Then several of the more adventurous members of the crowd attempted to carry a wreath past a cordon of fifty policemen blocking Zhongnanhai's formal, lacquered entrance panels, and the officers charged. Amid a hail of flying bottles, and shouts of "Nazis!," "Hitlers!," and various untranslatable epithets, Chang'an was cleared. A number of the demonstrators were said to have been beaten, and the Hong Kong photographer was arrested, but the only officially reported casualty was a policeman struck by a thrown small bottle. The second confrontation occurred on the day before Hu's funeral, and in full view of a crowd of perhaps a hundred thousand in the square. A few hundred students got past police lines around the Great Hall of the People, and a dozen or so actually ran up the steps to its door. They paused there, however, and, apparently intimidated by their own lèse-majesté, turned and trotted back down the steps.

It was not until the next afternoon, when four thousand of China's leaders had left the Great Hall of the People following Hu's funeral, that three student representatives were actually permitted to enter the building, with a petition. What they were not permitted to do was present the document to Premier Li Peng, to whom it was addressed, or to any other official. The Chinese constitution does not delegate to any office or official the authority to accept petitions. A picture of the three student representatives on their knees on the steps of the Great Hall, symbolically begging for someone to talk to them, played a far greater role in the demonstrations that followed than the document's carefully worded appeals. Briefly stated, the appeals called for Hu's formal rehabilitation, publication of the assets and salaries of the government leaders and their children, publication of "true accounts" of the clash at Zhongnanhai, the lifting of bans on newspapers and other publications, the institution of price controls on consumer goods, "a dialogue" with the leaders, and a promise of no reprisals. In effect, though, the first demand, the rehabilitation of Hu, had already been acceded to, at his funeral: President Yang Shangkun presided; Hu's successor as Party General Secretary, Zhao Ziyang, a popular figure here, delivered a flowery eulogy; and the whole service, which lasted for forty minutes, was televised throughout the nation and broadcast over loudspeakers to the thousands in the square. After its conclusion, and the unsuccessful attempt to deliver the petition, students began marching back to their campuses, but their leaders announced that they would continue demonstrations

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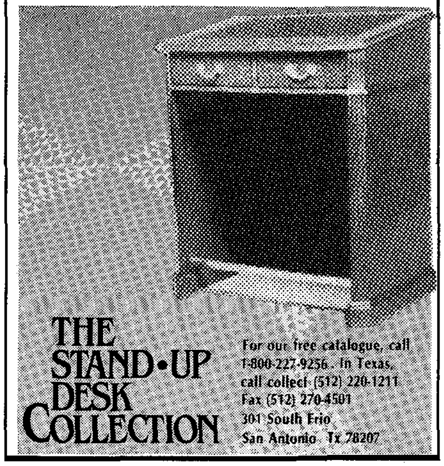

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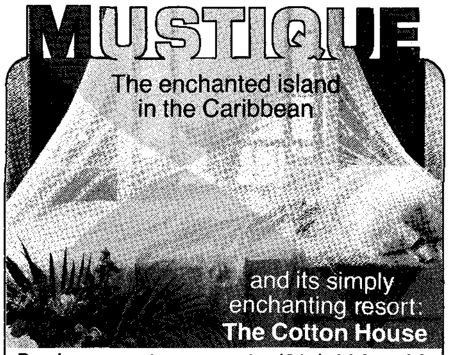

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and boycott classes through May 4th.

FIVE days later, on Thursday, April 27th, in a significant escalation, the students returned to Tiananmen in a procession of at least a hundred and fifty thousand—more than twice as large as any of their previous parades. About the best reason I can come up with for this particular demonstration is that almost everyone in authority—the official media and, of course, the administrators of the city's institutions of higher learning—had warned the students not to march. One exception was Zhao Ziyang, who had left immediately after Hu's funeral on a long-scheduled trip to North Korea. Distance, however, would not have prevented him from issuing a statement, and, whether his silence was or was not *weiqi* strategy, it was interpreted here as the first indication of a schism in the five-member Standing Committee of the Political Bureau of the Communist Party Central Committee on how to handle the students.

In Zhao's absence, Deng Xiaoping, who is not a member of the Standing Committee but is deferred to by it, was reported to have told Party leaders to "no longer tolerate" the student movement. Western reporters were shown minutes of a meeting of the Politburo in which he was quoted as saying, "We shouldn't be afraid of bloodshed or pressure from international public opinion. . . . We have three million troops." Beijing University administrators urged students to "think of your family and parents." But the admonition most widely disseminated, by Xinhua and by government newspapers, radio, and television stations in advance of its publication (that early release in itself was extraordinary), was a blunt editorial in the *People's Daily*. The purpose of the demonstrations "is to poison people's minds, create national turmoil and sabotage the nation's political stability," it charged. "This is a planned conspiracy which, in essence, aims at negating the leadership of the Party and the socialist system."

The march took place anyway, and the government was prepared for it. Units of a nearby People's Army division were trucked in to cordon off Tiananmen Square, but by the time they took up their positions, in the early afternoon, their orders had apparently been changed. It seemed that, as in *weiqi*, Deng was defeated in a surrounding action while planning his attack. The *Asian Wall Street Journal*, which has excellent contacts here, reported, "When word filtered down that Mr. Deng was ready for a bloody suppression, many senior cadres refused to go along. The dissenters began an intensive lobby of the Politburo to resist Mr. Deng's order. . . . Other senior cadres, including veteran party leaders from the Central Advisory Committee, a group of elderly advisers to the state, also weighed in."

The decision, obviously, was that only a show of force would be put up against the demonstration. I had gone downtown to watch from a point as close as possible to Tiananmen. A neighbor of mine is a former police supervisor now teaching here, and, on a promise of anonymity, he gave me a professional appraisal of the tactics of the People's Armed Police: "They stretched a triple row of officers linking arms completely across the street, but when the marchers came and the pushing and shoving started no commander stepped out, and Public Security didn't take any action; the officers simply moved aside and allowed the column to come through. It seemed to me they never had any intention of stopping it. If they did, they certainly violated everything I had learned about police crowd-control tactics. For example, whenever possible, we try to set up lines like these at intersections, not in the middle of the block—the idea is to give the crowds somewhere to back off to. A second point is never, never let anyone get behind your lines—the back row of officers should have been turned about and detailed to keep the crowd off the backs of the first two rows. Third, they had no barricades and they didn't carry clubs or wear helmets—routine equipment on crowd details. Also, they were not set up for arrests—they had no vans, buses, or other vehicles to take away prisoners. And, finally, they put their line right at the front gate of the Friendship Hotel, where so many foreign experts live—in New York, that would be comparable to doing it at the front door of the Waldorf. The only reason I can think of for establishing it there for the world to see is that they wanted everyone to think they were trying to stop the march but were unable to."

Also, I knew, Chinese Public Security has tactics it can use, when it considers them appropriate, for harassing marches and making demonstrations difficult at best. Early in 1987, for example, in the student demonstrations that cost Hu his Party chairmanship, lines of marchers were diverted onto a street that water tankers had flooded at least ankle deep, and were detoured as frequently as possible away from Tiananmen. Last month's students were not diverted; in fact, routine traffic was diverted for them. About two hours before they were due downtown, all vehicles, even bicycles, were cleared from Jianguomenwai and Chang'an, two principal streets leading from the east and west to Tiananmen.

Another point of apparent agreement between the leaders and the protesters was that the march would be limited entirely to students. On Wednesday, the day before the demonstration, plainclothes Public Security officers called at joint-venture hotels and factories along the projected lines of march and warned employees of these establishments that they would lose their jobs if they joined the students. During the parade itself, student marshals themselves kept out all other would-be demonstrators. (Apparently, however, nothing was said about other forms of support, and the marchers were encouraged on their way downtown, not only vocally but with food and drink passed into their ranks from the sidelines; a popsicle seller was reported to have donated her entire stock.) On the south side of Chang'an, aided again by translations from volunteer English speakers, I recorded what seemed to me to be the principal point that these marchers sought to make with their flags, headbands, and banners, and over their bullhorns. This was not a demonstration in opposition to the government, the Party, or Communism itself, nor did I see anything about Hu; the pretext of mourning had been dropped. This was simply a demonstration in support of the right to demonstrate. A banner held up by Beijing University law students quoted China's constitution: "CITIZENS OF CHINA HAVE THE FREEDOM OF GATHERING AND DEMONSTRATIONS." As another group marched by, it chanted in unison a quotation attributed to Deng himself: "A revolutionary government is a government that listens to the people, not a government that keeps silent." "GIVE ME DEMOCRACY OR GIVE ME DEATH," read one banner, in English. Again, though, the students were ambiguous, and, it seemed, deliberately so, about what democratic reforms they wanted from their government. About as far as they got was a chant by students from Qinghua University (roughly analogous to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in America): "We adhere to the leadership and to the Party's principles, and to Socialism, but we want to do away with the country's dirty leaders." Exactly who the "dirty leaders" were the student marchers were careful not to say, but apparently their number included all those entitled to be chauffeured in the Mercedes limousines that in the past several years had proliferated in the capital: "Sell the Benzes and pay the country's debts" was a popular chant. There was also a touch that I think American Yippie leaders would have appreciated: several units marched by singing the anthem of the Public Security forces, "The People's Police Love the People."

Another song—to the tune of "Frère Jacques," of all things—was translated for me as "Lying to the people, lying to the people, very strange, very strange," and its theme symbolized an appeal, if not for a totally free press, then, at least, for objective and fair reporting, and, specifically, reporting of the student movement. Early in the demonstrations, orders had gone out to government newspapers and radio and television stations to publish or broadcast only accounts of them transmitted by Xinhua. Two newspapers that did attempt to publish their own reporters' accounts suffered the consequences. Editions of the *Science & Technology Daily* carrying six pictures and a story on the demonstrations before and during Hu's funeral were confiscated (copies of the edition were smuggled onto Beijing campuses anyway), and the paper was ordered "reorganized." Qin Benli, the editor of the weekly *World Economic Herald*, had given offense to censors before; he is known in the West as a critic of the Party. The *Herald* ran a six-page tribute to Hu Yaobang, and not only was it suppressed but Qin was dismissed. However, it was not these acts of censorship that students were protesting; rather, their anger was directed mostly at the hectoring editorial in the *People's Daily* the day before. "Sue *People's Daily*" was the most common chant of the march, and other government media became targets as well. "XINHUA NEWS AGENCY MAKES NONSENSE," one banner read, and another read, "RADIO BEIJING SAYS WHITE IS BLACK." I was also struck by a device used by a student marching under a banner that was translated for me as "NEWS MUST BE REAL." He had a portable tape recorder hooked up to a bullhorn, and it bellowed over and over, in English, "Xinhua can fool some of the people all of the time, and Radio Beijing some of the people all of the time, but *People's Daily* can't fool any of the people any of the time!"

I missed seeing the first moments of what became the day's big story: the ostensible capture of Tiananmen Square from the P.L.A. and the police. This was accomplished not by students —they marched east past Tiananmen Gate and kept right on going, ultimately circling back north to their campuses—but by spectators. Just before the end of the parade, which lasted two and a half hours, the soldier-and-police cordon on the north side of the square collapsed. A Western press account has it that the crowd simply "burst through" the cordon, but I had noticed several minutes earlier, after it became apparent that the students were going past the square, and not trying to enter it, that uniformed Public Security men were withdrawing—not in disorder but in formation. First, I spotted several companies of them being marched in double time away from the square, toward marshalling yards where their buses were parked, and then, a few minutes later, the parade itself was held up by student leaders for several minutes to allow trucks filled with more soldiers to reach the same yards. In any case, within minutes the hundred-acre plaza was filling with shouting, running youngsters, some of whom clambered onto the backs of late-departing P.L.A. trucks parked there and teased soldiers attempting to clear a path for them.

AFTER that jubilant conclusion, there would obviously be no way of averting the parade that occurred a week later, on May 4th. I'm not even sure that Party and government officials were unanimous in wanting to avert it. Deng, who had gone off to the government's seaside resort at Beidaihe, was now thought to be hoping the students *would* get out of hand, to prove General Secretary Zhao Ziyang and the other soft-liners wrong. Those who had dissuaded him from putting down the march now had the responsibility of maintaining at least some semblance of stability. Among the moves made apparently in response to what the government thought the students were telling it was an announcement that the practice of importing limousines for official use would end, and that this summer ranking officials would not retreat, as had been customary, to Beidaihe (perhaps further isolating Deng). And, if the leaders could not bring themselves to meet with the protesters, at least they could appear to be in sympathy with and carrying on a dialogue with youngsters of their own choosing: three thousand students from the ranks of the government-sponsored Communist Youth League were invited to the Great Hall on May 3rd to hear Zhao Ziyang, returned from his trip to North Korea, plead for stability. If it "is destroyed," he said, "what can be achieved? Can science and democracy be achieved? They cannot. All that will result is turmoil." A few hours later, in a televised press conference, Yuan Mu, who speaks for the government in a role roughly analogous to that of White House press secretary, conceded that although "the government has the ability and the guts to stop the present unrest" (Mr. Yuan's translators are both fluent and forceful in English), the next march was virtually inevitable. "I hope that tomorrow there will be no mass demonstration, but maybe my hopes will not come true," he told several hundred reporters.

Nevertheless, in my view, Yuan Mu managed to score several public-relations points. One was that it was difficult for the government to know which of the student organizations and leaders—among whom there was a constant turnover—it was supposed to talk to. Also, he made it appear that it was the students, not the government, who were setting up obstacles to dialogue, by demanding—among other "preconditions" contained in a petition that the State Council did deign to receive—that representatives from the established student organizations be excluded from it.

The language of most of the petition—ultimately rejected by Yuan Mu as "ultimatum-like" and "something of a threat"—appeared to have evolved from the *dazibao*, or "big character," posters that in the preceding two weeks had been pasted on bulletin boards and on the walls of many of the buildings on the Beijing region's sixty campuses. Policy on the admission of outsiders to these campuses appeared to vary from day to day, but on May 2nd, when the gates were open, I biked to Beijing and People's Universities with Marlene Thom, who speaks Chinese and edits publications of the Foreign Languages Press, to read the *dazibao*.

It was toward the end of the second week of the boycott of classes, and I expected to find students in high spirits, but in fact the mood of most of those I encountered circulating around the bulletin boards was rather sombre. At Beijing University, we joined clusters of students reading—and, in some cases, copying—posters. Some of the poster headlines translated for me by Mrs. Thom were "WHICH DIRECTION IS THE STUDENT MOVEMENT GOING IN?," and "LONG LIVE DEMOCRACY, LONG LIVE FREEDOM," and "USE LAW TO GOVERN THE COUNTRY," and "THE REVOLUTION HASN'T SUCCEEDED YET." The text of this last began, "The demonstration on April 27th may be considered successful, but if we celebrate our victory now then we may never achieve real victory. Our goal is not to demonstrate and boycott classes but to build democracy. We must not disperse our strength in the process."

We had to edge our way through clusters of readers to reach a bulletin board devoted to articles on student demonstrations from the New York *Times*, the Los Angeles *Times*, and the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and pages from the suppressed editions of the *World Economic Herald* and the *Science & Technology Daily*. On other bulletin boards, signs plastered over signs displayed poems, including one long allegory, and a song, complete with music, entitled "Oppose Official Corruption and Profiteering." Another song, emanating from a student's portable tape recorder, had been taped over the music of a popular melody called "Follow Your Feelings." Its translated lyric: "The country is following the Communist Party, the Communist Party is following Zhao Ziyang, Zhao is following Deng Xiaoping, and Deng is following his feelings." The bulletin boards also held several cartoons. One, entitled "Record of a Certain Meeting," illustrated a frequent charge that the leaders of the established student organizations had been selected according to their *guanxi*, or relationships to government cadres. It showed three officers in government uniforms around a conference table. Two of senior rank are berating the third, a very junior officer, and he is pleading, "But, Second Uncle, just let me say two words." As we were reading this, a nearby student nodded vigorously in agreement with Mrs. Thom's interpretation. "Correct?" I asked him. "Correct," he said, and then indicated another young man taking pictures of us. "Police," he whispered, and ducked around a corner.

This combined approach and avoidance in relation to Westerners has become more common, particularly on campuses, with charges in the government media that the student movement is being directed or somehow influenced from abroad. In his press conference Yuan Mu accused one New York based organization, Chinese Alliance for Democracy, of inciting "people who crave nothing short of nationwide chaos to get what they cannot get when the country is politically stable," and he went on, "As far as I know, some people have been spreading their ideas in the universities for years and conducting illegal activities there. I hope these people will not mistakenly think that the government is so naïve as to know nothing about all this." Actually, foreign students had been asked by demonstrators to stay out of their marches, and student leaders had also been scrupulous in keeping Chinese dissidents celebrated in the foreign press out of what they considered their movement alone. At the same time, though, they were formulating tactics to attract the most possible foreign attention and to embarrass the government internationally.

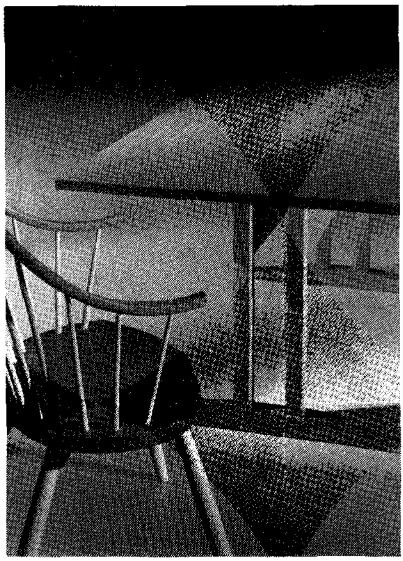
By coincidence, governmental scheduling had already guaranteed that, with or without a student march, world-press attention would be focussed on the Great Hall on May 4th. Months before, China had invited about three thousand delegates and observers from forty-seven member nations of the Asian Development Bank to meet here on that anniversary date, and, specifically, to convene their first session that morning in the Great Hall.

Yet this parade to Tiananmen, even though it included, for the first time, a few selected nonstudents, among them a marching unit of three hundred journalists joining in the protest against press coverage, was shorter and less impressive than the April 27th parade and the subsequent "capture" of the square. It may have attracted more spectators, however; cart drivers who came early and parked in strategic positions did a considerable business, selling views from their elevated flatbeds for as much as ten yuan (two and a half dollars) per person.

This time, though, even as the Asian Development Bank delegates met in the Great Hall of the People, there was no show of force by the Army or attempt by police to keep spectators out of Tiananmen Square. The students had choreographed their spectacle so that banner-waving units marching from the east and the west on Chang'an converged at the square's northwest corner at about 1 P.M. The combined parade then turned south to a point directly in front of the entrance to the Great Hall, which was guarded only by a few files of police—certainly a force no larger than the ones that the marchers had by now become accustomed to sweeping aside. The morning session of the Asian Development Bank had ended, but a number of delegates remained, possibly to watch what would happen. The flag bearers, parade marshals, and vanguard units paused dramatically. Had the bearer of a pastel-blue-and-white flag that led the parade and had come to symbolize the student movement turned into the Hall, I don't believe that anything less than weapons fire—and mass casualties—could have kept the demonstrators out. For the fifteen minutes, while the standard-bearer posed there, making the most of his moment, I doubt if Zhao or any of the hundred thousand of us in the square or in the Great Hall knew for certain which way the march would go. In the end, with a circular flourish, the bearer pointed the demonstration flag away from the Hall, and the parade followed it unopposed into Tiananmen Square.

HAD the demonstrations ended then, as I believe most student leaders intended them to, they would still have constituted the largest, the most militant, and by far the most impressive civil protest I had ever seen. But, as it turned out, this game of *wei-qi* was far from over—and it was being played on the campuses as well. Wu'er Kaixi, of Beijing Normal University, who had emerged as a student leader, announced at the end of the May 4th parade that class boycotts would end, but unexpectedly found himself powerless to get the colleges and universities running again. On most campuses, fewer than half the students returned, and they didn't stay in classes long. Too many other things were going on by then, the most notable among them a bicycle parade on May 10th by ten thousand students to the gates of the *People's Daily*, Xinhua, Radio Beijing, and China Central Television to protest unfair and inadequate coverage of their movement. And on May 13th, two days before world attention again focussed on Tiananmen, a relative handful of students—only three hundred at first—biked there to set in motion events that would eclipse what was to have been the historic sunset of Deng Xiaoping's career, his summit with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

To mark the normalization of their relations with the Soviet Union after thirty years, the government and the Party had planned an impressive Tiananmen reception for the Soviet leader, who had been scheduled to lay a symbolic wreath at the Monument to the People's Heroes. The Chinese are a ceremonial people, and since some of those heroes were soldiers killed in border skirmishes with Russia this was a moment the Chinese leaders had been anticipating for years. Nevertheless, at the last minute on May 15th, with the monument again covered by banners and surrounded by thousands of hunger strikers and hundreds of thousands



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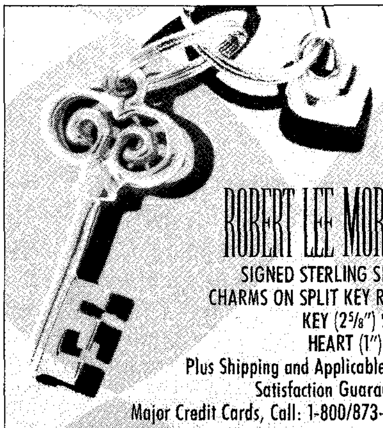

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of their supporters, the ceremony was cancelled and the square yielded completely to the demonstrators. Gorbachev was greeted at the airport, and he had to be brought into the Great Hall of the People through a rear door. The Soviet leader didn't seem to mind—in fact, he seems to have taken it all in pretty good humor—but the embarrassment to Deng Xiaoping turned out to be far more than symbolic. If the government could tolerate this, it seemed, what wouldn't it tolerate? The next day, May 17th, workers joined the demonstrations: from all four corners of the city they came, a million strong, workers and students, to support the hunger strikers in the square. "LISTEN TO THE STUDENTS" is the translation of a banner I spotted on the back of a truck packed with steelworkers. "THEY ARE GENTLE INTELLECTUALS. WE ARE ROUGH WORKINGMEN." And these new marchers *were* rough. They didn't bother smashing small bottles symbolically; they attacked the old man by name. "HOW'S YOUR HEALTH, DENG XIAOPING? PLEASE RETIRE," read one of the politer banners carried in the longest, most spectacular of all the Beijing marches to date.

Despite obstacles and schedule delays caused by having to get around the protesters, the summit limped on. At its concluding press conference, Gorbachev was asked what he thought was going on out in Tiananmen. The processes leading to freedom of expression, democracy, and individual rights, he said tactfully, "are difficult but necessary." A few hours later, with what must have been sighs of relief all around, the Russian flew off, and his hosts turned to their more pressing problem—what to do about the students starving themselves to death in the square. Some of the hunger strikers, claiming to have found their water spiked with glucose, were now refusing liquids as well as food, and ambulances carrying those who collapsed were making runs to hospitals at average intervals of two minutes. Most of the students were treated for dehydration and carried back—often in the same siren-screaming ambulances—to the square. Although a rumor that one of the strikers had died proved to be unsubstantiated, both demonstration and government leaders were expressing concern about the explosion of student anger they could expect if they ever had to confirm such a rumor. But it was the government, not the demonstration, that blew apart first.

Before dawn on May 19th, the students won their greatest symbolic victory: Party Secretary Zhao and Prime Minister Li Peng came down to the square to see them. Li didn't stay long and was generally brusque, but Zhao boarded one of the hunger strikers' buses, and Chinese television pictures showed him close to tears. "I came too late, I came too late," he began. His speech, through a bullhorn, was rambling but affecting. "I am too old, but you are still young," he told the fasters. "Live to see the modernizations of China." He promised that "the problems you have raised will eventually be resolved," and he freely conceded a point that had become of paramount interest to the demonstrators—that their movement was a patriotic one. "You all want our country to become better," he said.

Zhao was right—he had come too late. Although his appeal appears to have helped convince the students that they should end their six-day hunger strike (if not their occupation of Tiananmen), by the time they announced the concession the Politburo had met and voted four to one against Zhao's plan to compromise with the students. It has not been confirmed officially, but he was reported to have proposed, among other points, disclosure of the assets of top leaders and their families, including his own. Significantly, he was not present on May 19th, when an audience of several thousand senior cadres assembled in the Great Hall to hear Prime Minister Li and President Yang Shangkun condemn "anarchy" and call in the Army and, in effect, declare martial law. Hunger strikers, Li said, were being held "hostage" by those seeking to "coerce and force the Party and the government to yield to their political demands." The true goal of the movement, he charged, was "negating the leadership of the Communist Party of China," and to achieve this its leaders "concentrate their attack on Comrade Deng Xiaoping."

I watched Li's televised address with a number of young Chinese friends, and I don't recall ever seeing them so depressed. Within a quarter of an hour after the end of the speech, however, depression turned to exhilaration (typical of the minute-to-minute mood swings here lately) when the grapevine reported that generals of the Thirty-eighth Army, stationed to the south, had refused to march on Beijing against the students. The commander of the Twenty-seventh Army, which was farther away, was reported to have said he would obey the order, but only when he had received it, in writing, from Deng Xiaoping. And by the time he received it human barricades had flowed onto the city's streets. The driver of the car taking me home that night—I am embarrassed to have to admit that it was one of the now symbolic Benzes—barrelled through six separate attempts to stop us on the nine-mile trip to northwest Beijing.

Fortunately, the drivers of the Twenty-seventh Army's tanks and trucks were less skillful—or perhaps less reckless. Before dawn on May 19th, half a dozen different convoys were reported stalled, swarmed over, and besieged by thousands upon thousands of Chinese. My daughter, Mary, an editor, was in a car of reporters that managed to reach one of those convoys stalled east of the city. "There were twelve Army trucks all surrounded, front, back, and both sides, by people," she told me. "The soldiers they were carrying were all sitting there, looking pretty unhappy but not trying to do anything about it. Students who got there before us had pushed everybody else back—most of those who were there seemed to be from a nearby steelworks—and were actually protecting the soldiers from the crowd. Some people, though, were writing slogans like 'THE PEOPLE LOVE THE PEOPLE'S ARMY' on the trucks while others were throwing cigarettes into the trucks. Then, when the soldiers didn't light up, they started yelling at them again—stuff like 'What's the matter; aren't the people's cigarettes good enough for you?' They were all still there when we drove away."

IT is now seven days after the declaration of martial law, and still the Army has not arrived; by day, most of the city appears to be returning to normal. Most public transportation (but not Chang'an bus lines running past Tiananmen) is running again, and traffic police have reappeared at intersections. However, students still occupy the square, and all week the entrance to Zhongnanhai has been encircled by demonstrators whenever I've passed it. So far, three students are believed to have been killed and one paralyzed in clashes with police or soldiers, but none of these casualties have been confirmed.

The columns of Army trucks that were barricaded have been allowed to turn around and return to their bases, but parked out in the yards of Beijing Railroad Station is a thirteen-car troop train bearing perhaps two thousand soldiers. Also, groups of People's Liberation Army soldiers are around town—the largest group I have spotted is thirty. They have infiltrated the city in plainclothes and are bivouacking at government offices downtown, apparently waiting for orders that have not yet come.

Roadblocks by demonstrators have become smaller and less frequent. The car driving me home from work last night encountered only three, and we were stopped by only one. However, the discontinued checkpoints are in the central part of the city, within easy hailing distance of the *hutongs*, or alleys, that hold most of Beijing's nine million people, who will have more than enough time to reëstablish them if Army tanks or trucks reappear on the city's outskirts.

There was another parade on May 23rd, and, even with heavy afternoon rains, the number of marchers again reached a million—and that figure is from the official press, which, incidentally, appears to have responded positively to the demonstrations of its own journalists. Many Beijing publications are now covering the story of the demonstrations, if not completely, then much more fully and fairly than before. However, yesterday, for the second time, China Central Television cut American networks off from direct satellite transmissions. While the demonstrators took that as an ominous sign, they were worried even more by what they feared might be interpreted as a student provocation: three men, without known connections to any student group, threw black paint on the immense portrait of Mao Zedong that hangs in Tiananmen Gate. It was students who captured the three—all were from Hunan, Mao's home province—and handed them over to police. So far, the only reaction by the government has been to replace the portrait

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Johnny Urquhart
Head Cooper

Duncan Macpherson
Duncan Macpherson
Stillman

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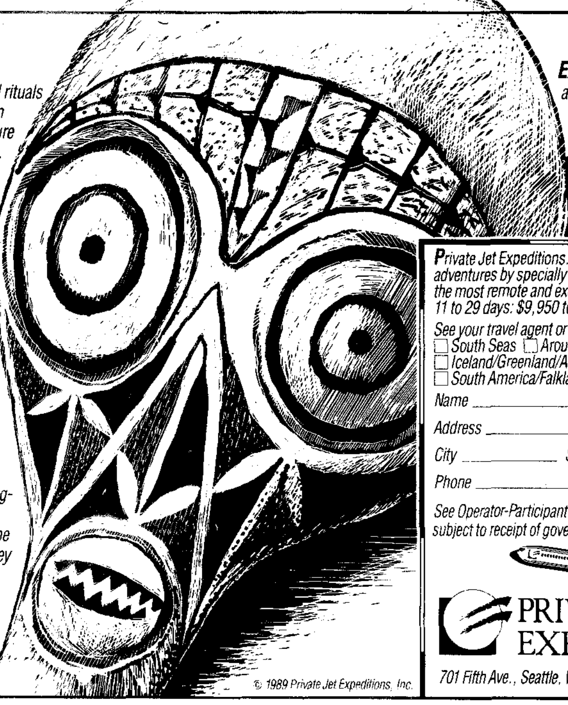

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with an earlier (and, in my opinion, better) painting.

I went back to Tiananmen Wednesday to attend a student press conference announcing yet another change in leaders. Also reported were donations from citizens on the previous day of three hundred thousand yuan (about eighty thousand dollars), and twenty thousand articles of clothing. "And that doesn't include the food," Shao Hong, a translator from the Foreign Language Bureau, told me. He has spent most of the past eight days in the square, helping out at what the students call their "propaganda bureau," on the east elevation of the Monument to the People's Heroes. "People have been so wonderful in helping out," Hong said. "Free-market peddlers have been bringing us food." At that moment, boxes of free popsicles were being handed around. "Truck drivers stop and siphon gas out of their tanks to help us run our speakers," he added.

While I was in the square that afternoon, my wife, Iris, who is also a journalist here, encountered two English-speaking students, a boy and a girl, both twenty-one, on their way to Beijing Railroad Station to take a train back to their college, in Dalian—about a fifteen-hour stand-up ride for students without tickets. Not for fear of authorities but for fear of their parents, who had no idea they were in town (much less travelling together), they declined to reveal their names, but they said they had just spent "the most exciting week of our lives," much of it within walking distance of their homes in Beijing. Qinghua and Beijing University students had come to Dalian to enlist them, the boy said, "but we didn't decide to join the struggle for democracy and freedom until we saw it on television."

"You know, the timing was perfect," the girl said. "There was the occasion of Hu's death, the seventieth anniversary of 1919, and, finally, the bicentennial of the French Revolution. The movement came about because it has been needed for a long time, but it took higher-educated people to put those three things together. In Dalian, as we were going to the station, passersby gave us money, and the railroad workers cheered us on the trains as we rolled past them."

The boy was asked if he now opposed Communism.

"No," he said, apparently shocked by the notion. "We want the Chinese Communist Party to be better—no other party can govern this country."

"Actually," the girl put in, "we don't think the government is as corrupt as many people say, but we do feel we have to reform it now, and, whether they use military force or not, we've succeeded in showing them they must start building democratic procedures. Deng and Li must go—they're just too old."

Nevertheless, as the week ended, student leaders found themselves in the paradoxical position of having to place their hopes in a leader a decade older than the sixty-year-old Li Peng (although not, of course, as old as the eighty-four-year-old Deng). In theory, seventy-three-year-old Wan Li, the chairman of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, could have called it together, and it could have ended martial law. But by another of those coincidences of state scheduling, he was abroad—caught right in the spotlight of a ceremonial visit to Canada and the United States. He flew back to Shanghai, citing "reasons of health," after calling on President Bush. Because he was an ally of the late Hu Yaobang and presumably a supporter of Zhao, the students were hoping he would back Zhao against Li Peng. But as soon as his plane landed in Shanghai, Wan went—or was pushed—into seclusion.

Whether or not Zhao is under house arrest, as the wire services report, and the students believe, he has not appeared publicly since his apology to the students in the square on the early morning of May 19th. Deng is now said to be at a military headquarters in Wuhan. Li Peng surfaced at a diplomatic reception this evening, and said that "anyone with common sense" realizes that the Army could enter the city if it wanted to. As of today, Friday, no one seems to know whose move it is. Prime Minister Li has apparently surrounded Zhau, Wan, and the other Party moderates, but student scuttlebutt says he has to be driven around town in an ambulance to avoid roadblocks. This game of *weiqi* isn't over yet. Perhaps it will never end.

—Fred C. Shapiro

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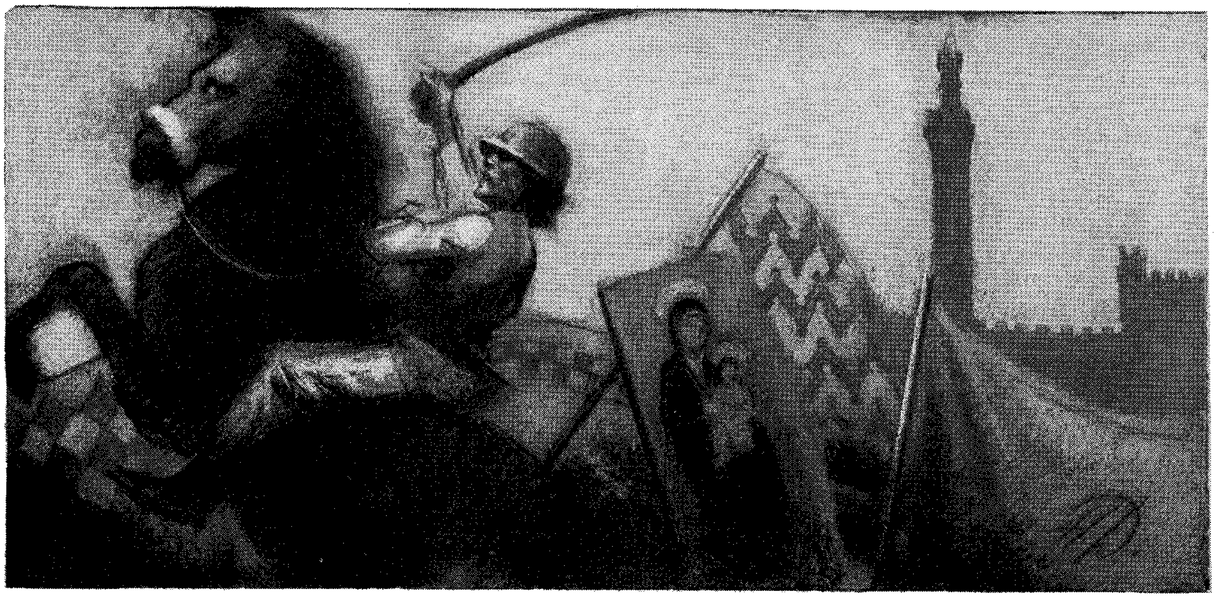
# ANNALS OF INTRIGUE

## THE PALIO

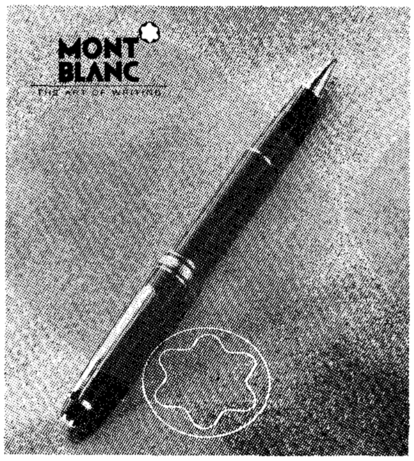


IN 1924, Aldous Huxley paid a visit to Siena on the day of the Palio, a violent bareback horse race that has existed in its present form for more than three hundred years and has its roots in the city's ancient past. The Palio is run twice every summer—once in July and once in August—in the Piazza del Campo, the city's magnificent main square. Ten of the city's seventeen *contrade*, or wards, compete in the race, which is dedicated to the Virgin, and the winner receives a painted silk banner, called the Palio (the name is used for both the event and the prize), bearing her image. Huxley enjoyed the Palio but disapproved of the emotions associated with it. He noted in his journal that the course's two dangerously sharp curves and its uneven topography probably made it "the most dangerous flat-race in the world," and added that "it is made the more dangerous by the excessive patriotism of the rival *contrade*."

The wards of Siena function like small independent city-states; each has its own constitution, seat of government, hymn, motto, insignia, flag, church, museum, and patron saint, and enmities and friendships among the wards have evolved over hundreds of years. Huxley particularly admired the authenticity of the pre-race procession, in which representatives of the *contrade* and of various other civic institutions past and present march in luxurious costumes faithfully copied from Renaissance paintings. He contrasted it favorably with various English pageants he had attended, usually in the rain. "The Palio is just a show, having no 'meaning' in particular," he wrote, "but by the mere fact of being traditional and still alive signifying infinitely more than the dead-born English affairs." In fact, as I was to discover last summer when I arrived in Siena, a short time before the August Palio, there is scarcely an aspect of the race that is not rife with meaning, and the "excessive patriotism" that Huxley disapproved of is the city's most vital expression of a unique capacity for cultural self-preservation.

Initially, when a European friend who summers near Siena suggested that I attend the race, I resisted the idea. I know less than nothing about horse races, and, in general, civic manifestations make me feel gloomy. My mind was changed by a book entitled "La Terra in Piazza," written by two cultural anthropologists—Alan Dundes, an American, and Alessandro Falassi, a Sienese. In the preface the authors mention a few aspects of the Palio that distinguish it from all other horse races. They point out, for example, that "before the race, each horse is taken inside a church to be solemnly blessed," that "although thousands of dollars change hands, there is no betting," that "during the days immediately before the race, the jockeys are guarded night and day and they are not permitted to speak to anyone except to and through their bodyguards," that "during the race, the jockeys beat each other and their horses with whips made from calf phalluses," that "the winner of the race receives a silk banner as a prize but he must spend a small fortune to pay for the victory," that "the losers receive money but they are sad at the disgrace of having lost," that "the traditional enemy of the winner is considered to have also lost the race even if he did not actually race as one of the ten participants," and that "after the race, the winner sucks pacifiers, while the losers take a purge." Dundes and Falassi also make it clear that although the race itself occupies no more than a minute and a half, the animating rivalries of the Palio are never far from the thoughts of the average Sienese three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

I ARRIVED in Siena on Tuesday, August 9th, exactly a week before the race. That evening, along with what seemed to be a respectable majority of Siena's population of sixty thousand, I took a walk along one of many narrow cobbled lanes that flow from all directions of the city to converge on the Piazza del Campo. At daybreak the next morning, workmen would begin bringing truckloads of Siena's distinctive golden earth from a storage hangar in the neighboring countryside of Cerchiaia, and the beautiful medieval Piazza



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would be transformed into a beautiful medieval Piazza-cum-racetrack. But this evening the normal swarm of peanut venders, souvenir hawkers, shoppers, students with backpacks, dog-walkers, priests, and elderly ladies strolling arm in arm were out and about. A few of the small shops facing the square were already partly blocked by six-tiered wooden bleachers that would eventually ring the Piazza for the race. Tourists crowded the shops and cafés or lined up to ascend the slender, soaring Mangia Tower of the Palazzo Pubblico—the town hall—which dominates the eastern end of the square. The vivacity of the scene, which, give or take a few donkeys and market stalls, could not have been much different in the days when the Piazza was a swarming medieval marketplace, set off to great effect the cool Gothic grandeur of the dark battlements, old balconies, and mullioned windows of the surrounding palazzi.

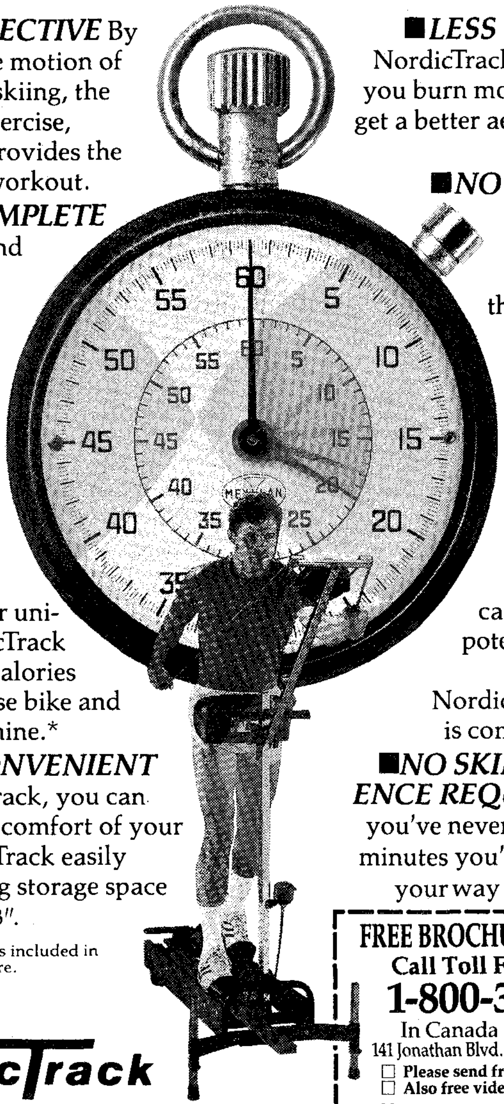
The ancient upheavals that produced Siena's topography left few flat surfaces, and the Piazza del Campo is no exception. It is sloping and scallop-shaped (older Sienese like to describe it as the cloak of the Madonna spread out to protect them), and its concavity plays strange tricks with perspective: people walking away from you seem to diminish quickly in size, as if they had traversed a vast distance, though they have walked only a few hundred feet. The Piazza's well-worn rosy brick pavement had no sooner been restored to a state of immaculate cleanliness by the street-sweepers at sunup on Wednesday than a large red dump truck filled with earth began to discharge its load at the downward-sloping San Martino corner—so called because it stands at the entrance to the Via San Martino, to the left of the Palazzo Pubblico. San Martino is one of the Palio's two murderous curves; the other, which slopes upward and is slightly less steep, is called Casato, because it is at the entrance to the Via del Casato di Sotto. In all the years that the Palio has been run, there has rarely been a race in which a jockey or a horse, and sometimes a whole clutch of both, has not run afoul of the San Martino corner. Before 1721, when the city ruled that only ten wards could run in any one Palio, the track was so crowded that the pileups of jockeys and steeds at San Martino became truly horrific. Nowadays, mattresses are put up to cushion the impact of the crashes.

Not every fall at the corner is an accident. Jockeys have frequently been known to deliberately fall from their horses at San Martino, in order to let another ward's horse pass them. This seemingly perverse behavior becomes intelligible only when you understand that it is an accepted part of the complicated deals made before the race is run. The jockeys cheat and are cheated. On July 2, 1855, a jockey named Francesco Santini but known as Gobbo (Hunchback), who had won the Palio fifteen times, for seven different wards, "went to San Martino," as the saying goes, and lost the race, although he had been mounted on one of the best horses running. Confronted by enraged members of the ward for which he had ridden, he reportedly burst out, "But why should I have won for you skinflints who were giving me a hundred and forty lire, when I got a hundred and seventy out of it?" This unusual candor concerning one of the most commonly known, if least publicly discussed, aspects of the Palio set Gobbo back several hundred lire in court costs and scarcely even begins to suggest the complexity of the pre-race arrangements.

After each truckload of earth fell onto the cobblestones of the Piazza's perimeter, a steamroller flattened it, and five relaxed-looking workmen, chatting and smoking as they walked along, patted it smooth with shovels and wooden tampers, and hosed it down. As the morning went on, the red dump truck was joined by a blue and then a green one, and many people passing on their way to work or market stopped briefly to gaze approvingly at the earth. A few pressed their hands to it—an act that, according to Dundes and Falassi, has near-mystical meaning to a Sienese, reaffirming both his bond to the land and the fact that "the past has returned and a future event, the Palio, is about to become present." Curiously, for all the trouble being taken to lay a smooth course, and for all the obvious respect, not to say veneration, for the earth, no effort was made to keep people away from it. Everyone walked calmly across the track as soon as it went down, and though hundreds of tiny heel marks and scattered cigarette butts soon began to deface it, no one—not even the workmen—seemed to find this behavior dismaying, or at all odd. Throughout the week, the commercial and social life of the Piazza would go on as before, providing a placid counterpoint to the fervent emotions focussed on the racecourse. The shops behind the bleachers would continue to sell olive oil, *panforte*, and hardware. In the center of the Piazza, where most of the sixty to seventy thousand expected spectators would stand, gratis, to watch the procession and the race, the hawkers and venders would continue to ply their trade, and the cafés and restaurants would push their umbrella-shaded tables and wooden chairs directly onto the track, pulling them back only for the preliminary trials and the Palio itself.

On Tuesday night, I had been introduced to a number of local citizens, of whom one, as luck would have it, was Alessandro Falassi. Professor Falassi, an affable bearded man, told me that he spent half the academic year at the University of California at Los Angeles and the other half at Siena's Scuola di Lingua e Cultura Italiana per Stranieri. This arrangement was satisfying, he said, because, like most Sienese, he found the idea of permanently leaving the city unsupportable. Sienese who live elsewhere will go to almost any lengths to return to their *contrade* each year for the Palio. Even the most hidebound Italian bureaucracies, like the military, understand the Palio's significance. Unofficially, it is considered the right (and certainly the need) of any Sienese serving in the armed forces to be granted a pass so as not to miss the event.

Most Sienese take a great deal of pride in the beauty and valiant history (real and imagined) of their city and regard it as indisputably superior to any other, but the true center of their lives is the ward. For a Sienese, the ward plays an emotional role more central even than the family—which in Italy is saying quite a lot. No one knows exactly how the wards originated, but they have verifiable roots in two sources: the military companies of the Middle Ages, which provided soldiers to defend the city, and the independent civic and religious associations that kept the wheels of Sienese society turning in the city's darkest and most chaotic hours. Each of the seventeen wards bears the name of its symbol, usually an animal, and the symbol and the tradi-



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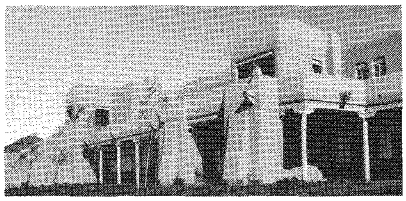

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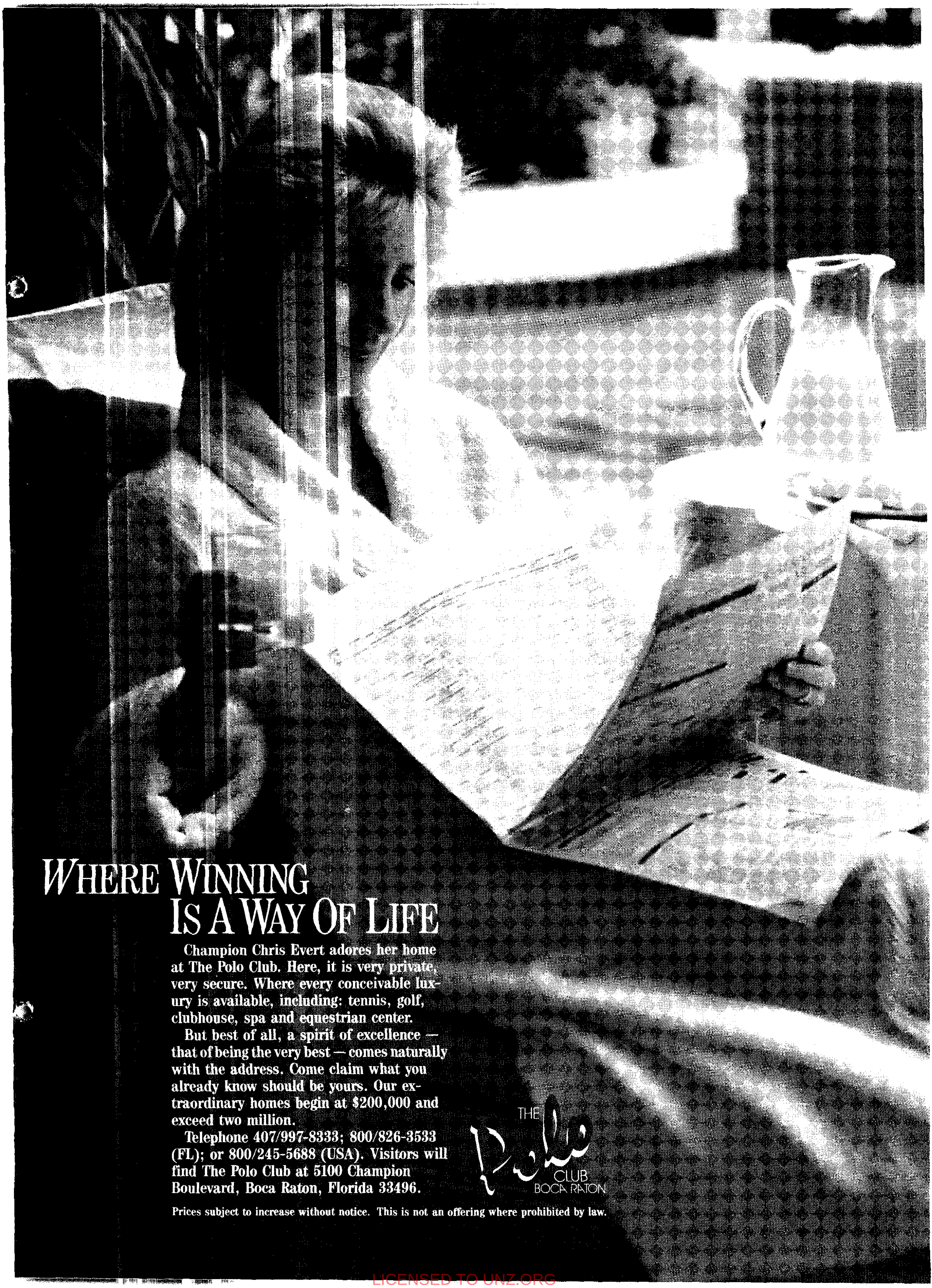
tional colors of each ward are displayed on its flags, shields, and costumes. The seventeen wards are Aquila (Eagle), Bruco (Caterpillar), Chiocciola (Snail), Civetta (Owl), Drago (Dragon), Giraffa (Giraffe), Istrice (Porcupine), Leocorno (Unicorn), Lupa (She-Wolf), Nicchio (Shell), Oca (Goose), Onda (Wave), Pantera (Panther), Selva (Forest), Tartuca (Turtle), Torre (Tower), and Valdimontone (Ram).

Within the city's medieval walls, the Sienese do not refer to themselves as Sienese. They say "I am of the Goose" or "of the Snail," or "I am a little Porcupine" or "a Unicorn." Scholars have pointed out the virtually totemic relationship between the *contradaioli* and their symbol, and countless anecdotes attest to this central fact of Sienese life, such as the story about the cavalryman from Dragon who refused to accept a medal because it was engraved with an image of St. George slaying the dragon. There may once have been as many as eighty wards, but by the middle of the fourteenth century wars and plagues had reduced their number to forty-two; by the beginning of the eighteenth century, there were only seventeen. Over the years, disputes concerning ward boundaries erupted so frequently into public brawls that in 1729 the *governatrice* of Siena, Beatrice Violante of Bavaria, issued a decree fixing the exact territorial delineations of each ward and freezing the number at seventeen in perpetuity. The *governatrice* issued the decree, she said, in the (alas, vain) hope of "putting a stop to the dangerous and costly wrangles that have arisen between the inhabitants." Although the boundaries remain unchanged, the rivalries and antagonisms engendered by ancient disputes have continued to arouse violent passions.

Ward rivalries and alliances have shifted over the centuries; friends have become enemies, and enemies have (less frequently) become friends. Some wards have even been enemyless for a while, as is the case today with Dragon and Forest. Dragon and She-Wolf used to be enemies, but peace descended —largely, it is said, because She-Wolf's more virulent rivalry with Porcupine left little room for another enemy. Forest has had no enemies since it made peace with Panther, nearly two hundred years ago. The city's two strongest rivals are Goose (where women are still not allowed to vote in *contrada* elections) and Tower—neighboring wards that are both densely populated and predominantly working class. Goose has won many Palios, the latest of them in 1985, whereas Tower has not won a Palio since 1961, and although it is still not the *nonna* (grandmother)—the term for the ward that has gone the longest without winning, a distinction that belongs to Caterpillar—its long losing streak inspires countless local jokes that do little to diminish the antagonism between the two wards. In 1949, when the Australian writer Alan Moorehead attended a Palio and described it for this magazine, the ward that had won the most Palios over the years was Goose. It still is. Its jockey, Andrea Degortes, called Aceto (Vinegar), is considered one of the three greatest Palio jockeys of the twentieth century, and its museum and oratory are crammed with the bounty that the ward's sixty victories have brought it from grateful *contradaioli*. (The wards' claims to various items in their treasuries have sometimes caused terrible strife. In 1600, for example, when Goose separated from the Company of St. Catherine, the schism engendered a violent dispute with the Dominicans, who were closely associated with the Saint, over the matter of ownership of Catherine's head. The disagreement simmered for years and eventually boiled over at a May Day procession in 1609, during which the Geese tried to wrest the sacred relic from the Dominicans by force.) Of dozens of stories illustrating the depth of the hatred between Goose and Tower, perhaps the best known is about an old priest from Goose who was compelled to miss a Palio in order to conduct a funeral service for one of his parishioners. It happened that the priest was intoning prayers at the grave site at the very moment that the cannon report signalling the start of the race sounded. As the deceased was being interred, the priest walked over to the coffin, where the dead man's relatives were standing. The family assumed that he was about to whisper some words of comfort to them. Instead, as the coffin was lowered the priest addressed the deceased: "Holy soul, who is certainly going to Heaven, tell the Lord not to let Tower win!"

Siena's charming, chain-smoking,



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Socialist mayor, Vittorio Mazzoni della Stella, warns visitors not to misinterpret the Palio hostilities. "The race is an annual explosion," he told me shortly after my arrival, as we sat across from each other at an elaborately carved table in his elegant sixteenth-century office in the Palazzo Pubblico. "No one ever uses sticks or weapons, and when the Palio is over so is the violence. We have hardly any crime in Siena, you know. Our last murder occurred thirty-five years ago, and even a small robbery here is considered a scandal. What's wrong with acknowledging these passions in ourselves once a year? As far as I can tell, the rest of the world is doing the same thing surreptitiously, and far more violently, all year long."

I asked the Mayor why he thought the Palio had endured in his city, while similar festivals in other cities had died out.

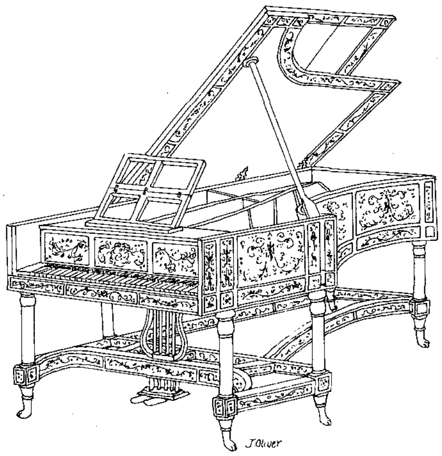
"Originally, when Florence defeated Siena, in 1555, it encouraged festivals of this kind, to redirect the energy formerly expended in warfare," he replied. "It hoped to mummify Siena, so that the city would cease to have a sense of its own vigor and would pose no threat. Instead, Siena's Palio has become a revitalizing institution, while others, all over Italy, either have died out or live on only as tourist attractions. Why? Because the *contrade* have remained strong and meaningful, and powerfully attached to the ancient rituals."

"Including all the scheming and plotting?"

"Well," he said, from behind a plume of cigarette smoke, "since as far as the Palio is concerned a man is considered guilty until he is proved innocent, there is absolutely no way that the so-called crimes perpetrated by *contrade*, or by jockeys, can be prevented, so everybody acts accordingly. But it would be a mistake to judge these things too harshly. The Palio is like an artichoke. You must peel away the coarse outer layers to get to the heart."

EAGER to visit some of the wards, I had enlisted the help of Professor Falassi in finding a guide, and he had introduced me to his assistant, Lucia Filippeschi, a beautiful olive-skinned young woman in her early twenties dressed in a Snoopy T-shirt and a miniskirt, who offered to show me around on Wednesday afternoon. We met near the Campo at the appointed hour, Lucia pulling up on her motor scooter, and decided to visit Wave first, since it was situated just behind the Palazzo Pubblico. (I had suggested that we lunch together, but Lucia politely excused herself, explaining that she ate the midday meal with her family every day—miniskirt and Vespa notwithstanding.) We could hear from all parts of the city the low drumrolls of the *tamburini*, or drummers, who were practicing for the Renaissance pageant that precedes the Palio. At first, these rhythms all sound the same, but after a while the distinctive dum-da-dee-dums and tum-tee-tum-tums associated with the different wards become recognizable.

Lucia said we would visit Wave's *società*, which she translated as "social club"—a term I associate with dimly lit storefronts, mangy dogs, and late-night police raids. But the Wave *società* was a busy, cheerful clubhouse, with a bar, many tables, and a bright, flower-filled terrace. According to Armando Santini, Wave's *priore*, or elected head, the ward *società* functions as both a mutual-aid society and a community center. While small children wearing the bright sky-blue-and-white wave-patterned scarves of the ward played hide-and-seek nearby, Signor Santini told me that each ward raised money from dues, from wealthy patrons, from property it owns within its territory, from its bar, which is manned by volunteers, and from special fund-raising events. The money raised is used not only for the Palio—which, he said, can cost anywhere from a hundred and fifty million lire (about a hundred thousand dollars) to the stars—but for the everyday needs of members in financial distress. Signor Santini, a tall, mustachioed man with pale-blue eyes, asked me to look around the room and tell him what I saw. I reported that I saw men and women of all ages chatting, drinking, playing cards, and looking as if they were having a good time. He laughed, and said it must be because I was an American that I didn't notice that there were people of all classes socializing together. Like virtually all the ward officers I met, he spoke with considerable pride about the democratic tradition of the *contrade*. In a society where class differences are still openly acknowledged, he said, the classlessness of the Sienese *contrade* was unique: "Everybody calls everyone '*tu*' here, and we are all united in our efforts to defeat Tower, our common enemy, in the Palio."



"How did Tower become your enemy?" I asked.

"Well, most of these antagonisms are centuries old," he replied. "We have been enemies since the sixteen-hundreds. Tower is our neighbor, and it has never been a good neighbor. There used to be great violence, but nowadays almost all the antagonism is limited to the time of the Palio."

Did that mean that the rest of the year he looked upon the Tower members more benignly? For example, did he count any of them among his friends?

He stroked his mustache for a second or two, then smiled slyly. "Well, not friends, perhaps," he said. "But acquaintances, certainly."

Santini's vagueness about the source of his ward's rivalry proved to be typical of most *contradaioli*. The origins of the antagonisms seem to be far less important than their depth and resonance. Actually, Wave is not "officially" considered Tower's enemy, and the people of Tower make a great show of publicly ignoring Wave. All their derisive songs are directed against Goose. The records show, however, that Wave and Tower have long tried hard to prevent each other from winning the Palio, and that there have been many bloody clashes between them. In the early eighteen-seventies, Frances Eliot, an Englishwoman travelling in Italy, who considered the Palio a race run by "medieval blockheads," wrote in her diary that "an offence was lately given by the Wave to the Tower," and that a gang of Tower members laid an ambush near a "dark and filthy alley—ready, should a Wave surge up on the common shore of the Piazza, to strike it down then and there.”

On the way to Wave, Lucia had told me that a jockey from Sardinia known as Cianchino (Shortshanks) usually rode for the ward. (Most of the Palio jockeys come from outside the city, many of them from Sardinia.) In 1978, Cianchino’s horse ran the fastest Palio on record: 1:14:5. I asked Santini if Cianchino would be riding for Wave the following week. “Perhaps,” he said, with an enigmatic smile. “That depends. Anyway, he’s with us for the moment.”

Later, I asked Lucia if she knew what Santini had meant when he said that his jockey was with them “for the moment.”

“The jockeys get traded a lot,” she said. “The horse that each *contrada* gets for the Palio is decided by lot, and the *contradaioli* have no control over that. They are in the hands of fate. But they can manipulate fate when it comes to the jockeys. Suppose Wave gets a bad horse—one that can’t possibly win. It will give its *fantino*”—its jockey—“to whichever ally has the best chance of winning, or whichever ally with a good horse it may owe favors to. The main thing is to defeat your enemy. If you can’t win, you still feel happy if your enemy loses and you know you have played a role in his defeat.”

One ward that wanted very much to win was Shell, a neighborhood in the southeastern part of the city. Shell had won the July Palio, and if it won the August one as well it would become only the second ward to win two Palios in one year since the century began. The term for such a double victory is *cappotto* (literally, “a cloak with a hood”), and though there were several *cappotti* in the nineteenth century, only Turtle, which won both 1933 Palios, had achieved this distinction in the twentieth. On Thursday morning, walking around the Shell ward, I heard my first *contrada* song, and the power of the melody stopped me in my tracks. In the days preceding the Palio, groups of *contradaioli* sing countless variations on this melody, with lyrics rich in self-praise and insults to their enemies. At all hours of the day and night—as I found out early the following morning, in my hotel bed—young men and women stroll along the streets singing the songs at the top of their lungs.

Throughout the city, ward flags were more and more in evidence. On the Via dei Pispini, Shell’s main street, old (silk and hand-printed) and new (polyester and factory-made) versions of Shell’s blue-red-and-yellow flag, which is emblazoned with a large cream-colored seashell surmounted by a crown, were displayed on balconies and in shopwindows, and beautiful *contrada* scarves were sported as neckerchiefs or draped around women’s hips. Outside Shell’s *società*, its bars, and its pizzeria, people talked of this and that, but eventually most conversations led to Shell’s glorious showing in the July Palio, Shell’s excellent young jockey, Massimo Coghe—referred to universally as Massimino—and the ward’s prospects in the coming race.

Lucia arrived in the neighborhood not long after I did, and introduced me to Dr. Franco Filippini, a soft-spoken man with wire-rimmed glasses and a gentle manner, who is Shell’s *priore* and, in his non-*contrada* life, a surgeon and laser therapist. Dr. Filippini offered to take me on a tour of Shell’s museum, which was filled with the riches amassed by the ward over the years: Palios from past victories, beautifully embroidered silk chasubles, silver altar cloths into which the arms of the *contrada* had been woven, lace cassocks, and silver chalices. Dr. Filippini was particularly proud of the Palios, which were mounted in glass cases; in this century alone, he told me, Shell had won the Palio fifteen times. Across the street from the museum was the oratory, a small church built in the Sienese baroque style. In earlier times, the often profane and occasionally violent ward assemblies took place in the oratories, and the local clergy would cover the religious statues and paintings with cloth in anticipation of the blasphemies that would be uttered in their presence. Today, the oratories are used only for special occasions, such as weddings, funerals, baptisms, and the blessing of the horses before the Palio. The day-to-day worship of the parishioners takes place in another church. Every member of a ward must be baptized in the ward’s baptismal font, and it is the *priore*, not the local priest, who officiates. Like the admis-

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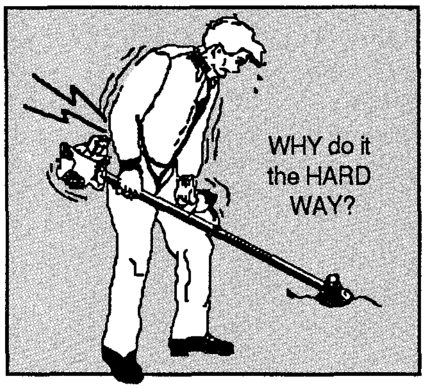
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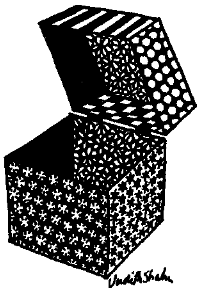
sion of the Palio horse to the oratory, this suspiciously pagan-sounding ritual is routinely accepted by local Church officials as one of the ineluctable rights of the Sienese. Children are baptized twice—once by a priest, and once by their *priore*. The spirit of give-and-take that exists between the Sienese clergy and local civic interests has its roots in the Middle Ages, when the power of the Church was curtailed and the idea of a partnership of two interdependent governments, one spiritual and one temporal, began to be articulated. Two saints, Catherine and Bernardine, came from Siena, and the citizens, Communist or not, celebrate the feast days of both and rejoice in the rituals of the Church no less than in those of their *contrada*.



Next to the oratory's altar stood the July Palio. Like all Palios since 1906, when the iconography of the banners was fixed, it bore the image of the Madonna, but—somewhat to my surprise—it also depicted a black child and a white child embracing and the American and Russian flags. Dr. Filippini explained that the July race had been designated a "Peace Palio"—the second race to have peace as its theme. "The previous one was in 1945, to celebrate the end of the war," he said. The sexton, who was showing us around the oratory, whispered something in his ear, and Filippini laughed. "I have been reminded that the first one was not so peaceful," he said as we stepped out of the oratory into the dazzling light of afternoon. "Dragon won the race, but Caterpillar disputed its victory. There was a terrible fight. Other *contrade* joined in. The flag—the Palio of Peace, it was called—was torn to shreds. Caterpillar had to pay for a new one."

Over small glasses of delicious coffee provided by the *società* bar, Filippini told me that his duties occupied many hours of every week but that even on days when he was exhausted from his medical practice he looked forward to his work at the *contrada*. It was, he said, like being the father of a very large and complex family. These days, though, he was more like a benevolent uncle. For most of the year, he and the other *priori* run the wards, but for the period of the Palio they step aside and are under the orders of a *capitano*, who is virtually an absolute ruler. The *capitano* is responsible for everything concerning the Palio. It is he who calls upon old allies, negotiates deals with new ones, and dispenses whatever funds are necessary to gain a victory—or, at least, defeat a rival. Since all negotiations are carried on in secret, the *capitano* more or less has carte blanche to do what he can on behalf of his fellow-*contradaioli*.

Shell's traditional enemy, Ram, was not running in the August Palio, and I assumed that Shell didn't have to worry about Ram until next year. Not so. Ram had an excellent young jockey under its protection, Dr. Filippini said, and it would give him to "whichever *contrada* has the best chance of beating us."

I asked him if his position as *priore* made it hard for him to have cordial relations with the members of Ram.

He grimaced and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, the bitter truth is that my wife is from Ram," he said. "We survive by never discussing the Palio. During the time of the Palio, I go home only to sleep—otherwise it would be impossible."

"And your children?"

"They are little Shells. They were born here. Originally, that was the sole criterion. You belonged to the *contrada* you were born in, and though you might change the place where you lived you belonged to that *contrada* forever. That is still largely true. But things began to get complicated when more and more babies were delivered in hospitals. In order to keep the child symbolically in the *contrada*, the family would drag a bucket of *contrada* soil to the hospital and spread it beneath the delivery table, or put the *contrada* flag beneath the newborn. Nowadays simply being the son or daughter of a member is considered a sufficient basis for belonging to a *contrada*, and even outsiders with strong ties may be allowed to join."

Despite the wards' vaunted democratic foundations, the official names of a number of them include what seem to be aristocratic titles, belying their populist spirit. The phrase "*Nobil Contrada del Nicchio*," for example, was worked into many of the artifacts I had just seen in Shell's museum and oratory. Eventually, I learned that the sources of the ward titles were sometimes imperial, sometimes royalist, sometimes republican, and sometimes even revolutionary. Shell's title and the crown over the shell in its insignia were given to it in 1680, as a reward for its good showing in important battles in Siena's history—particularly the Battle of Montaperti, in 1260, in which Siena, against all odds, managed to defeat Florence, its formidable Goliath of an enemy. Eagle earned a *Nobil* by paying homage to the Emperor Charles V; Caterpillar was made noble in 1841, for the role its military companies had played in expelling Emperor Charles IV of Bohemia at the Battle of Croce del Travaglio, in 1369; and Goose became noble in 1846, as a reward for courageous action during the sixteenth-century war with the Florentines. Giraffe, which calls itself *Imperiale*, was given that title for its victory in Mussolini's Palio of the Empire, run in July of 1936. Like most of their fellow-Sienese, the people of Giraffe were unenthusiastic about Fascism and today regularly vote Communist or Socialist. They have retained the *Imperiale* not out of any nostalgia for Fascism but because they like the way it sounds.

AT six-thirty that evening, the *drappellone* (another name for the Palio banner) was officially presented in the Cortile del Podestà, the small, many-pillared inner courtyard of the Palazzo Pubblico. Mayor Mazzoni della Stella made a brief welcoming speech, and then, after a flourish of trumpets and the presentation of Siena's own black-and-white flag, a standard-bearer dressed in a Renaissance costume of fur-trimmed green-and-blue velvet presented the new Palio. At once, a great "Ooh!" and "Ah!" filled the courtyard, followed by many shouted bravos and some applause. There were also a few gasps and catcalls, and more than a few rude sotto-voce comments about the quality of the painting: a bright-colored, vaguely Cubist three-eyed Virgin cradling a three-eyed baby Jesus swaddled in gray, above a sinuous tangle of horses' heads, and flanked by crudely depicted insignia of the wards. Famous artists are often commissioned to paint the *drappellone*, and this August's banner had been created by Bruno Cassinari, an elderly artist from Piacenza. In an article in the next day's *Corriere di Siena* Cassinari explained that the three eyes of the Madonna symbolized her “powerful, all-encompassing vision,” and that the gray swaddling used for the child was a symbol of poverty. But most Sienese did not see poverty in the child, did not like the serpentine horses, and did not understand the reason for the three eyes. What annoyed them most, though—according to the paper—was that the ward insignia were not clearly identifiable.

At nine-thirty in the evening, I paid a brief visit to Unicorn, Lucia’s *contrada*, which is a small ward of only about six hundred members. Lucia was waiting for me in the Piazzetta Grassi, in front of the ward’s headquarters, along with a cluster of young men standing protectively around a robust fellow who turned out to be Vittorio Ceciarelli, Unicorn’s jockey. The jockeys in the Palio tend to be larger than conventional jockeys, since in the absence of saddle and stirrups arm strength counts heavily in controlling the horse, and (not incidentally) in wielding the whip. Palio jockeys have nearly always been male. The exceptions are La Fanciulla Virginia, a fourteen-year-old peasant girl who rode for Dragon and came in third in the August Palio in 1581, and Rosanna Bonelli, known as Diavola, who rode for Eagle in 1957 but fell at San Martino.

Ceciarelli had never raced in a Palio, Lucia told me, but the Unicorn *contradaioli* thought he showed promise, so they were going to use him—unless, she added matter-of-factly, they got a good horse: “Then, of course, we’ll go for a more experienced *fantino*.” I exchanged a few amenities with Ceciarelli under the watchful eye of his *guardia fantino*, the official entrusted with the job of guarding him (a *guardia fantino* actually sleeps in the same room as his charge) before the Palio, to keep him from making any secret deals. It was unlikely that an untested young jockey like Ceciarelli would be lured away by another ward, but Unicorn’s enemy, Owl, might well offer him a considerable sum of money—more, at any rate, than Unicorn was able to pay him—just to insure his losing.

Over coffee at Unicorn’s *società*, its *priore*, a grandfatherly man named Graziano Bari, discussed some of the economic realities of the Palio with us. A small and rather poor ward like Unicorn had a harder time than other wards, he said. It was difficult to engage the best jockeys, or to enlist the “help” it needed from other *contrade*. All jockeys are paid a nominal fee (a minimum of ten million lire) for racing in the Palio, but this represents only a pittance of what they actually receive. Signor Bari declined to discuss specific sums of money, but it is said that the under-the-table remuneration of the average *fantino* ranges from twenty million to forty million lire, and that top jockeys fetch as much as sixty million. The previous year, Silvano (Bastiano) Vigni, a jockey who had won the Palio three times, reportedly asked for a hundred million if he won again, and got it. Traditionally, these and other Palio deals, which are called *partiti* (literally, “agreements”), are worked out by the interested parties in various preëstablished rendezvous around the city in the days before the Palio, and most particularly on the Palio eve. The secrecy is necessary because *partiti* are explicitly forbidden by Article 89 of the official Palio rules. Nonetheless, everyone knows that these arrangements are made and, further, that in the very unlikely event that Article 89 should ever be enforced much of the participants’ pleasure in the Palio would be spoiled. *Partiti* are made between one ward and the jockey of another with the knowledge of the jockey’s ward; they are made without the knowledge of the jockey’s ward; and sometimes they are made privately between jockeys.

I asked Signor Bari why Article 89 was not simply dropped from the regulations.

“Drop it!” he exclaimed, as if he had been asked an extremely bizarre question. “Why? It’s good to have rules. I don’t see why it should be dropped.”

Every Palio has its own complex set of negotiations. Foreigners stopping off in Siena for the Palio have a hard time understanding this game and have tended to judge the Sienese harshly for their machinations. (“Short, brutal, and crooked” is how the Palio was described by even as generous and temperate an observer as the travel writer Kate Simon.) The Sienese insist that it is wrong to see the *partiti* as signs of cynicism and corruption, and point out that the city’s survival over many centuries depended on the elaborate military, commercial, and diplomatic negotiations it made with often unreliable neighbors. In truth, Siena would probably never have achieved its glory days of democratic self-government in the late Middle Ages if its citizens had not found a way to circumvent the inept royal and feudal bureaucracies of the time by secretly negotiating among themselves and forming their own rebel magistracies. The magistracies evolved into the Siena Commune—a political entity, with elected officials, in which the complicated needs of a diverse population of merchants, bankers, peasants, craftsmen, and landowners were addressed. The well-known fierce independence of the Sienese may not have its noblest expression in the *partiti*, but the considerable joy they afford the *contradaioli* is surely linked to all the little and big deals that have given them a sense of controlling their fate.

YARD SALE
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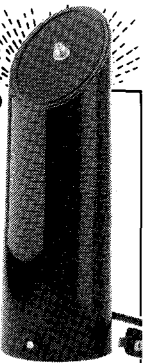
It was past midnight when I left Unicorn, a time when on most nights the crowds have left the Campo and only a few knots of people remain in front of the closing cafés. That night, however, there were still a lot of people about, because at two in the morning the unofficial *prova di notte*, a semi-secret nighttime trial, was due to begin. This trial is held in order to accustom the animals to the perilous track before the formal trials; it also gives jockeys and *contradaioli* a closer look at the horses and their habits. At this point, nobody knew which horses would be running in the Palio. On Saturday, the captains of the ten participating wards would pick ten of the horses, in a preliminary event called the *tratta* (trade). The *tratta* eliminates horses thought to be either too bad or too good, so that all participants are—theoretically—given an even chance. Some of the horses under consideration have run in previous Palios, some have been observed at their farms during the year by emissaries from the wards, some have been watched in the



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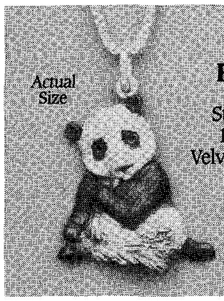

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spring races, and some are new. Almost all are half-breed geldings or mares; thoroughbreds sometimes run, but in general they are considered too nervous for the course.

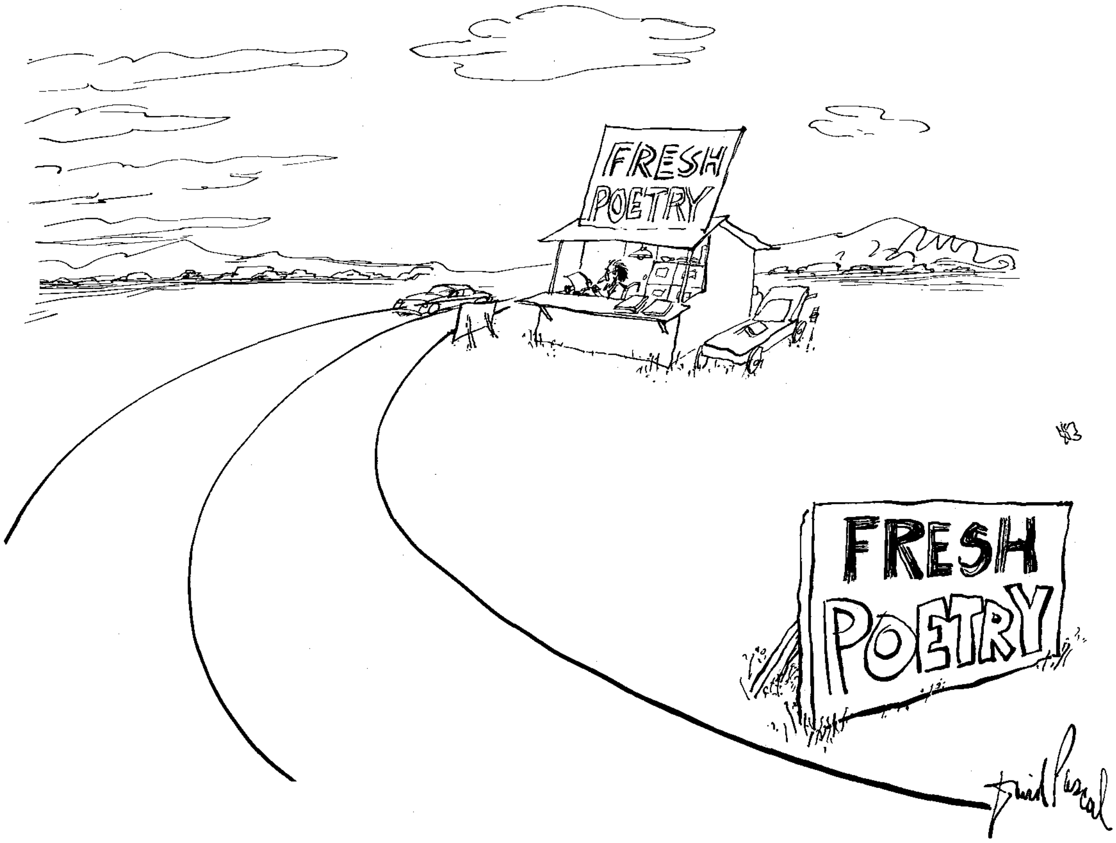
As the city became quieter, the mood of the people in the Piazza grew more and more buoyant. Many teen-agers were on hand, obviously delighted with the opportunity to stay up all night. A few stood ostentatiously on the outer edge of the track, and no one asked them to move, even after the first horse—a splendid chestnut-colored mare—appeared out of the blackness around two-thirty and nearly skidded into them. They just shrieked, backed off, and returned to the same spot. A few minutes later, a roan and a dapple gray joined the chestnut, and the three cantered slowly around the Piazza a few times, then broke into a full gallop, their manes flying—creating the only discernible air currents in the sultry night.

By four-thirty, about ten horses were racing around the track in groups of three or four. So many had come and gone that it was hard to keep count of them. A rider with long golden hair, whom I recognized from newspaper photographs as an aspiring young jockey named Claudio Bandini, entered the Campo at around five and kept his horse, a spirited-looking chestnut, back for a while, allowing it to be passed by the five horses then on the track. After a few minutes, all six, as if responding to a pistol shot, began to race furiously around the course. Bandini's horse was apparently unprepared for this burst of speed. It whinnied in protest when it neared San Martino, came to an abrupt halt, turned sidewise, and refused to budge—much to the chagrin of its jockey. Bandini ultimately gave up, dismounted, and led it away. Soon the stars began to disappear, and the sky turned a soft cerulean blue. A slight breeze came up, causing the sleepy-looking spectators to pull sweaters and wraps around their shoulders. Only three horses were left on the track, and fewer than a hundred people remained in the bleachers. Then, just as the show appeared to be over, Bandini reappeared, this time on a dark-brown horse, which, possibly in an attempt to undo his earlier embarrassment, he rode hell-for-leather around and around the Campo. On one of these circuits, he took the San Martino curve so sharply that he fell halfway off his horse, but, holding fast to the reins, he managed to slow the horse down and remount without actually hitting the ground—a maneuver that was accompanied by a tremendous cheer from the spectators.

In the Palio itself, the first horse to cross the finish line wins, even if it is riderless. Occasionally, local authorities have stepped in to rule otherwise, as in the July Palio of 1664, when His Serene Highness Prince Mattias ruled that the winner was Owl, which came in second, and not She-Wolf, whose riderless horse arrived at the finish line first. Popular irritation at this decision was summed up by a contemporary chronicler, who remarked that Owl "had the Palio by the decision of the imbecile Prince Mattias, although by commonsense, the Horse wins and not the Jockey."

The sky was now a pale gray-blue, and only two horses remained, so I decided to leave. As I mounted a stone stairway leading away from the Campo, I turned for a last look and was struck by the incongruity of the scene: the sweating horses galloping around the placid Gothic square, with thin barriers at the corners all that prevented the animals from barrelling into the elegant shops behind them. The mock though often bloody battles fought there in medieval times with wooden swords and lances, the bullfights and races on buffalo-back in the Renaissance, even the Etruscan bas-relief found in Siena showing horses ridden by men wearing cone-shaped helmets and brandishing riding crops—all were evoked by the ghostliness of the spectacle. Except for a few street-sweepers, the streets were deserted as I headed for my hotel, about a five-minute walk from the Campo. Shutters were closed, iron grilles locked, ancient wooden doors bolted. Dark alleyways loomed everywhere. But from behind the stone façade of house after house came the sweet fragrance of oleander growing in the inner courtyard, and here and there the comforting smell of baking bread.

IN 1721, when the understandably alarmed officials of Siena decided to reduce the number of accidents in the Palio by limiting the number of participants, they also established a procedure for selecting them that is followed to this day. The event takes place in the Palazzo Pubblico on a Sunday several weeks before the Palio. The seven wards that did not run in the previous year's Palio of that month run "by right" in the current one, and lots are cast to choose the three others. The drawing also determines the order in which the participating wards will march in the parade, the order in which they will be listed in official communications, and the order in which their flags will fly from the Palazzo Pubblico during the preliminary trials.



If the drawing of lots is the event that gets the Palio engine revved up, the *tratta* is the one that puts it in high gear. The *tratta* is held in the Campo three days before the Palio; in it some thirty quadruped hopefuls run three circuits of the track, and the ten who are selected are assigned to the wards by another drawing of lots. Just after dawn on Saturday, the city veterinarians began to examine this Palio's thirty-two candidates, which had been temporarily stabled in the Cortile, the pillars of which were serving as tethering posts. The veterinarians must certify that the horses are in good health, so that no ward can complain that it was assigned a sick horse. Once a horse is assigned to a ward, it cannot be exchanged, even if it becomes sick and dies. The horses, like the jockeys, are closely guarded before the Palio, and one reason is that many "sicknesses" have been induced by ill-wishing *contradaioli.* All Sienese have stories to tell about horses that developed mysterious illnesses or became nearly comatose from sneak injections of soporific drugs. In one famous case, mares' vaginal extract was sprayed on the Cortile pillar of a previously calm horse, who soon became wildly uncontrollable. If a horse should die during the trials, the unlucky ward marches in the Palio procession in mourning, with the hooves of the deceased carried on a silver tray by a page.

Since Friday, when hardly a man, woman, or child ventured out without a ward scarf and the full complement of ward flags were unfurled, the streets of the city had been a field of brilliant color. The *Corriere di Siena* had focussed on several of the more promising horses running in the *tratta.* Among others, it mentioned a six-year-old black gelding named Galleggiante, who some thought might be "psychologically unstable"; a seven-year-old bay gelding named Figaro, who was nicknamed Il Culturista (the Bodybuilder), because of his splendid appearance and boundless energy; and a fiery seven-year-old bay mare named Dominique, who showed great promise as "a horse of the Piazza."

By noon, all the horses had been examined and divided into groups of six or seven, which would run in five separate heats. I had been told that I would easily find a seat in the bleachers for the *tratta* at the last moment, but this proved untrue. As a phalanx of local police cleared the track by circling it arm in arm, I just managed to slip behind the inner barricade into the large central area—known as the "dog bleachers"—where some two thousand spectators stood waiting for the *tratta* to begin.

To novice Palio spectators trying to get a grip on things, the *tratta* and the preliminary trials are terribly confusing events, owing to their surprising lack of fire and comparatively sluggish pace. At the *tratta*, the ten *capitani*, who will select the horses, look for good starts, intelligence, and obedience, so there is no particular pressure to win. Even the ward rivalries seem in abeyance, since the jockeys ride not in the colors of their wards but in white livery, with the black-and-white caps of the City of Siena.

My spot behind the inner barrier was at the San Martino corner, and so close to the galloping horses that showers of dirt kicked up by their hooves fell on me and everyone around me each time they took the turn. The heat was overwhelming. Many of the spectators were holding small scorecards—provided as inserts by the Sienese papers—to help them follow the day's events, and quite a few people were using them as fans. Jockeys fell off their horses as they rounded the sharp curves, and horses stumbled. One horse lost a shoe. Between the second and third rounds, a small girl fainted from the heat, and the *tratta* was temporarily suspended to let her parents carry her through the throng of spectators and across the track to a first-aid truck at the San Martino corner.

During a break of about an hour, the cafés and trattorias buzzed with speculation about the likely choices. Then everyone came back to the Campo, where the Mayor, the ten *capitani*, and two young costumed pages were standing on a platform in front of the Palazzo Pubblico. Next to the platform, like contestants in a beauty contest, stood the ten selected horses, all of which now sported ear numbers. On each side of the platform were two crank-turned urns, one containing the ear numbers of the horses and the other the names of the ten participating wards. For all the talk about selecting evenly matched animals, there were obviously strong and weak contenders, and as the urns were cranked and a large scoreboard showed everyone which ward got which horse, cries of joy and loud laments went up from the crowd. It was clear from the wild shouts of glee from Owl and the groans of despair from its enemy, Unicorn, that the horse that Owl had drawn—the spirited and possibly unhinged Galleggiante—was considered a potential winner. The disappointment of the Unicorn members increased when they learned that they had drawn Euro, an eight-year-old bay gelding of little or no distinction.

Even before the results went up on the scoreboard, you could tell what sort of horse a ward had drawn if you were standing close enough to the platform—as I was—to hear the Mayor read out the pairings and see the reactions of the liveried grooms. Eagle's groom, for example, threw his cap high in the air and jumped up and down ecstatically the instant his ward was paired with the much lauded Figaro; Wave's did a little dance (albeit a less abandoned one) upon hearing that his ward would get a horse named Fogarizzu; and Shell's looked at least content with the drawing of a seven-year-old pureblood bay stallion named Odeon. Immediately after a horse was assigned, it was led away from the Campo by its groom, followed by a large delegation of *contradaioli*. Some left joyfully singing their ward songs; some left in silence; some, including Unicorn, trudged off like mourners in a funeral cortège.

LATER that afternoon, Lucia and I paid a visit to Professor Anna Maria Befani, an immunologist at Siena's Polyclinical Hospital and the recently retired three-term captain of Ram. You would have to be deaf and blind to miss the fact that the Palio and the institutions associated with it are male-dominated, and, needless to say, only a handful of women have served as captains. Professor Befani is said to have been a much loved and admired leader; she brought her ward two Palio victories, with the help of a talented young rider named Giuseppe Pes, who has been Ram's jockey for the past few years, and with whom she has a warm and nurturing relationship. Several wards were rumored to be deeply interested in procuring the services of Pes for the coming Palio, and there was much speculation as to which of them Ram would release him to.

Professor Befani, a plump, intelligent-looking woman in her mid-sixties, with a crown of white-blond hair, received us in her comfortable old house on the outskirts of the city with an apology. Indicating a room full of men engaged in sober conversation which we passed on the way to her living room, she said that she had only a little time to spare from "an important meeting" on a subject she was "not free to disclose." Over cool drinks and cookies, she showed us photographs of past Ram victories and of the jockeys and officials who had played crucial roles in them, and various mementos and plaques that had been given to her by her devoted *contradaioli*. The Palios she described sounded different from others I had heard about—more like madcap family outings than like wars—and she reminisced about the years of her captaincy with evident gusto. I asked her if being a woman in a male-dominated tradition had greatly influenced her leadership.

"In some ways, yes. In others, no," she said. "I am a professional woman, and, until my father died, I lived here with him all my life. I've led a fairly independent existence, and on my own terms. They elected me captain because they thought I'd do a good job, and I don't think they were disappointed. Some women thought I should encourage more women jockeys, but I found that women jockeys didn't have enough strength in their arms. For a Sienese, to be a captain is the best experience there is! I never hated Shell very much, though. In fact, I proposed that we make peace, and we talked about it. They decided not to make peace, but they sent me flowers afterward. I also didn't do as much making and unmaking of *partiti* as some do. My policy was to make a *partito* and keep it. But, when you think of it, if there were no more enemies and no *partiti* the light of the Palio would be extinguished."

d.ehrenberg

A worried-looking fellow appeared at the door. After whispering a few words to him, Professor Befani told us she was sorry but she had to return to her meeting. As she showed us out, we once again passed the room full of men. The door was now closed, but the man who had just spoken to her opened it to tell the others that she would soon be there, and we could see the relief on their faces.

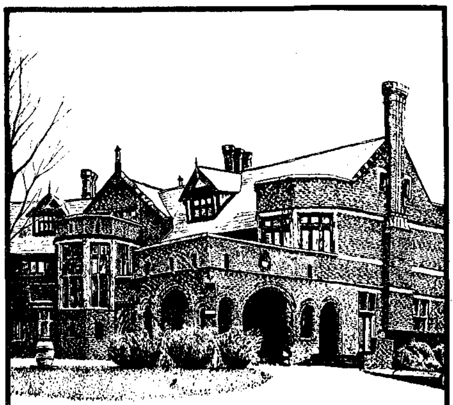
The first trial was held at a quarter past seven that evening. Dr. Filippini had invited me to watch the trials in a section of the Shell bleachers, near the San Martino corner. As it happened, the section where we were to meet was reserved for men, though one or two women were seated there. Unfortunately, Dr. Filippini had not yet arrived when I slid onto a narrow wooden bench at the appointed place, and I soon found myself engaged in a futile effort to convince the Nicchiaioli that one of their seats could be occupied by someone who was not only not a man, not from their ward, and not Sienese but not even Italian. Luckily, the *priore* soon showed up, and I was thenceforth ignored by my neighbors.

Every ward marched into the Campo behind its horse and jockey, carrying its flag, singing its songs. A few groups marched with arms uplifted and fists clenched, and when the members of Eagle marched by in this posture, behind a startlingly Teutonic-looking banner of black double eagles on a yellow field, ugly visions of Second World War newsreels flashed through my head—though Eagle's eagles are in fact Roman in origin. Long after everyone had been seated, threats, jeers, and melodious insults wafted back and forth across the Campo, bringing the emotional temper of the crowd to full throttle. At one point, an enthusiastic section of angelic-looking Tower children concluded their anti-Goose songs with a collective obscene gesture toward the principal Goose section of the Campo—a sight that would have amazed me if I had not learned from Dundes and Falassi that, while Sienese parents expect their children to be polite and mannerly most of the time, rudeness in relation to one's enemy is tolerated, even encouraged.

Just before the start of the trial, a hush fell, and the ten captains, who until then had been with their jockeys and horses in the Cortile, walked slowly across the track to their seats. The jockeys are watched especially carefully in the Cortile (the only place where they can possibly meet each other) and as they take their places at the start for any behavior or gesture that might be interpreted as a secret sign. Ward members sit in different spots around the Campo to insure thorough surveillance of their jockeys from all sections of the track. Some wards have gone as far as to have observers proficient in lipreading posted at various places, so that all exchanges between jockeys can be observed and conveyed to ward officials. Since even jockeys associated with specific wards are often lent to other wards in order to help defeat an enemy, they have formed their own opinions about their employers and, like the mercenaries they are often compared to, have frequently offered their services to the highest bidder. They make these arrangements at their peril, however; enraged *contradaioli* who learn that their hirelings have "gone to San Martino" or betrayed them in some other way have been known to assault them viciously, even to attempt to set them on fire. Double-crossing jockeys sometimes try to flee the Piazza as soon as the race is over. After the August Palio in 1877, She-Wolf's jockey fled at full gallop and did not stop until he reached open country—an act he repeated under similar circumstances in 1885. Eleven years later, another treacherous jockey so feared for his life that he begged for asylum in the middle of the night from the Frati dell'Osservanza. He had ridden for Tower and was still wearing its burgundy livery. According to a contemporary account, the flustered friar who opened the door of the monastery was moved to call out, "There's a man who wants to sleep here—he looks like a stick of sealing wax!" More recently, in 1961, a veteran Palio jockey named Giuseppe Gentile and known as Longshanks was racing for Goose on a superior horse and allowed Tower's horse to graze his horse, slip by, and career on to victory. Later, he explained what had happened by saying that the other jockey had "made my horse swerve"—a phrase that has ever since been a synonym for *fantino* treachery in popular Sienese parlance. The people of Goose nearly lynched Longshanks. He was out of commission for more than six months, his photograph was removed from the Goose Hall of Victories, and he was banned from riding in the Palio for five years. Jockeys may be "reprimanded," "admonished," or "disqualified" for their conduct, and it is the rare jockey who has not had many reprimands and admonitions and at least a few disqualifications. Good jockeys will always push the rules to the limit to win; in fact, it is regarded as being to a jockey's credit if he wins by doing something that earns some kind of official reproof. In the records of recent jockeys I could find only one winner—Primo Arzilli, nicknamed Il Biondo (the Blond), a fastidious horseman who ran in thirty-five Palios and won five—who was never disqualified, never reprimanded, never even admonished.

The first trial, run in 1:22:05, was "won" by Turtle, but the members of Shell seemed deliriously happy and left the Piazza singing at the top of their voices. Massimino, their dark-skinned, bright-eyed young jockey, was surrounded by admirers, who clapped him on the back and ruffled his hair. Odeon had finished somewhere in the middle, having been checked by Massimino for most of the heat. I asked a kindly-looking gentleman sitting near me in the Shell bleachers what the source of this happiness was.

"Didn't you notice?" he said. "Odeon came out first from the starting rope. At the Palio, the start is everything. It's at the rope that most of the maneuvering and fighting for posi-



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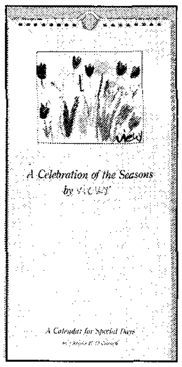

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tion occurs, and if you can get yourself into a good post position you have a good chance of winning."

"But I thought the post positions were fixed," I said.

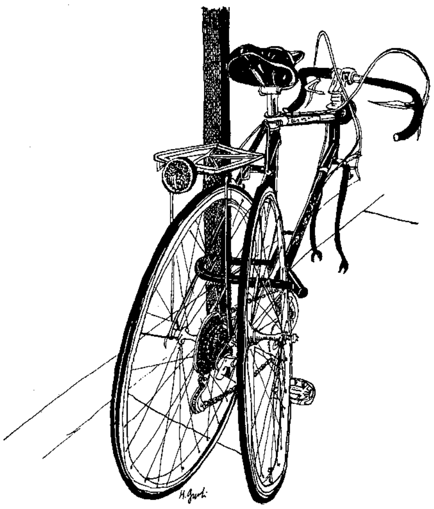
"They are, but . . . things happen. Massimino was just trying to find out what he had between his legs. You know, until this year they never even timed the trials, because the time isn't what counts."

THE nervous excitement and bellicosity of the crowd mounted over the next few days as the trial heats were run, although the real drama was taking place not on the track but behind closed doors all around the city, as each participating ward tried its hardest to get—or keep—the best jockey for its horse and equally hard to make sure that its rival did not end up with a good jockey. The talk of the cafés and trattorias on Sunday night, after the second and third trials had been run, was not about who won them but about the fact that Ram had given its excellent jockey, Pes, to Tower, thereby infuriating Goose—which took the gesture as a slap in the face from a theretofore friendly ward—and considerably reducing Shell's chances of gaining a *cappotto*. Goose had a poor horse and, giving up the Palio for lost, retaliated by lending the veteran jockey Aceto to Owl, which had drawn Galleggiante. When Unicorn learned that Owl, its enemy, would have the services of Aceto, it dumped Vittorio Ceciarelli and hired Francesco Ticci, nicknamed Tredici (Thirteen), who had ridden in two previous Palios. She-Wolf, which had a good horse, also sent its jockey packing, in favor of the celebrated Bastiano.

Between the second and third trials, all Siena had come out either to watch or to participate in the eight-hundred-year-old Corteo dei Ceri e dei Censi (procession of candles and tributes), in which ward members, in full Renaissance costume despite a temperature of well over a hundred degrees, wound their way slowly through the streets from the Campo to Siena's handsome black-and-white Gothic-Romanesque cathedral. On the simplest level, the procession serves as an official escort of the *drappellone* from the Palazzo Pubblico to the Duomo, where, after being blessed by the Archbishop, it will remain until the day of the race. But, more important, it serves as a (considerably diluted) historical reënactment of the Siena Commune's annual petition to have its earthly power sanctioned by its heavenly patron, the Blessed Virgin. In the thirteenth century, this procession also involved an annual act of homage: every town and village that the Commune had conquered, every castle and monastery with which it had made an alliance, sent emissaries to the city, who marched to the Duomo to repeat the oath of allegiance to the Commune. Ferdinand Schevill, in his history of the Commune, describes the scene:

> In that procession were the proud descendants of the ancient counts of the city, mitred abbots or their mandataries, the representatives of villages and towns; and in their hands they bore, in honor of the Virgin, each one a lighted candle. Through dense and exultant crowds they made their way up the marble steps of the cathedral until they stood within the portal, before the desk of a secretary of the commune. To the humble scrivener, seated before a solemn ledger, they consigned their offerings . . . of candle-wax, or banners of brocade, or money, according to the articles of submission.

Nowadays wax offerings are presented by a few representatives from each ward, a ten-foot candle is offered by the Palazzo Pubblico, and the lighted tapers are carried by children. Nonetheless, when each ward entered the church and joyfully gave its cheer ("O-O-Onda!" "Lu-Lu-Lupa!" "Ni-Ni-Nicchio!"), when the *drappellone*, which brings up the rear of the procession, was carried down the aisle to the altar to be blessed and everyone tried to touch it for luck, when the *contrada* flags were thrown high in the cathedral nave to the accompaniment of loud drumbeating, the exultant pride of Siena's age of glory seemed very much alive. In fact, with the ward flags and scarves waving wildly back and forth and trumpets blasting and roll after roll of drumbeats resounding and everybody wildly shouting, the event seemed more like a siege than like a procession.



On Sunday night, when the third trial was held, tourists and expatriate Sienese returning for the Palio had more or less doubled the population around the Campo. Each ward entered singing twice as lustily as before, and its handsomest, most muscle-bound young men, wearing sleeveless undershirts to show off their biceps, were in the front ranks. The kindly gentleman I had spoken to after the first trial sat next to me at the third. He introduced himself as Celso Rossi, a Sienese who had lived in England ever since the Second World War, when he had been a prisoner of war and had fallen in love with and married an Englishwoman. He returned every year for the Palio, he said, and in the years when Shell won it he usually managed to go back for the victory dinner in the fall. A good-humored man with a toothy, mischievous smile, Signor Rossi seemed to know half the people in the Piazza and all the people in his ward. He joined enthusiastically in a series of jeering songs that Shell directed at Ram. Since the songs included sentiments such as "We bought their jockey last July," "They stink like the toilet," and "If you touch a Shell, it's dangerous, you might get killed," I was somewhat surprised to see him get up from his seat immediately afterward and heartily embrace an elderly man who had just walked over to the Shell bleachers wearing the yellow-red-and-white rosette of Ram. "Ha-ha, old friend, how have you been? Ugh, don't make me touch that thing!" Rossi exclaimed, drawing back from the embrace and rolling his eyes dramatically at his friend's rosette.

The next day, after the fourth trial, I bumped into Signor Rossi and some of his cronies at a little bar called Diacceto, not far from the Campo. Rossi introduced his friends as "fellow-graduates of the University of Rastrelli," which turned out to be an allusion to a big hole in the ground on the Via Rastrelli where they had all played as children. The hole had been dug for the foundation of the Jolly Hotel, which today is a fancy modern hostelry. The usual dyadic rivalries seemed to have been suspended. Though rosettes of fierce rivals were plainly visible on their lapels, the men, who were mostly late-middle-aged or older, were obviously enjoying a pleasant reunion over glasses of strong red Tuscan wine. The group included a tall, deeply tanned man named Umberto Piazzesi, who makes the Palio *nerbi* (whips) and had one with him; a small, shy man, whom the others called "little mouse"; and a slightly sinister-looking fellow wearing dark glasses, who quoted Tacitus and was introduced to me as a former paratrooper.

"You know what we call Celso, don't you?" Signor Piazzesi asked. "*Bocca di leone*, because he talks so much."

"Well, I might as well earn my name," Signor Rossi said. "I heard that Tower paid a hundred and twenty million lire to get Pes." At this, his friends whistled softly, clucked, and shook their heads.

I asked Signor Rossi about the evident lapse of *contrada* enmity at Diacceto.

"Well, we all go back a long way," he explained. "There are times for rivalry and times to forget it. That's true even for the most violent arch-rivals. In 1983, Artemio Franchi, who was the captain of Tower and also the president of the Italian Soccer Federation, was on his way to a dinner party when he was killed in an accident. Well, Goose and Tower are enemies, as you know, but Goose put up posters all over town which said '*Nemici nel Campo, amici nel dolore*'—enemies in the square, friends in sadness."

AT the fifth trial, on Monday night, the eve of the Palio, the jeers and insults became more and more insistent, the scarf-waving became more and more frantic, and the faces of the young hotheads became redder and redder. Having recently adjusted to the idea that ward enmities might not be so virulent, or even so "real," after all if old enemies could schmooze amicably together in a bar, I was shocked when, immediately after the trial, the most terrifying mass fight I'd ever witnessed broke out. It seemed to come from nowhere. As the horses and jockeys were being led out of the Campo, a member of Goose confronted a member of Tower and objected to the quantity and flavor of the insults hurled at his ward during the trial. One of the two

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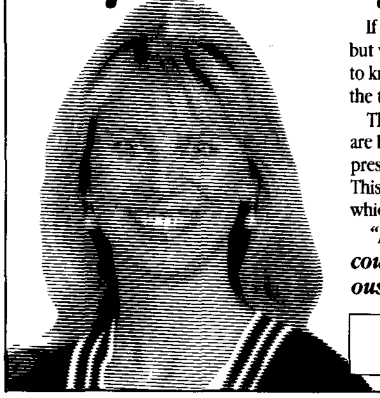

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—each side later claimed it was the other—pushed his opponent slightly, and within seconds hundreds of enraged Towers and Geese swarmed from the bleachers and began punching, kicking, and bloodying each other with such ferocity that it seemed certain that a number of them would not live to see another Palio. No class or age group, except young children, went unrepresented in the melee. The police arrived within minutes and broke it up, and a Misericordia di Siena ambulance whisked away the wounded. The jockeys of both wards had already been hustled out of the Piazza to safety, but several horses had been trapped inside and were now led out, followed, as usual, by their wards. Unfortunately, Shell and Ram happened to converge at the San Martino exit, and though it was clearly impossible for the two contingents to squeeze into the narrow street at the same time, neither side would yield ground, and another fight broke out—this one squelched immediately by the police. Once the two wards got around the corner and somewhat out of range of the police, however, they began hurling themselves at each other again with terrible abandon.

I watched these developments from the highest bench of the Shell bleachers, with a gentle, magnificently unaggressive Nicchiaiolo called Sandro Luzzi, whom Signor Rossi had introduced me to during the trial. Signor Luzzi was wearing his *contrada* scarf, but though several battle-primed Ram foot soldiers cruised by and gazed balefully up at him, they did not bother him. I asked him why they left him alone. “You don’t have to fight,” he replied, shrugging, “but you have to look as though you could take care of yourself if you had to”—a credo I first heard articulated when I was a student at P.S. 46 in the Bronx, and one that would surely be on New York City’s coat of arms if it had one.

Of all the pre-Palio events, perhaps the most enjoyable for the Sienese are the ward good-luck banquets, which take place on the eve of the race. They are held alfresco, with cloth-covered makeshift tables lining the central street or streets of each ward. Strangers can buy tickets for these events, but by and large the participants are ward members, out in force if the ward has a good horse and any chance of winning. I had been invited to eat with the members of Shell, who, with Massimino as their jockey, and the possibility of a *cappotto*, were there in great numbers. Some sixteen hundred people were seated at tables that ran along the Via dell’Oliviera and the Via dei Pispini, forming a V around the Shell oratory and converging in front of a dais that had been set up near the entrance of the *società*. On the dais were the *capitano*, several of his assistants, Dr. Filippini, and Massimino, who was trying his best not to look uncomfortable—a nearly impossible task when you are simultaneously the object of wildly exalted hopes and the darkest suspicions. Between several superb courses of hearty Tuscan food prepared and served by ward members, the *capitano* and the *priore* delivered impassioned, optimistic speeches, and Massimino made a more modest and decidedly more cautious one, in which he promised that he would do his best. Black eyes, bruises, and bandages were everywhere in evidence, and those who bore them were the objects of numerous good-natured pinches and pats.

Shortly after dessert, the *capitano* excused himself and departed, announcing that he and his assistants “had something to take care of.” Since all present knew they were going out to meet their counterparts in other wards to make the final *partiti*—or, as one guidebook euphemistically puts it, to “survey the development of all formalities connected with the Palio”—everyone smiled knowingly and shouted words of encouragement. Dr. Filippini then made another speech, which Celso Rossi, who was sitting at a table near mine, characterized as a bit too cocksure about Shell’s chances of victory. Signor Rossi’s son, who had accompanied him from England, told us he had heard that the members of Tower were so wound up that they had been fighting among themselves, and the police had been called on to intervene. The banquet would go on until the small hours of the morning. At midnight, when I left, Massimino was looking on complacently as the ward serenaded him. The songs varied, but most had refrains such as “Our Massimino, who comes from Sardinia, we’ll teach you how to win, and we’re going up your ass,” and “You are ours, Massimino, bring us the *cappotto*, and we shall celebrate, and we’re going up your ass.”

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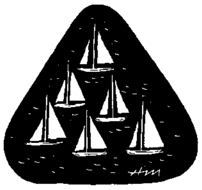
On my way back to the hotel, I passed several brightly lit, boisterous banquets. The members of Unicorn seemed inexplicably merry, considering their glum prospects, and Owl, well hidden behind a border of potted bushes, sounded even merrier. Around the corner from the hotel, someone had drawn a fairly faithful chalk copy of July’s Peace Palio on the street. Nearby, two large groups of neatly dressed teen-age boys and girls wearing the scarves of Goose and Tower were trading ferocious insults.

THE sun shone with particular intensity on Tuesday, the day of the Palio. Even at seven o’clock in the morning, the handful of spectators who had come to a small open-air chapel at the foot of the Mangia Tower to attend the ritual Mass for the jockeys were making frequent use of small paper fans. In the center of the Piazza, raggedy piles of backpacks and sleeping bags marked the places of students who had spent the night there in order to be sure of having a good view of the race.

At seven-thirty, the jockeys, dressed in jeans and sports shirts, began straggling sleepily into the chapel. The ceremony itself, which was totally obscured by television cameras and technicians, took place around eight, when the Archbishop arrived, resplendent in vestments of rose-pink and white. His Excellency counted noses, shrugged, whispered a few words to the Mayor, who had also just arrived, and bestowed his blessing upon the jockeys. Massimino arrived late, but not too late to be blessed. Aceto never showed up. True to his name, he has refused year after year to participate in this ceremony, and no amount of pleading from *contradaioli* has ever swayed him.

As the Archbishop was intoning the

last words of the Mass, the horses were led into the Campo for the final pre-Palio trial, which was scheduled for nine o'clock. This final trial is little more than a walk-through. The jockeys try mainly to conserve the horses' energy and prevent any calamitous last-minute accidents—much to the observable perplexity of visitors who have just arrived in Siena primed for hot-blooded derring-do on the track. The trial does, however, present one last opportunity for the jockeys to make or unmake private deals. Thus, as Massimino, Aceto, Tredici, Pes, Bastiano, and their fellow-jockeys left the Cortile, their every shrug, twitch, or pleasantry was the object of the keenest scrutiny. Tower "won" the trial, but only a few tourists cheered.

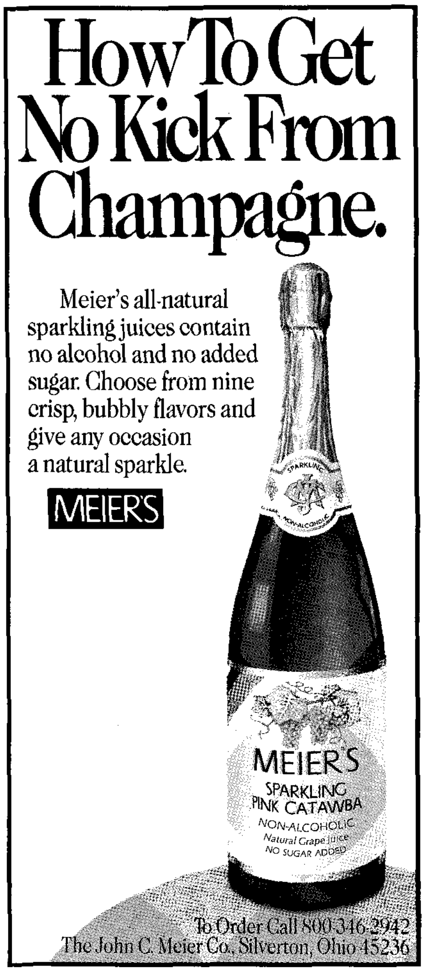


By three o'clock, the streets surrounding the oratories of the participating wards were completely packed. Inside each church, the ward horse was led to the altar rail to be blessed. The jockey was on hand and would also receive a blessing, but, as everyone knew, this was really the horse's show. In the tiny Shell oratory, every inch of space was taken up by *contradaioli* straining to see the priest sprinkle holy water on the horse as he prayed, "Let this animal receive Thy blessing, O Lord, whereby it may be preserved in body and freed from every harm by the intercession of the blessed Anthony, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord, Amen."

I was unable to see anything but a small patch of Odeon's hindquarters, which, however, turned out to be an object of universal interest, since it is deemed a sign of great good luck if the horse defecates on the floor of the church. Odeon, alas, left the church as clean as he found it. After the priest finished the benediction, he shouted, "Go! And return victorious!" (this exhortation is omitted from printed versions of the ceremony), and the assembled worshippers brought the ritual to an end by yelling the *contrada* cheer. Before the ceremony, the members of the *comparsa*—the ward delegation that would march in the Palio parade—had donned their exquisite, handmade, carefully maintained fur-and-velvet costumes, and as soon as everyone came out of the oratory they gave a spirited flag-throwing and drumrolling performance for the benefit of those who were too old or too ill to take part in the *comparsa* march through the city.

At some point after the blessing and before the start of the race, the horses may be given a stimulant, locally known as a *beverone* (drench) or a *bomba* (bomb)—the administration of stimulants being yet another of the Palio's open secrets. In earlier times, every ward had its own concoction, which drew upon the exotic pharmacopoeia of herbalists, alchemists, and folk wisdom; coffee, grappa, Marsala, pepper, ginger, tarragon, and eggs were often among the ingredients. In modern times, the stimulant is usually administered by injection and consists of some mixture of vitamins, Methedrine, and glucose. It is crucial to neither overdose a horse nor mistime a dosage. An overdosed horse will be impossible to handle in the pre-Palio procession and will probably be lathered in sweat before the race begins. A horse might also recover from the drug too early and be useless for the race. Animal-protection groups have long decried this aspect of the Palio—as a matter of fact, there is virtually no aspect of the Palio that they do not abominate—but so far the city has not undertaken to conduct any formal tests of the horses, either before or after the race.

As a courtesy to a foreign reporter, the Monte dei Paschi bank had at the last minute given me a ticket entitling me to watch the Palio from a balcony of the Palazzo Sansedoni, an elegant building that the bank owns and that stands approximately halfway between the start and the San Martino corner. Seats of any kind are hard to obtain in the week before the Palio, and would-be spectators are turned away from the entrance to the Campo on Palio day by the thousands every year, so I was happy to have the ticket. I did not realize until I had begun inching my way behind a row of chairs which took up virtually the whole width of the blazingly hot little balcony that (a) the palazzo would remain in full sun for most of the afternoon, and (b) my ticket was carefully stamped, in minute letters, "*In Piedi*" ("Standing"). It was four o'clock. The procession was scheduled to begin at four-forty-five and the race itself at seven. The floor of the balcony was ridged, and its



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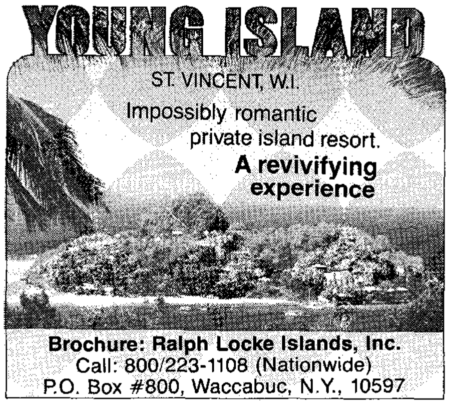

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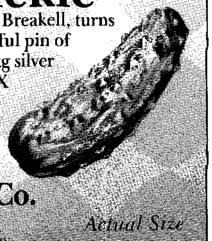

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heat penetrated the soles of my espadrilles. I envisioned grille marks appearing on my feet over the next four hours, like the ticktacktoe patterns on barbecued hamburgers. Happily, there were a few no-shows, and I was permitted to fry seated.

The Piazza and the surrounding balconies and windows and rooftops slowly began to fill and flower with the riotous colors of the ward flags, rosettes, and scarves. The ward entrances this afternoon were rather low-key, in contrast to the pandemonium that had characterized the trials; the mood, now that the actual day of the race had arrived, was positively subdued. There was little singing or shouting, and hardly any outright bellicosity. You could not characterize the atmosphere as calm; it was more like a mass inhalation.

Whether by accident or intention, the historical procession, which takes two hours, succeeds in slowing time even more by its stately, measured pace. Just before the parade began, the *mortaretto*—a small cannon, which also signals the beginning and the end of the race—was fired, and the track was cleared by the usual laconic white-suited policemen. Three ranks of mounted carabinieri, armed with swords and wearing three-cornered cockaded hats and nineteenth-century uniforms, rode slowly around the Campo and then, at a signal from their captain, began to gallop, swords drawn, in a dangerous-looking cavalry charge. They exited at full gallop. As soon as they departed, the bell of the Mangia Tower began a slow, ghostly, and oddly unreverberating toll (it would sound without cease until just before the horses came out of the Cortile for the race), signalling the start of the procession.

*It may have been the heat or the* rhythmic tolling of the bell, or perhaps the steady beat of wave after wave of solemn drummers, but I found myself pulled easily into the pageant's theatrical evocation of Siena's past. The procession entered from the Via del Casato. The first contingent, some of its members mounted, some on foot, represented the Old Republic of Siena and all the former principalities, towns, castles, and manors that owed it allegiance. First came the mounted standard-bearer of the Commune, followed by four commanders-in-chief, a groom, six mace-bearers, twelve trumpeters wearing turbanlike hats and playing silver instruments that flashed in the sun, eighteen musicians playing assorted Renaissance instruments, and thirty-six flag-bearers, carrying the flags of the old Renaissance dependencies and led by the representative of Montalcino, the city-state that offered sanctuary to the Sienese fleeing their disastrous war with Florence in 1555. After them came the "captain of the people," followed by a page, a groom, and three powerful-looking centurions—in suits of armor and mounted on elaborately armored and draped horses—representing the three ancient geographical divisions of the city. Participation in the Palio procession is considered an honor, and despite the brutal heat each bewigged, armored, cloaked marcher, every drummer encased in parti-colored hose and a doublet slashed with bright contrasting colors marched erect. There was no mugging at the spectators. Having only a few days before, in the Palazzo Pubblico, seen Lorenzetti's famous and beautiful fresco "Allegory of Good and Bad Government," I was fascinated by the transformation of the Sienese into perfect replicas of their long-suffering forebears. But, of course, many—probably most—of them were the descendants of the burghers, bankers, and peasants who marched in the procession hundreds of years ago, and who gaze down upon us still from the walls of the city hall and the picture gallery of the Duomo.

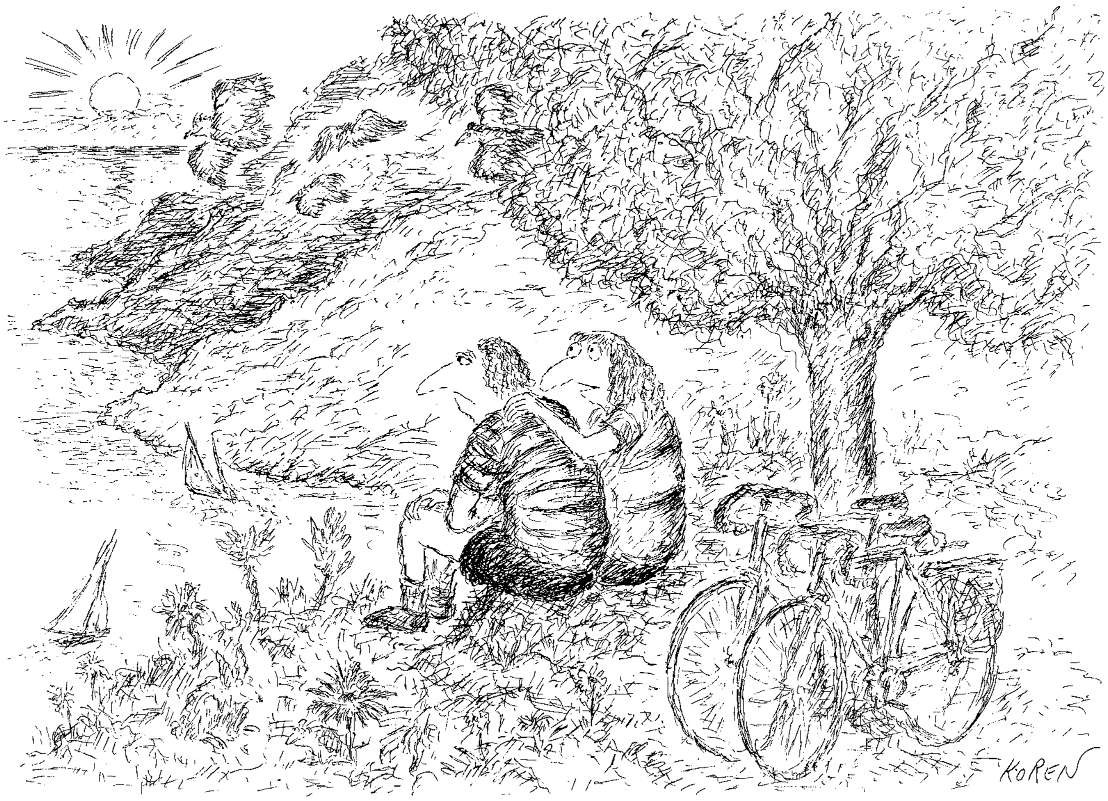
The second group in the procession consisted of the representatives of the old guilds associated with the various wards, carrying the symbols of their craft, and the third was made up of the *comparse* of the ten *participating wards, each one led by a* drummer and followed by the ward's two best *alfieri* (flag-wavers), who executed graceful passes and tosses at strategic locations around the Campo; an armored *duce* (picked for heft and virile good looks), who is the delegation's symbolic leader; two armored men-at-arms; three pages carrying standards; the richly caparisoned Palio horse, which is led unmounted, to save its strength; and, last, the jockey, riding a parade horse, which was theoretically being led by a footman, though many of the nervous, hot, and heavily draped horses needed a fair degree of steadying from their riders. As the last ward was finishing its tour of the Campo and its members were hastening to their seats in a section of the bleachers in front of the Palazzo Pubblico reserved for the *comparse*, there appeared one of the most charming groups in the procession: two ranks of little boys in Renaissance costumes, festooned with a long laurel garland draped so that the boys' arms seemed to be made of leaves. Behind them came seven horsemen representing the nonparticipating wards, and then six spectacularly eerie armored riders with closed visors, who were mounted on masked horses. These sepulchral figures represented six of the many "dead," or suppressed, wards that no longer ride in the Palio: Cock, Lion, Bear, Oak, Strong Sword, and Viper.

The hush that accompanied the dead wards on their circuit of the Campo was followed by a great waving of scarves as an ox-drawn triumphal chariot entered bearing the Palio. The chariot also bore four elderly men, representing the ruling financial council of Siena during the heyday of the Republic; seven trumpeters from the Palazzo Pubblico; and a little boy ringing the *martinella*, a bell that had been sounding along with the one in the Mangia Tower throughout the procession and that would continue to sound until it ended. While the Palio was being placed in the judges' stand, near the starting rope, the *alfieri* lined up in front of the Palazzo Pubblico and executed a final act of homage to Siena. The police then closed a small entrance to the right of the Palazzo Pubblico which had been left open so that a steady trickle of latecomers could come in and attempt to find a spare inch in the Piazza. Now no one could enter. At five minutes to seven, a loud burst of the *mortaretto* signalled the clearing of the track, and after the captains left the Cortile and walked to their seats another loud report announced the emergence of the horses onto the track.

Moments before the jockeys had mounted, they had been solemnly instructed by the starter to abide faithfully by the Palio rules, though all present knew that they would try their utmost to bend and break them; they had splashed water on their pants (from individual buckets, because the common bucket that was formerly used was deemed to have been a site for cabals), to give them a better grip on their horses; and they had been frisked by the police, to make sure that they were carrying no weapons. As the horses entered the track, each jockey was handed a whip. These are often used to hit an enemy jockey, and many *partiti* specify such blows, with a particular sum guaranteed for each one administered. In earlier centuries, the whips were longer, and sometimes had lethal iron tips or braided-leather lashes. Today's regulation-issue, calf's-phallus *nerbo* (described euphemistically in the Palio rule book as a "*tendine di bue*," or ox sinew) dates from 1701, when the local authorities forbade the use of any whips other than those it would provide, in order to prevent the bloody debacles that many Palios had become. But even today the jockeys wear metal helmets, painted in their wards' colors, to protect themselves from the sharp, painful blows of the *nerbo*.

The jockeys turned their horses toward the Palazzo Pubblico and raised the whips in salute. As they began their slow approach to the start, they still did not know their post positions. The positions are determined by a mechanical device in the judges' stand; it is not set in motion until the horses come out on the track, nor are the results disclosed until the horses are halfway to the start. Nine of the ten horses would be behind one rope and the tenth, a length in back of them, at the inside position behind a second rope. When the starter gives the signal, the tenth horse is to charge forward and begin the race. Before this happens, those who have received positions on the outside of the track try to sneak close to the infield. Often, when the jockey in tenth position sees that his allies have found favorable places, he will force the start of the race by charging forward and thereby setting everything in motion. The starter calls everyone back when this happens, and declares it a false start.

The crowd could not hear the starter read out the post positions (there is no public-address system), so



*"Honey, are you thinking about the office?"*

• •

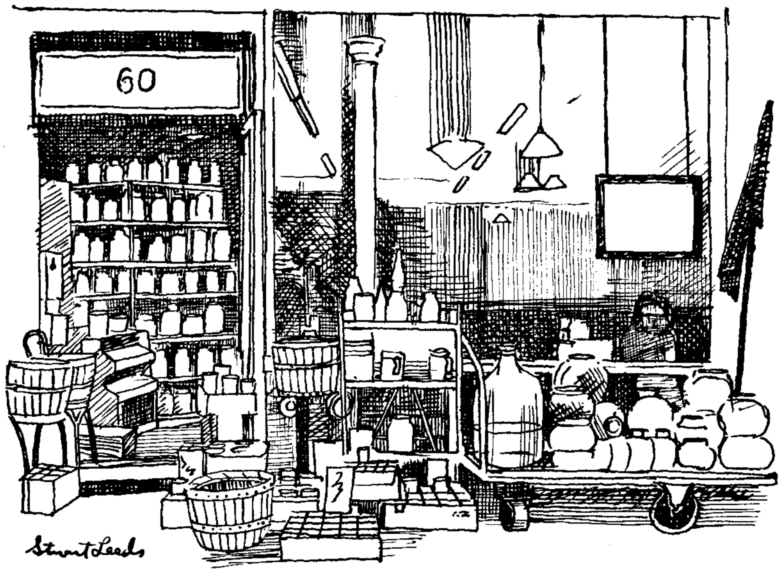
people watched avidly, roaring their approval or displeasure as each horse called moved into its place at the rope, since the pre-Palio arrangements depend in part on the position of the horses. At conventional horse races, the horses line up at the gate and are soon off and running. Not at the Palio. The order in which the entries were supposed to line up (low numbers inside) were (1) Tower, (2) Giraffe, (3) She-Wolf, (4) Unicorn, (5) Owl, (6) Turtle, (7) Eagle, (8) Goose, (9) Shell, and, standing behind the others, (10) Wave. Theoretically, all the horses simply had to line up in that way and run. This is called a good *mossa*, or start, but, practically speaking, it is extremely difficult to achieve. After hours of parading, or waiting around to parade, in the heat, many of the horses were nervous. For reasons that have already been suggested, the jockeys were also nervous, and their nervousness added to the nervousness of their mounts. Pressing for advantage in the highly charged disarray of the lineup, jockeys will frequently *pretend* that their horses are nervous, in order to push aside a rival or sneak into a more favorable spot.

When the horses got to the start, there was a good deal of jostling, shoving, and confusion. Giraffe's horse steadfastly faced in the wrong direction and left its choice No. 2 spot open. Since Tower, Wave's enemy, had the most desirable spot, Cianchino, Wave's jockey, did his best to turn his horse and force a delay, so that jockeys with good horses could maneuver toward the space left by Giraffe. There were five false starts: twice the horses pressed so hard against the rope that the starter felt he had to lower it; twice it seemed as if all the horses were ready, but they were not; and once there were so many horses in the wrong positions that the starter brought them all back. But at last, with a tremendous roar from the crowd, the race began.

With a little help from his friends, Eagle's jockey, Bucefalo, in brilliant yellow-and-black silks, had managed to get Figaro past Tower's horse into the No. 1 position, and he came out like lightning. In the subsequent flash of horseflesh and ward colors one could see that Wave was concentrating on blocking Tower, and that Unicorn's jockey, Tredici, was after Aceto, who was racing for Owl. As the horses rounded the San Martino corner on the first of the three laps, She-Wolf's horse stumbled, bringing Giraffe's horse and Tower's horse down with him. Pes, Tower's jockey, looked as if he had been badly hurt, but he managed to stumble off the track. The impact of the crash brought several of the protective mattresses down, and they remained in the middle of the track for the rest of the race. Galleggiante had also stumbled at San Martino, but Aceto kept his seat and urged him on in an effort to catch up to Figaro, who had pulled far ahead. Unicorn's Euro, who was widely thought to be a lemon, was surprising everyone by seriously threatening Galleggiante. On the second lap, Turtle's horse fell at San Martino, and Galleggiante stumbled there again, whereupon Tredici brought Euro alongside him and performed what the next day's *Corriere di Siena* called "a real masterpiece" by pressing Aceto against the barrier at the Casato corner. There the two jockeys engaged in a "spectacular" (*Corriere di Siena* again) exchange of *nerbo* blows, and, to Aceto's deep humiliation, he was slowed enough so that Euro could pull well ahead. On the third lap, Eagle's Figaro, putting on a burst of speed, had the field pretty much to himself.

As Eagle passed the finish line, followed by Unicorn, Shell, and Wave, a loud report from the *mortaretto* signalled the end of the race. Instantly, thousands of laughing, shouting, jumping, weeping Eagles tumbled from their seats to kiss Bucefalo and Figaro, to hug and kiss each other, and to storm the judge's stand to claim their twenty-third Palio. The exultant *contrada* called for the banner with cries of "*Drappellone! Drappellone!*" and "*Dàccelo!*" ("Give it to us!"), the traditional victory cry of the Palio, which Dundes and Falassi suggest is symbolically addressed either to "a woman yielding her virginity, the Madonna giving her cloak, a mother offering her breast, or a father figure (the Comune) handing down the *asta*"—the pole that holds the Palio up—"as a symbol of male virility." Dundes and Falassi's classically Freudian reading of much of the symbolism of the Palio caused many raised eyebrows when their book first appeared, but considering the preponderance of oral, anal, and genital language associated with the event it is difficult to see how such an interpretation could have been avoided. As the Palio flag was passed to the eager members of Eagle, every ward but Panther, Eagle's enemy, waved its flag in homage. "*È morto un bischero!*" a young Eagle shouted exultantly, pointing to a group of grim-looking Panthers in the middle distance: "A prick has died!"

There are other losers in the Palio besides the winner's enemy. Normally, they include the ward that came in second, any ward that had a good horse but did not make a good showing, and any ward that had a good lead and lost it. This year, since it was Eagle's horse more or less all the way, there were no front-runners that fell behind and no suspicion of major betrayals. Though Unicorn's horse came in second, its young jockey, Tredici, had made the ward happy by overtaking Owl's horse and humiliating Aceto. The Tower members were mortified, because neither their good horse, their good jockey, nor their good starting position had been a match for the maneuvers of their enemies—particularly Wave, their unofficial enemy. And the Shells



were disappointed that Massimino didn't make a better showing and that they failed to achieve a *cappotto*—though their disadvantageous starting position combined with a less than perfect horse was later viewed as an insuperable obstacle.

After marching with the Palio to the Duomo to sing a Te Deum, the members of Eagle escorted the banner to their oratory. There it was put on display and admired by throngs of Sienese—in between frequent victory processions around the city, which went on intermittently all night. Many of the marchers plastered their faces with shaving cream in honor of their horse, Figaro—a name associated in the minds of most Italians with "The Barber of Seville." Many others had rubber pacifiers hanging from cords around their necks, and some carried small bottles of castor oil symbolizing the purgatives that may or may not have actually been sent to a select number of their enemy. Small children banging little drums and sombrely waving yellow-and-black flags added considerably to the charm of these triumphal processions. Around midnight, among the thousands of well-wishers from friendly wards who visited Eagle's headquarters were a number of captains, accompanied by their assistants, who had come to have the terms of whatever arrangements they had made with the winner honored.

THE next morning, the street that marked the entrance to the Panthers' ward was draped with a black curtain made from trash bags, and in the adjoining ward their victorious enemies were offering free shaves and haircuts at a small table covered with yellow flowers, near the Eagle baptismal font. In the Campo, Eagle's yellow-and-black flag was flying from the Palazzo Pubblico. All the bleachers and about half the earth had been removed, and ten small children were galloping on invisible horses around the Cortile and hitting each other with rolled-up newspapers.

Lucia told me that Unicorn and Owl had had a fight a little before midnight, in the Piazza Tolomei—one of several "traditional" fighting sites in the city—and that some Tower members had attacked Goose and their own jockey, Pes, and that Goose had counter-attacked. Later, I learned that Shell, Ram, and Wave had been disqualified

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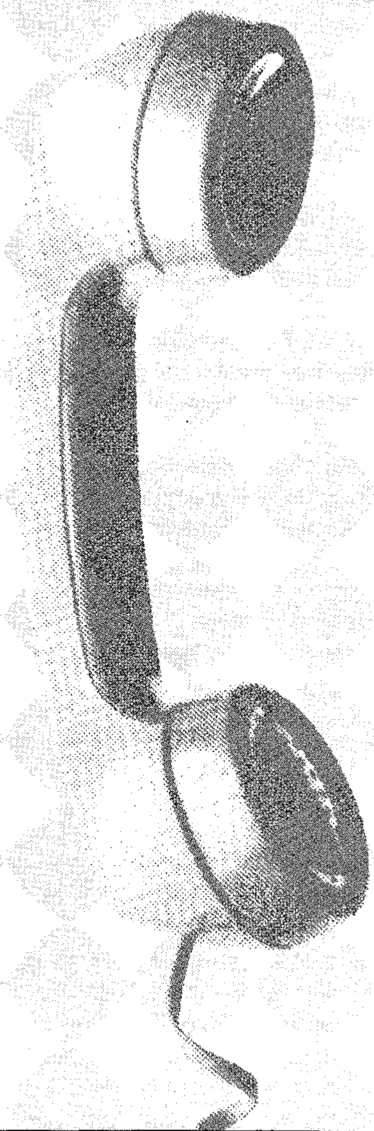

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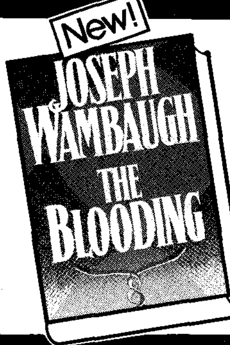

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from next July's Palio, because of various brushes with the police. But according to the local papers there had been no big fights on the day of the Palio and people had been no more excited than they usually were. Only a few had been injured: three people had been overcome by heat and treated at the first-aid station, someone had been kicked by a horse, and the man in charge of the mattresses had got dirt in his eye and missed the end of the race because officials had insisted that he receive immediate treatment. He was furious. As anticipated, the pickpockets had cashed in on the day. Professor Falassi and two hotel clerks had warned me about the pickpockets—not Sienese, they assured me emphatically, but outsiders, who came to take advantage of the large crowds. Five were arrested. Three were foreigners, and two were well-known Italian purse-snatchers.

Members of the Union for Animals had demonstrated in Querce Grossa, a nearby town, complaining, much to the disgust of the Sienese, that the horses were made to run too fast in the middle of "a cacophony of disturbing voices, music, and cries, which causes psychological distress," and decrying the fact that inevitably some horses got hurt—although for the first time in the history of the Palio a vehicle equipped for surgery was present in the Piazza, so that serious attempts could be made to save badly injured horses instead of shooting them. Rejecting the view of the Palio as—to quote a guidebook—"the moment of consciousness and liberation, of immense gratification and recovery of the roots and traditions of an inimitable people," the Union for Animals in effect echoed the sentiments of Henry James, who wrote in "Italian Hours," a book of travel essays, that the Palio was a distressing memory that "smudges that special sojourn as with the big thumb-mark of a slightly soiled and decidedly ensanguined hand."

The city returned to its normal routines with impressive rapidity on the day after the race. I was strolling its streets and enjoying its aura of quiet orderliness when there suddenly appeared, amid a great blasting of trumpets and banging of drums, *mirabile dictu*, an even bigger and more elaborate version of the previous night's victory parade. Twice as many flags, costumed men, women, and children, old people with faded ward scarves tied around their necks, and priests and nuns with the ward colors draped around their clerical robes were taking part in a victory tour of the city. Figaro was in this procession, too, and as he moved into a patch of sunlight in front of me I was struck by his transformation from Il Culturista, the energetic Palio hopeful, into mythological beast. His bay coat glowed, his mane and tail had been braided, his hooves had been gilded, and "23" had been artfully painted on both hindquarters—a testament to Eagle's victories.

A strange-looking, dishevelled man stood near Figaro distributing a broadsheet to onlookers. I had seen him wandering listlessly around the Piazza all week, and again the night before, marching with the Eagles in their victory procession. I had inquired about him at the restaurant where I usually ate. The waiter knew right away whom I was talking about. "A lost soul," he said. The poor man didn't even know which ward he belonged to, so at the end of every Palio he usually donned the colors of the winner and insinuated himself into its celebrations and processions. Nobody minded, and it seemed to make him happy. His eyes were vacant as he handed me a boldly printed yellow-and-black handbill, but he presented it with a flourish. It proved to be a sonnet that the Aquilini had composed in honor of their victory. Loosely translated, it read:

THE NOBLE CONTRADA OF EAGLE

ON THE OCCASION OF THE SPLENDID VICTORY IN THE PALIO OF AUGUST 16TH 1988 WON BY THE FABULOUS HORSE FIGARO AND THE GREAT JOCKEY MAUREZIO FARNETANI, CALLED BUCEFALO, WITH CAPTAIN RENATO ROMEI, TRUSTEES FABIO MARCHETTI, GIROLAMO BRANDOLINI D'ADDA, MASSIMO MARCHETTI, AND PRIORE ADINOLFO BRANDOLINI D'ADDA, THE FOLLOWING SONNET IS OFFERED TO POSTERITY:

Forgive us if we are late
In coming to you with the banner of the
  Casato.
No disrespect was intended.
We took the first train we could.

In fact, Figaro, like a locomotive,
Took off and arrived right on time,
Led in an admirable race
By a truly extraordinary Bucefalo.

And Eagle again rejoices,
The Color Yellow again enters history!
And the crowd in our church,

While singing the praises of the Mother,
Proclaims that what really inspires us
Is an indomitable yearning for victory!

—LIS HARRIS

# BOOKS

## *Sixty-one Years of Solitude*

IN 1928, Felipe Alfau, a twenty-six-year-old Spaniard living in New York, wrote a slim novel, in English, called "Locos, A Comedy of Gestures." He had trouble finding a publisher for it, and when the book finally came out, in 1936, it was in a Farrar & Rinehart signed edition available only by subscription. It was praised (in the *Times Book Review*, the *Herald Tribune*, and several magazines), and then disappeared. Its author, presumably discouraged, went to work in a bank. (He is now retired.) Such is the familiar and much romanticized fate of the artist of "advanced" ideas, whose art is "before its time." "Locos" has now been reissued, by the Dalkey Archive Press ($19.95), with an afterword by Mary McCarthy, in which she rightly compares this cool, teasing, wistful work with Nabokov's "Pale Fire" and with the experiments of Calvino. "Locos" *was* before its time: an extraordinarily polished modernist novel, very much preoccupied with the nature of fiction, that takes the form of a series of stories, at least some of which can be read as classic Spanish tales of rogues and con men—picaresques.

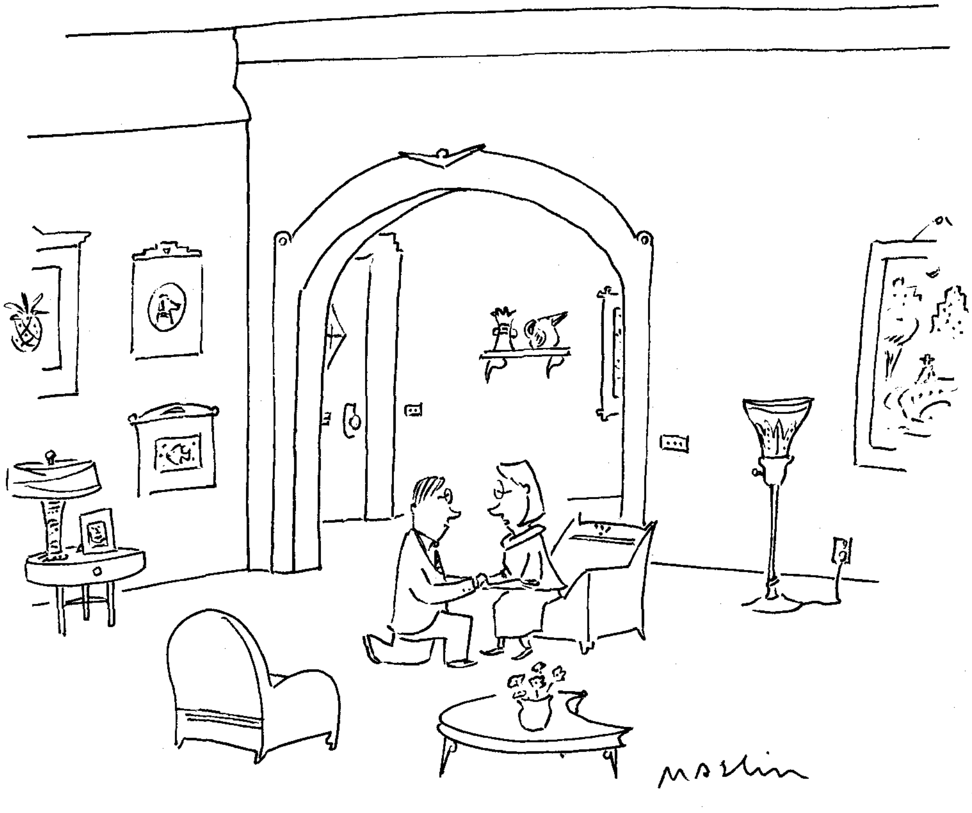
In a prologue, Alfau invites one to read the stories in any order, but his tone, like Nabokov's, is sardonic and flagrantly disingenuous, and the invitation should not be taken too much to heart: "Locos" is not a story collection—though its status as a novel is ectoplasmic, floating somewhere off the page in the connections the reader can make between one story and another. It's a pleasure to read "Locos" with pencil in hand, riffling backward to pounce on a clue as suggestive as a detail remembered from a dream, though the book's richness can also tempt one to graduate-student exegesis. "Locos" is a detective story, as McCarthy points out, but one in which the mystery is identity and the detective is the reader.

Take "Fingerprints," a deceptively simple story, like most of the others, with an O. Henry-like "ironic" ending. Don Gil, the brother-in-law of the Prefect of Police, is obsessed with fingerprints, and claims that they are more trustworthy than any alibi. He says, "If a man were in China, and while he was there . . . his fingerprints appeared on a given spot here in Madrid . . . I would say to him, 'You are the author of those fingerprints.' " As it happens, while Don Gil and a priest are drinking chocolate together Don Gil's fingerprints are discovered all over the scene of a grisly murder, and the Prefect, who has been expected the whole time, to play cards, arrives and reluctantly arrests him. Don Gil, a law-abiding family man, allows himself to be carted away, idiotically repeating, "I am the man from China . . . Fingerprints never fail."

And that's the end of that. Except that in the previous story you might have noticed an aside about its main character, Garcia, in which it is mentioned that Garcia has been taught all that Don Gil knows about fingerprints and "perhaps more," and that Don Gil has offered him a job "provided Garcia were willing to let Don Gil have part of his pay." The story also slips in a sly hint that Garcia has agreed but "this was, of course, a secret pact of which Garcia expected to rid himself as soon as he could devise a plan to do so." Since in "Fingerprints" Garcia is the man who identifies the prints, one deduces that this may have been his way of getting rid of Don Gil and that he may have committed the murder himself. Yet the only thing you can depend on is that to be absolutely certain of anyone's identity here is to echo the idiocies of Don Gil.

Further stories only add to uncertainty. A story named for its hero, "Juan Chinelato," is about an actual man from China—a term that has come to be synonymous in the reader's mind with the perpetrator of the murder. But then the last of the stories shows Garcia again, this time as a young student, brutally stoning a dog who gets in his way, and, of course, a dog in his way was very much what Don Gil became for him. Still, none of this proves Don Gil innocent; the man was taking kickbacks, after all.

Alfau is dealing here in the identity of indiscernibles, if you remember that philosophy-class mind bender. It's

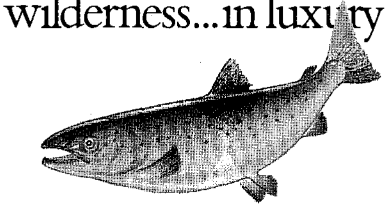


*"Jeff, I'm going to need some time to prepare a counterproposal."*

about distinguishing, in the most famous example, between the meanings of "the morning star" and "the evening star." Both morning star and evening star are manifestations of the planet Venus, so aren't they the same thing? But "the morning star" doesn't mean what "the evening star" means: you don't say "I saw the evening star" when you've looked at Venus at dawn. What you are looking for in "Locos" is, in a sense, whatever it may be that the characters are manifestations of, regardless of what they're called or where they happen to appear.

Alfau started out in New York as a music critic, and the shape of "Locos" is musical—a set of themes and variations. One motif is an elusive woman called Lunarito, who at times seems also to occupy the role of a woman named Carmen. They start out as clearly defined, separate people. In an early story, Don Gil's son Gaston meets Lunarito and then goes home to his mistress, Carmen. But later Gaston talks about a nightmare in which he destroys his sister, who in the dream seems to be Lunarito. Chapters later, it is Carmen who is Gaston's sister, and the nightmare recurs—this time, however, as farce, with Carmen seducing her brother. Elsewhere, it is not Carmen who is Gaston's mistress but Lunarito. Carmen is allowed to turn up as a sister with a capital "S"—a nun—in Garcia's nightmarish memories, where Lunarito acts as his maid. Similarly, shadows and the reflected glow of a fire on the front of a house play like refrains through these stories. They work the way music does, and trying to find an explicit meaning in them seems as pointless as seeking meaning in a melody. If they are arrows, they are all pointing at each other.

One suspects that what appears in any given story as a dropped hint began modestly as a bit of background and sprouted ramifications only on second thought, and that the first story, in which we are taken to the Café de los Locos, was, like most introductions, written last. The entire cast appears in this café, where bad writers hang out to pick up secondhand characters (Don Quixote can't find a taker) and also "some fairly good, cheap, new material." (This no doubt is why several reviewers called the book "Pirandellian.") Each of the characters featured in the novel displays here in the café an emblem of his or her story. Don Gil's



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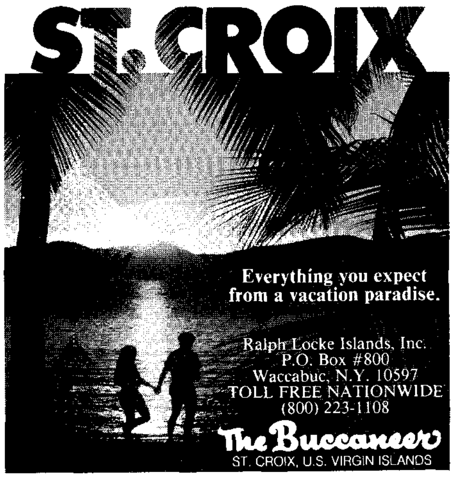

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hand, for instance, leaves a dirty mark on the wall, and Garcia kicks a dog. The introduction thus serves as a kind of witty index (which McCarthy, in her afterword, cross-references) to the myriad and contradictory identities that the characters will take on, and it also establishes their habit of trying to climb out of the world of fiction into "reality." (Living in an alternate reality is one way to describe being crazy—loco.) In the self-animating conceit of being poised between one kind of reality and another, the characters are like Betty Boop pulling herself out of the inkwell in a Max Fleischer cartoon. All in all, "Locos" makes a "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" of literature: its characters are like the Toons, who indestructibly defy the laws of reality but observe with strict, if unwilling, obedience the conventions of fiction, afraid of nothing except, possibly, the eraser.

In this respect, the "Locos" characters are also a little like writers. There is a certain amount of rib-nudging to indicate that they are merely stand-ins for the author, and at one point Alfau chides a character—Gaston, as it happens—for taking over the typewriter to invent his own story. Gaston, having, as he thinks, leaped into reality by means of writing, can't tell whether the woman he meets is fictional or real, but he knows when he falls in love that it is reality he is in love with. This is Alfau's dilemma, too. He is in love with reality, and to enact this love he turns it into—embalms it in—fiction. When Alfau writes about a necrophile, a woman who adores funerals and corpses and periodically falls into epochs of apparent death herself, it is surely authorship he is both mocking and mourning. Pervasively, the stories embody a romance about the fatalism of writing—about living in characters and literary conventions, and therefore living a shadow life vexed by conundrum.

One of Alfau's stand-ins has been educated in England, so he looks at Spain as an outsider and "a spectator witnessing extraordinary things in a strange land." This is Alfau's position precisely. Yet the stories are very, very Spanish. There are phrases in "Locos" that read like translations or like the overcorrect diction of a non-native speaker ("a rogue after whom the police had been for some time"), and the stories hew to the hearty, energetic

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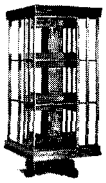

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traditions of picaresque writing. Like Nabokov (again), Alfau is writing in the language of his adopted country, and one wonders what his history, or that of his book, would have been if he had written in Spanish and published in Spain or Latin America, where readers might not have been scared off by an air of "foreignness."

In this country, it wasn't until at least the middle of the century that Alfau's sort of novel began to have currency: structured narratives that can be read more or less staightforwardly as stories but whose stories are about the structures of their own narrative. Recent readers have compared Alfau not only with Nabokov and Calvino but with García Márquez and Borges. McCarthy, who fell in love with "Locos" when she reviewed it for *The Nation* fifty-three years ago, in her afterword rather sweetly calls it "my fatal type," and her affectionate reassessment begins like a continuation of her intellectual autobiography. There is something in "Locos" that evokes such a response—something more personal, modest, or melancholy than the customary grandeur of modernist fiction. Though Alfau wrote with a confidence astonishing in a twenty-six-year-old, beneath the comedy and the surrealistic effects and the glare and shadows of his book's imagery its formalism is like a whispered secret, a shy way for an ingenious author to gesture to his public from his side of the peculiar one-way mirror that is reflexive art. —ANNA SHAPIRO

•

### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From a letter to the editor in the Arlington* (*Va.*) *Journal*]

Saint Audrey and her board puppets have royally ripped their britches trying to ram more and higher taxes down our throats. Indeed, they have danced around the budget Maypole for too long. These same supervisors should now retreat, rethink, and reprogram. The time has come to fish or cut bait.

•

### THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS DEPARTMENT

[*From Australian Macworld, the Macintosh magazine*]

Gassee's public refusals to endorse Display PostScript have grown less conciliatory, culminating in recent published rumors that Apple's next LaserWriter upgrade will come with QuickDraw as standard and PostScript as an option.

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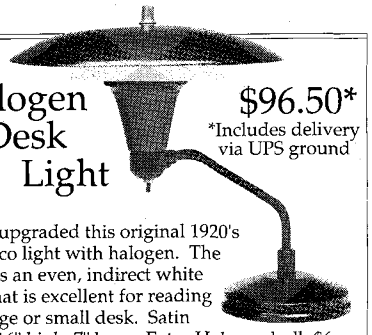

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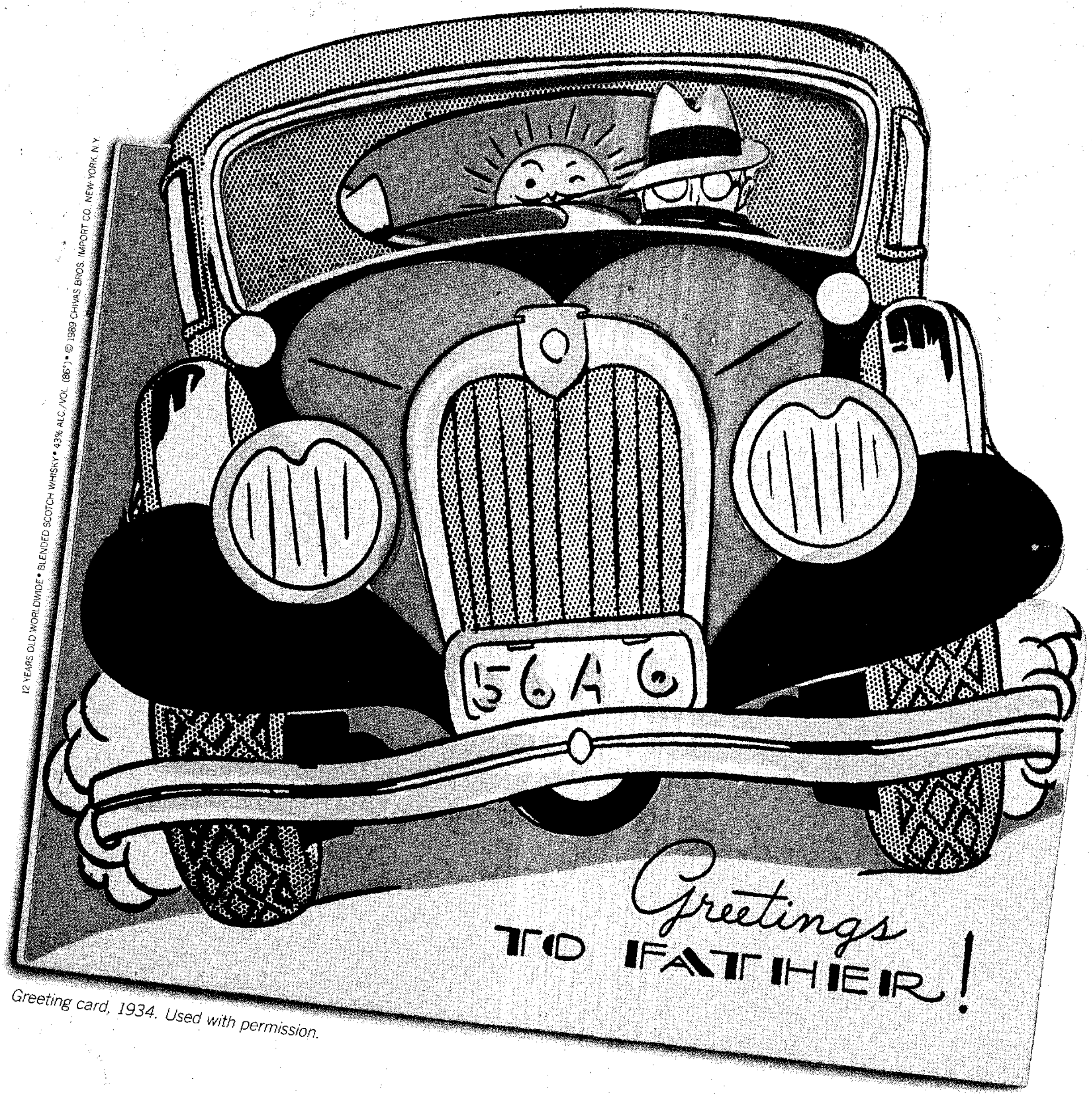
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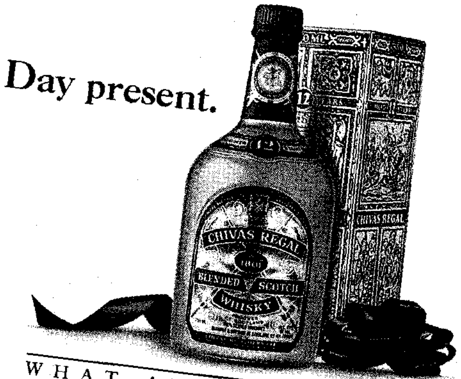
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